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The Children's Friend

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NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

FROM THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Like old Santa, everywhere,
Tender thought for you I bear,
Children sweet and dear;
And with you I offer praise
To the Ruler of the days,
For this glad New Year.

"Feed my lambs," the Savior said,
And, the children must be fed;
That was what He meant;
Children must receive, in youth,
Bread of Life, the Word of Truth,
I for this am sent.

Greet me as you pass along,
Pleasant lesson, cheerful song,
All prepared for you.
Food for thought and words to speak,
I shall give you for each week,
Helpful, sweet and true.

Now the year is bright and new,
But the whole long twelve months through,
I your wants will share;
Let our loving work extend;
Don't forget I am your *Friend,*
Children, everywhere.

Louisa L. Greene Richards.

SHELTERING WINGS.

Founded on an incident observed during a severe storm.

It was intensely cold. Heavy sleds creaked continuously as they scraped over the jeweled sounding-board of dry, unyielding snow; the signs above shop doors shrieked and groaned as they swung helplessly to and fro, and the clear, keen air seemed frozen into sharp little crystalline needles that stabbed every living thing that must be out in it. The streets were almost forsaken in mid-afternoon. Business men hurried from shelter to shelter; every dog remained at home; not a bird was seen or heard. The sparrows had been forced to hide themselves in crevices and holes; the doves found protected corners and huddled together as best they could; many birds were frozen to death.

A dozen or more doves were gathered close under the cornice of the piazza of a certain house, trying with little success to keep warm. Some small sparrows, disturbed and driven from the cozy place they had chosen, saw the doves and came flying across the piazza.

"Dear doves," chirped the sparrows, "won't you let us nestle near you? Your bodies look so large and warm."

"But your coats are frosted with cold. We cannot let you come near, for we are almost frozen now," murmured the doves, sadly.

"But we are perishing!"

"So are we."

"It looks so warm near your broad wings, gentle doves. Oh, let us come! we are so little, and so very, very cold."

"Come," cooed one dove at last, and a trembling little sparrow fluttered close and nestled under the broad white wing.

"Come," cooed another dove, and another little sparrow found comfort.

"Come!" Come!" echoed another warm-hearted bird, and another, until at last more than half of the doves were sheltering small, shivering sparrows beneath their own half-frozen wings.

"My sisters, you were very foolish," said the other doves. "You mean well, but why do you risk your own beautiful lives to give life to worthless sparrows?"

"Ah; they are so small and so very, very cold," murmured the doves. "Many of us will perish this cruel night; while we have life let us share its meager warmth with those in bitter need."

Colder and colder grew the day. The sun went down behind clouds suffused with soft and radiant beauty, but more fiercely and relentlessly swept the wind around the house where the doves and sparrows waited for death.

An hour after sunset a man came up to the house and strode across the piazza. As the door of the house closed heavily behind him, a little child watching from the window saw something jarred from the cornice fall heavily to the piazza floor.

"Oh, papa!" she cried in surprise, "a poor, frozen dove has fallen on our porch."

When he stepped out to pick up the fallen dove, the father saw the others under the cornice. They were no longer able to move or to utter a cry, so he brought them in and placed them in a room where they might slowly revive. Soon more than half of the doves could coo gratefully and raise their stiffened wings. Then out from beneath the wing of each revived dove fluttered a living sparrow.

"Look, papa," cried the child, "each dove that has come to life was folding a poor little sparrow close to her heart!"

They gently raised the wings of the doves that could not be revived. Not one had a sparrow beneath it.

Colder and fiercer swept the wind without, cutting and more piercing grew the frozen crystalline needles of air, but each dove that had sheltered a frost-coated sparrow beneath her own shivering wings lived to rejoice in the glowing, gladsome sunshine of the days to come.—*Selected.*

YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

You can never tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Tho' its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Tho' you may not know, yet the tree will grow
And shelter the brows that toil.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

PEARLS OF THE SLUMS.

One day last summer a lady, with her two small daughters, sat on a park bench, in a secluded place, eating a dainty lunch. Just as they were finishing their repast they noticed two bare-footed children strolling along. The latter looked tired and hungry. They were both boys, the older one about ten, the younger perhaps seven. Their grimy faces were pallid and pinched, and the younger one limped.

"Come, my dears," said the lady on the bench to her daughters, "it is time to move on. Leave the lunch box on the bench; we'll not want it again."

The barefooted boys heard what the lady said and, looking at each other, smiled.

"Mebbe there's something in it, Sammy," whispered the older boy.

"Oh! oh!" with joyful expectancy. "Mebbe there's is."

Before the lady and children were out of sight the boys had

taken possession of the seat and the lunch box. In the latter they found a small chicken sandwich and a patty-pan sponge cake.

"Take yer choice, Sammy," said the older boy, cheerfully.

"That's what yer always say when there's anything ter divide. Now, yer choice this time, Billy."

"No, siree," from Billy, "you'se the littlest an' you'se going ter choose. W'ch is it, Sammy, chicken sandwich er sponge cake?"

It was hard to choose, but Sammy, being very hungry, wasted no time.

"I'll take de sandwich; I just love chicken sandwiches," wistfully.

The sandwich disappeared in a twinkling, but the patty-pan cake remained undisturbed.

"Why don't yer eat yer cake?" demanded Sammy, wonderingly.

Billy laughed gleefully as if he had just finished a good square meal.

Dat's yer second cou'se," he said, yer wants ter be stylish w'en yer eating in de park."

"I won't have no second course," declared Sammy. I've had my choice and I've eaten it; the cake's yours and you've got ter eat it."

"Sposin' I don't want the cake," said Billy.

"But yer do."

"No, I don't, and dat's a fact," Billy said, emphatically.

"Truly and bluely?" questioned Sammy.

"Truly and bluely," was the answer.

Consequently Sammy ate the cake as eagerly and hungrily as he had eaten the sandwich.

The lady and the little girls having again seated themselves, this time in the shade of some shrubbery, had overheard every word of the conversation.

"That boy Billy is a hero," the lady said softly, her eyes becoming misty. "Now, children, wait here quietly while I leave you a few minutes. If those little fellows should start to leave, detain them until I come."

"What are you going to do, mamma," they asked, together.

"Hush!" she said. Wait and see."

She went off hastily, returning again in a little while, with a smile on her face.

"Where have you been, mamma?" questioned one of the girls.

"What makes you smile so?" asked the other.

"Look," said she, "and then you can guess."

What they saw was a colored waiter from the dairy kitchen in the grove. He was just handing a tray to Billy.

"Wid the compliments of a friend," he said, showing his white teeth in a broad grin.

" 'Taint for us," was Billy's answer. "It's some mistake."

But although he declined the tray, he looked at it longingly.

"Is yo' name Billy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," nodding toward the smaller boy, "is he Sammy?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's fo' you, I knew it. Now, when you're through eatin', bring de tray and dishes to de dairy kitchen in de grove. You know where dat is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," and he hurried off.

The boys looked at each other and laughed. It was a mystery to them, but a beautiful one. The food was abundant now—no need for the big-hearted Billy to go without; and the tears rushed to the watching lady's eyes as she noticed the eagerness with which he grabbed a biscuit and ate it. There were two glasses of cool, creamy milk. There was a plate of ham sandwiches and buttered biscuit, and a smaller one of sponge cake squares and molasses cookies, and still another plate of cold, sliced chicken. Besides, there were two oranges. After Billy had eaten one biscuit, he said:

"Let's divide the things in four parts."

"What fer?"

"Why, there's mommie and Sallie, yer know. Won't mommie be glad? Won't Sallie?" chuckling with delight.

Then, counting the biscuit he had already eaten as part of his share, he carefully packed "mommie's and Sally's shares" in the lunch box on the seat. Putting an orange in Sammy's hand, he slipped the other in the box. Sammy saw him, and called out:

"That's yer orange, Billy."

"I don't want no orange," said Billy. That's fer mommie and Sally, half and half."

His face shown with delight; this was truly a red-letter day to him.

Sammy shoved his orange along the seat slowly.

"Put this in the box, too, Billy, an' then mommie and Sally can each hev one," he said.

"No, siree," Billy cried out, "none o' that. You're little and lame, and yer havn't had an orange—since—oh, I can't remember when."

"And I'm not goin' ter hev one now," asserted Sammy.

"Yer jess love oranges, Sammy," declared Billy.

"So do you."

"Im bigger than you."

"I'm goin' ter save my orange for Sally an' your's is for mommie," said Sammy, and he did.

"Oh, the poor little fellow?" axclaimed the lady.

"He's a hero, too, isn't he, mamma?" said one of the girls.

"He is, indeed."

After the lunch was packed and tied up with a cord the repast began in earnest, and was enjoyed to the full. The boys ate like the starved little creatures they were, talking meanwhile with their mouths full, about how good everything was, and what a wonderful "friend" that was who had remembered them "wid such a load of good things."

"I guess it's God," was Billy's conclusion, looking through the

branches of the trees to the blue sky, as if to solve the delightful problem.

"He must care a lot fer us," said Sammy, joyously.

"He does," and over Billy's plain face there came a radiance that was lovely to see.

"Come, children," said the lady, rising, "let us go on. We have learned our lesson. These little fellows belong to the slums, but they are pearls."—*Selected.*

BOB'S BICYCLE.

The bicycle fever has had its run, but while it lasted it rose strong and high.

"Of all the nonsense I ever came across that bicycle craze is the capsheaf," said Farmer Brown irritably, as he poured a plentiful supply of maple syrup over his buckwheat cakes. He had an inkling of the secret longing which had taken possession of the heart of his eldest son, Robert—a longing which he had not the slightest intention of gratifying.

There were several wheels in Pleasantville. The bicycle rage—now as dead as it can very well be—had spread from the cities and towns into the country, and had just reached this obscure hamlet; and Bob, as he was familiarly called, had become infected with the fever. Unfortunately, he had not the money to invest in one. His mouth dropped at the corners as he listened to his father's remark.

"Phil Morton is going to get one," ventured Harry, the second son. "He says a wheel is of more use than a horse. It will save him the trouble of harnessing, doesn't have to be fed, and can take him where he wants to go in no time at all."

"Yes, and I'll warrant that his head is full of nothing else but scouring the country when he ought to be at work," was Mr. Brown's rejoinder, as he handed over his cup to be replenished with coffee for the third time. Mrs. Brown sympathized with the boys, but considered it wise to say nothing.

"Phil's father says that the sooner he gets it the better," hazarded Bob. "He says it will prevent the wear and tear on the buggy, and will be handy when he wants Phil to go to the post office and to do errands."

"Morton was always too ready to spend his money on new-fangled notions. For my part, I find it too hard to get hold of a little cash to be willing to throw it away," and Mr. Brown pushed back his chair with a decisive movement, which boded ill for Bob's hopes.

As the spring advanced, one after another of the neighbor's boys became the happy possessors of wheels. The Brown boys often gazed with a feeling bordering upon envy, at their more fortunate companions, whose fathers were not quite so obdurate as their own. On

summer evenings, when the day's work was done, wheel after wheel would flit along the highway, or through the sweet-scented lanes.

"I'm bound to have a wheel," Bob confided to his brother one moonlight night, as they hung together over the front gate and watched the wheels speed by. "I'll get it somehow," through his set teeth.

"Phil Morton's cost forty-five dollars," was Harry's discouraging response. "Where are you going to get that amount?"

"I don't know," replied Bob, gloomily; "but I'm going to get one all the same, and I'm not going to buy an old worn out affair, either."

Mr. Brown did not allow his sons much spending money. He clothed them comfortably and supplied them with everything that he thought they needed; but money was not plentiful, and he liked to lay up what he could for a rainy day. He was a man of decided views and strong will. His word was as the law of the Medes and Persians in the Brown household, but he was not a hard master in one sense of the word. He did not overwork anyone under his control—boy, man, or beast. He had regular hours for quitting work, winter and summer.

In this fact lay Bob's opportunity.

"Where have you been so early?" he called from the field, where he was hoeing turnips, one morning to Phil Morton, who was spinning by on his wheel.

"Father sent me to find a man to help with the work," answered Phil, stopping to wipe the perspiration from his face; "but I can't get one for love or money. The corn and potatoes, not to mention the turnips, mangel-wurzels, and other stuff, are a sight to behold, they are so overrun with weeds."

"See here, Phil," said Bob, eagerly, "I quit work at half-past five every night. I'm just dying to earn some money. Harry and I can put in two hours' good work night and morning if your father will let us have the job. Ask him, will you?"

"I don't need to, but I will. It will be 'yes' all right," said Phil, and he wheeled away.

Mr. Morton was only too glad to get two such good workers as the Brown boys, for Harry, too, was eager to have a share of the coveted wheel. Mr. Brown made no objections so long as the boys were faithful to their own work. He liked to see them industrious and enterprising. If he suspected the object of such preternatural industry he did not mention it to them, though he said to their mother:

"I think I know what kind of magnet is working in Bob's brain. If he can manage to accomplish what he has undertaken, why, let him. What the boys earn is their own business. I shall not meddle with it"—a decision which was very pleasing to his wife.

Between them the boys did manage it before the summer was over. They sternly denied themselves everything they could possibly do without. Everything in the way of a treat or self-indulgence of any kind was rigidly eschewed. Every cent was hoarded with miserly

care, every opportunity for earning an honest penny eagerly embraced, their minds intent upon this one object without which life to them seemed scarcely worth living. So with what they saved and what they earned, the forty-five dollars was theirs at last; and a brand-new up-to-date bicycle ornamented the front hall of the Brown home, putting to shame its sober furnishing, by the gorgeousness of its crimson and black hues, and the glitter of its nickel plating.

Mr. Brown eyed it askance, but said nothing. The boys carefully abstained from using it during the hours alloted to work, but they had any amount of fun in the evenings, especially when they were learning to ride. Headers and such trifles only added to the hilarity of the occasion.

It did not take Bob long to learn to ride, but Harry had some difficulty in mastering the art, or, as he said, "getting the hang of the thing." The calves of his legs were not as well developed as Bob's, and some of the boys often made fun of them; but he insisted upon being photographed as a "scorcher," with a wooden prop under one pedal to keep him steady during the operation. In spite of his inferiority in the matter of muscular development, however, he was soon the champion bicyclist of the neighborhood, greatly to the joy and pride of his admiring elder brother. The "Brown boys" were greatly in demand in the country sporting circles after this, which was not entirely pleasing to their father.

One day Bob and his father were in the kitchen mending an old set of harness, when suddenly, through some carelessness on the part of the latter, a sharp knife which he held, slipped and made a gash in his wrist. The blood spurted out in great jets, covering his hands and frightening them both.

"It's an artery, lad," cried Mr. Brown, placing his great thumb on the vein above the cut. "Call your mother, quick!" which Bob was not slow in doing.

Mrs. Brown was very much frightened also, but being a woman of strong nerve and ready resource, she hurriedly tied a cloth around the arm above the wrist, in a hard knot, pressing the knot tightly upon the artery above the wound. In spite of her efforts, however, the blood continued to flow.

"Go for the doctor as quick as you can!" she said to Bob. "Oh, I do hope you will find him at home!"

"It will be an age before he can get here!" groaned Mr. Brown. "Take the mare, Bob; she's the fastest animal on the place. Hurry, lad, hurry! Ride for your life!" "I know a quicker way than that," Bob called back, as he jumped on his wheel, which had been left standing on the porch outside, to be ready when wanted. He was off like a swallow in its flight. Never in all his life before had he covered the three miles that lay between his home and the doctor's office with such speed. Fortunately, the doctor was just starting on his daily round of visits, and Bob had caught him in time.

"What's wrong, my lad?" demanded the doctor of the breathless boy, who was without coat, hat, or collar.

"Take the wheel," gasped Bob, "and ride for life. Father's bleeding to death!" and the doctor, who could ride, did not stop to ask questions. Bob followed in the doctor's buggy. When he reached home he found his father weak from the loss of much blood, but comfortable, and talking cheerfully. His attitude toward the bicycle had changed.

"It saved my life," he declared, "and Bob, my boy, I'm going to pay for that wheel. What's more, I'll buy one for Harry, too, so that each of you can have one of his own."—*Anne H. Woodruff.*

HER SOCIABLE.

"Tell your mother about it, will you, Lydia?" said Miss Howe. "I will try hard to see her myself, but if I should fail, ask her please to come without a visit. I am so very busy."

Lydia promised; but she half smiled at the thought of her mother going anywhere. She would tell her, and there it would end.

She did tell her as soon as she got into the house, to have it off her mind. It would never do for Miss Howe to ask questions, when she had not done it. That was the only difference it would make.

"Miss Howe says you are invited to a sociable on Friday night, mother."

Mrs. Hackett turned from the washtub in her surprise.

"A sociable?" she said.

"Yes. At the Sunday-school."

"I suppose, then, you children will be wanting your dresses washed out again."

If a sigh ran along the busy mother's words, they were still not unkindly said.

"No, it isn't for us," explained Lydia, with a touch of regret. "It is just for you. It is Home Department sociable. You are a member, you know."

Mrs. Hackett, after the slightest possible hesitation, went back to her work without question or comment. Lydia had not expected any.

The Home quarterly hung on a nail over the stove. Mrs. Hackett glanced at it through the cloud of steam. She had been very slow to join.

"If I promised that," she told Miss Howe many times, "I'd want to do it."

"Yes," Miss Howe agreed every time.

"There's six children in this family, and my man. Half hours don't lie around on the floor to be picked up. There's pretty nearly always something to do next that has to be done."

"Half an hour a week is not quite five minutes a day," Miss Howe would remind her. "You promised to 'try' to study; if everybody in the family had smallpox at once probably you might be excused for

that week. And the Bible is so good for you and your husband and the six children. Ought it not to be one of the things that had to be done next?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Hackett had said, and at last she had joined.

"I haven't missed but once, so far," she told herself, as she rubbed briskly at her husband's flannel shirt. "That was the week when the washes were so heavy and when I got clear of them the children took the measles and everything else passed out of my mind. But I've done real well, if I do say it myself."

Some of the thoughts that had followed her from the odd minutes, conscientiously measured by the clock, which she had given to the Sunday-school lessons came to her now and sobered her.

"It ought to be more than just reading them. I ought to be a better woman. I have nice children, and Joe is steady."

Down in the street Lydia found a group of boys and girls discussing the sociable.

"Is your mother going?" asked Mary Collins.

"Why, no, I guess not. I don't believe she is."

"Why not?"

"Mother never goes anywhere," said Lydia.

"My mother is going. She wouldn't miss it," said Arabella Wilkinson.

Arabella need not have said it. Everybody knew that Mrs. Wilkinson would never miss anything where there was a chance to look around her and tell about it afterwards.

"Mother always says," remarked Lydia, "that she isn't any hand to run round; she has work to do at home."

"I guess she doesn't run round!" retorted Arabella, who did not like the sound of Lydia's voice. "She never shows her face outside the door. Mother says she'd like to see any man that had good wages or any family of children that would keep her slaving like that."

Mary interposed hastily to preserve peace.

"Miss Howe coaxed father and mother both to go, till they took quite a notion to it. She wanted them to bring the baby. But I'll keep him. He isn't very mannerly. I wouldn't want to trust him at a party. So long as I haven't had any invitation myself," laughed good-humored Mary, "I can just as well keep him."

Lydia did not take much part in the talk, which was not a usual thing for her. But she did not feel a great deal of interest; it was a matter in which she had no concern. Presently she drifted away from the group to some of the women in the doorways. But her brother Albert stayed until the others scattered. Then he went to her and drew her off to the curbing by her elbow.

"I say, Lydia," he whispered, "mother is going to that sociable."

Lydia stared at him. Was he joking?

"Why," she asked.

"It's the fashion," said Albert, vigorously. "All their mothers are going."

"Mother doesn't care anything for fashions," said Lydia, "or sociables. She isn't like that."

Albert dipped one bare toe cautiously into the gutter filled by recent rains. He waited a moment. Then he asked:

"How do you know she doesn't? What does she care for, then?"

Lydia's answer not coming readily, Albert went on scornfully:

"For work, I suppose. For slaving, as Arabella Wilkinson says, from morning to night. It surprised us all when mother joined the Home Department. She never has belonged to anything else, except the family. She never does anything in particular for herself. There isn't any time left over from"—

"Us," supplied Lydia, interrupting him.

Albert glanced up quickly from the gutter. He reconnoitered his sister's freckled face, the look in her eyes, the set of her mouth. His own muscles relaxed into satisfaction. Lydia had come over. Albert knew her for an ally worth having.

"We'll get mother off to it, somehow, won't we?" he asked.

Lydia nodded.

"Friday is pretty close," she said, thoughtfully. "It doesn't leave much time to fix in. There are her clothes, you know. What will she wear?"

"We can't get her anything over from Paris by then, can we?" chuckled Albert. "She'll just have to content herself with what can be bought right here in New York."

Albert felt light-hearted. Lydia might be trusted to manage.

"I guess, maybe," she went on, "Aunt Hannah would let her have the loan of her dress again. She has let her wear it at funerals two different times, you know."

Aunt Hannah was Mr. Hackett's brother's widow. She was the prosperous member of the connection. She kept a store and dwelt in three rooms behind it—just herself.

"Of course," said Lydia, "there's more chances of mussing what you wear at a sociable than if it was a funeral. But mother would be careful. Maybe Aunt Hannah would let her borrow again."

"We'll send Pussy to ask her," suggested Albert. "Pussy is her favorite."

"Yes. She can go today. Then, if Aunt Hannah happens to have a misery anywhere, she needn't say anything about the dress till tomorrow, or the next day. Pussy is a real bright youngster. She'll know how to make the scheme work."

"Won't all black be kind of sorrowful for a sociable?" inquired Albert. "She'll leave the veil part off, won't she?"

"Most certainly she will! What a question!" said Lydia, more sharply than she would have spoken, except that the all blackness was disturbing her own mind.

Albert waited humbly until she was pleased to say more.

"Black is a very stylish color for ladies," Lydia went on, presently, "if you set it off with something. We'll have to do that."

"What will we set it off with?" Albert ventured to ask.

Lydia seemed about to answer several times before she did.

"I have the money," she said at last, "all saved for my collar. I'm going to buy it this week, anyway."

Awe settled upon Albert as he leaped to a conclusion. Lydia's savings for a lace collar were proof, had one been needed, of her tenacity of purpose.

"You wouldn't be lending the first wear of it away from yourself, would you?" he asked solemnly.

"What hurt could it possibly do it?" snapped Lydia. "Mother must go looking right. Where's Pussy? She'd better be starting to Aunt Hannah's."

Lydia hurried off in search of her little sister.

"I say," said Albert, swinging along at her heels, "you are all right, Lydia! Mother will be dressed grand. I wish I could chip in something for her. But all my money's gone. It always is."

"You had the idea," said Lydia, kindly.

Happily Aunt Hannah had no misery this afternoon. Pussy soon returned from her errand with a gracious answer.

Meantime Miss Howe had called upon Mrs. Hackett. At the end of her visit Mrs. Hackett took her guest down the many stairs to the street and looked after her a moment when she went. Then trudging the long flights up again, she had felt a momentary rebellion at her hard round of unrelieved work.

"The young lady can soon pick her way out of our dirty street to where it is cleaner walking and easier living. My job is waiting for me as soon as I can climb back to it. It takes the whole of me, body and soul, too, I guess."

She had been sewing on her husband's working clothes when Miss Howe came. She went at them again now.

"She said," she reminded herself resentfully, "that I ought to be a good woman, with so many children and a husband to try to help to Heaven. It's likely she don't know," with a laugh that brought the baby's blinking eyes upon her and made the twins who were playing in the corner look round for a moment, "what a distance Heaven is away from a tenement house. Women that spend all their days in one don't know the road there, or, if they ever did, they forget it.

"She said," her thoughts ran on, that God comes near to mothers in their homes, that He often knocks at this door. I guess I am too busy to hear Him. He will have to knock louder," the tired woman added recklessly, "if He would like to get in."

It was almost supper time when Lydia and Albert and Pussy came clattering pellmell up the steps and burst into the room.

"We have it all planned out!" announced Albert, as a "starter."

"I have my collar," added Lydia. It's a bargain. Here it is." She laid it on the sleeve of her father's coat.

"Aunt Hannah," pressed in Pussy, with her individual item, "is going to let us have her dress. She says we can and welcome, and she hopes the evening will be enjoyable."

Mrs. Hackett wondered what they were talking about, half fret-

fully. But looking from one face to the other, and seeing how eager they were, she held her patience. Lydia's collar was her most tangible point of departure. She examined it.

"It's handsome," she said. "You must keep it nice."

"You must keep it nice!" chuckled Lydia. "Don't you go and spoil it for me, now, the first time."

"It will look elegant around the neck of Aunt Hannah's waist," said Pussy. "It will be just tasty!"

Mrs. Hackett grew more bewildered.

"What are you all driving after?" she asked. "Speak out plain, one of you and the rest keep still."

Albert put his hand over Pussy's mouth and looked at Lydia.

She nodded back at him. "Go on. It was your idea."

"We mean Friday night," exclaimed Albert, nothing loth. "We mean the sociable for the Home Department. You are going."

"In Aunt Hannah's dress," Pussy managed to contribute chokily. "In her same dress, you know. And Lydia's going to lend you her collar."

"Everybody's mother is going," said Albert. And so is ours."

"You needn't feel afraid," said Lydia. "They won't any of them look any nicer."

"Nor they won't be any nicer," said Albert, gallantly.

"We'll see to everything while you are gone," said Lydia. "We won't stir from the door, any of us, unless the place gets afire."

"Not an inch," corroborated Albert. "Not if the hand-organs in the city mass up at the head of the street and play every tune they can."

Mrs. Hackett argued much, but they argued more.

"I couldn't get it out of their heads," she told Mr. Hackett when they were asleep. They were more set on it than if it was somewhere they were going themselves. I had to give in. I have fine children. And," she added a little shyly, "their father is sober and hard-working. I ought to be a better woman; it's true.

"That's all right," said Mr. Hackett, patting her awkwardly on the shoulder. "I don't complain of you. You suit me and the children first-rate."

Mrs. Hackett folded a gratified smile away with his coat, which was finished at last. She had worked late, but she was more rested than she had been earlier.

"But," she said, with a glance at her Quarterly and a memory of Miss Howe's visit, "I ought to be better."

Friday evening came finally. Mrs. Hackett completed her toilet amid prevailing family excitement.

"I'll walk over with you, Sarah," said Mr. Hackett. "It will be like old times. And—and"—fishing in his coat pocket—"to make it more like I brought these along, if you don't mind wearing them."

They were a bunch of carnations bought of a street vender at the corner near the Subway stairs. There might have been a touch of frost upon them. Perhaps they were only the "seconds" of some

big florist. But no uptown beauty that night carried her orchids more proudly than Mrs. Hackett wore her bright bouquet.

"Don't it touch her up something lovely!" cried Pussy, when it had been anxiously adjusted so as to show to best advantage and leave no pin marks in Aunt Hannah's folds.

All six of the children crowded to the window to try to catch by the flaring light of the saloon opposite, a distant glimpse of their mother as she crossed the street, Mr. Hackett attentively guiding her by the elbow.

"Ain't they a picture!" giggled Albert, cutting such a caper as space permitted. "Haven't they got the style on them, though!"

"They'd look," said Pussy, dreamily, "as if they were sweethearts, if they weren't so old—and married."

"Neither one of those matters," flashed out Lydia, with her usual decision, "if they don't think it does."

It was a very late hour, after the sociable was over, before the family of Hackett could "content itself" to go to bed. There were so many questions to ask, and so much to tell that the questions did not cover!

"You're only started now, mother, mind you," said Albert. "You must go somewhere else soon and not get rusty."

"She can go to meeting some Sunday evenings," said Lydia, with a happy inspiration. "I'll keep the baby."

"I will," Mrs. Hackett told herself before she fell asleep. "And I'll get Joe to come. We won't be any worse off for it. It appears as if it was getting plainer and plainer to me how good such things are."
—*Sally Campbell.*

A SCARLET FEVER EXHIBITION.

The twins had the scarlet fever. To be sure, they were a great deal better, but they were still red and prickly and uncomfortable—and cross! Oh, my!

Mamma looked pale and thin and weary when at last she came downstairs. It seemed months since John Junior had seen her, for she hadn't left the twins' room before since they had been ill. Neither would she let anyone else come in—not even papa. "I can manage them without you, John," she had said, when he insisted. "We must run no risk of carrying the disease to anyone else. They are not dangerously sick, and if you'll attend to other things I'll take charge of the invalids."

It sounded very easy, and as never a word of complaint had floated down the stairs nobody knew just what mamma had been contending with, until at last the doctor told her if she didn't get away for a little rest and change she'd be in bed herself. "Change your clothing

for something that hasn't been in the sick-room," he advised. "There will be no danger; the laddies are almost as good as new again."

So the next morning, while the twins were still asleep, mamma appeared at the breakfast table, and when the family saw her they knew.

"Mary, this will not do," declared papa, scanning her over his eyeglasses. "You look dreadfully; you are worn out. I'll get a nurse today."

"O John, I don't need one. It would be absurd to go to the expense. Why, the twins are almost well."

"Will you go for a drive if I'll get a buggy?" demanded papa.

"I'd love to, dear, the best way, but I couldn't leave them alone. They'd cry themselves ill again, and it isn't best to let anyone else in the room yet a while."

Papa looked disappointed and worried, but of course mamma knew best, and he didn't say any more.

Suddenly John Junior had a thought. Its first effect was to make his round face sober, and his oatmeal suddenly lost its flavor. For at least three minutes he hadn't one word to say, but he was thinking hard. He had counted so much on this Saturday. Teacher was to take the entire class for a climb up the mountain. They called it a botanizing trip, but the boys knew from experience that botany spelled nothing but fun when Mr. Markham was about. There were sure to be unexpected jollities happening all the time, and the best things to eat. They were to start at 9 o'clock, and as for getting back —"Tell your folks not to worry if we're gone till dark. I'll bring you all safe home," Mr. Markham had said.

But there was mamma—dear, patient, sweet mamma—whose white cheeks had turned pink for an instant just at the thought of a drive. Of course she must have it—that is, if John Junior could get it for her.

"Can the twins sit in the bay windows?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, they could if they wanted to," replied mamma. "The trouble is they are not willing to do one thing but mope in their armchairs and be amused. They'll be all right, John, when they get strong. Yes, indeed. They are weak and nervous yet, and don't realize how unreasonable they are. Really, you'd never know them for our happy twins."

"I'll amuse them, mamma, and you can go. Yes'm, I can—no'm I won't go near them. They just dearly love to see me do handsprings and turn somersaults, and I can put the old trapeze up out in the yard in a jiffy. I've learned a lot of new things at the gym since they've been sick, and I'll play I'm a 'ground and lofty tumbler,' and give an exhibition out in the yard, and they can stay up in the bay window and watch me. They'll be good —you'll see."

Mamma hadn't heard about the botanizing trip, and after a lengthy discussion she thankfully accepted John Junior's proposition, and drove off quite happily—proud papa beside her—just as the clock struck nine.

"I'll be back in an hour, dear," she called, as she started. But John Junior was already half way around the house to begin his exhibition. Instead, however, of a solitary continuous performance there was a radiant galaxy of gymnastic stars in full swing when mamma came home. The botanizing party, unwilling to start without John Junior, had called for him. They didn't praise him when they found out the truth—boy's don't, you know—but they unanimously agreed to postpone their start till such time as he could join them. When Mrs. Dennis rushed anxiously into the sick room she found her invalids—their armchairs quite deserted—shouting with laughter at the antics of fifteen rollicking boys and a big, merry man in the back yard.

It did them more good than a barrel of medicine. The crossness had melted away once for all, and the natural happy, good nature had come back to stay. Mamma's pale face was rosy, and her heavy eyes clear and bright.

So John Junior didn't miss his trip after all. It was just as they were starting that Bridget opened the kitchen door a crack and beckoned mysteriously. John Junior responded.

"It's the jewel of a bye ye are, dear, an' the rest of 'em is not able to hold a candle to ye, but they've the bist of intintions, so here's a pan of fresh crullers for ye wan an' all, wid an exthra fat wan for the masther. They'll hearten ye up a bit, belike, before ye start on your wild goose chase."

They lined up, then, in sight of that up-stairs window where a delighted audience still lingered, and they woke the echoes far and wide with a cheer for the twins, another for Bridget, a third for the delicious hot crullers, and a tiger—longest and loudest of all—for John Junior.—*Sunday-school Times.*

HELPING HIS MOTHER.

"I don't like to bring in chips all the time," grumbled little John to himself.

"All right, John," said his mother, who had overheard him; "You needn't bring in any more chips until you are willing to."

"Really, mamma?" cried little John.

"Yes," answered his mother; "for I don't like to have boys about that grumble and hate to work."

The barn was finished long before supper-time, for no one bothered little John that day. His mother picked up the chips herself, and did not even call him to run on errands.

But when the barn was finished, little John was tired of it, and ran into the house, and asked his mother to tell him a story.

"I can't tell you a story," answered his mother; "for I am busy. Run away now, and play."

But John was tired of playing, so he wandered out into the kitchen, and there he smelled the Saturday's baking.

He ran and looked on a low shelf in the pantry where his mother always put a little pie for him, but the shelf was bare.

"Mamma," cried John, bursting into the sitting-room, where his mother sat sewing, "where's my little pie?"

"What pie?" questioned his mother, who seemed surprised.

"Why, you always make me a little pie or turnover when you bake; that's the one I mean."

"I used to," said his mother; "but I was too busy this morning to bother with little pies."

John went soberly outdoors, and sat down in the shade of his new barn to think; if he had helped his mother, wouldn't she have had time to tell the story, and if he had brought in the chips when she was baking wouldn't she have found time to make him a little pie?

"I ought to help my mother whether she bakes me pies or not," said little John solemnly to himself. "It doesn't take but a minute or two to pick up a pan of chips; and it's fun to run on errands."

"Mamma," he said, half an hour later, "I've brought in a boxful of wood and two pans of chips. I like to bring in chips, 'cause it helps you. And I like to run on errands. I'm willing to help after this whether you bake little pies for me, or not."

"All right," laughed his mother, who saw that John had learned his lesson; "the next time I bake maybe there'll be a little pie for you."
—*Epworth Herald.*

THERE'S MUSIC IN MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis still o'erflowing;
And for her own a tender care
That's ever, ever growing.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, who shall tell of half the love
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother, when she, like a star,
Sets into heaven before us,
From that bright home of love, all pure,
Still minds and watches o'er us.

—*William Bennett.*

WHAT MARY GAVE.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother, who wanted to play fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow and left her child at its grandmother's while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if Mary had not offered to attend the door while she went away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business. She gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and, when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss.

Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day; and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

THE SEAGULLS.

The Pioneers, after a long and dreary journey, had reached their home, and in the spring of 1848 there seemed to be fine prospects. Five thousand acres of land were planted, and the grain was growing fine; but another trial was at hand. In May and June great swarms of crickets came from the mountains and began to devour every growing things. The settlers fought them the best they knew how; but what could be done with such countless millions of insects! It seemed hopeless. Their crops were fast disappearing, and with them their means of living through the next year. Remember, they were thousands of miles from any other people, with mountains and deserts between them. They could not get food from other places. They would have to raise it or starve.

When they had about given up hope, here came great flocks of white birds from the lake. They settled on the fields and began eating the crickets. They would eat all they were able, then vomit and eat again. This they did day after day until the crickets were destroyed and part of the crop saved.

Who would harm one of these beautiful white birds? The grain was saved by them one year. If it had been eaten by the crickets many of the Pioneers would have suffered greatly.

One of the early acts of the Legislature was to make a law, that no one should kill any of these birds, and the seagulls still live on the lake shores, and every spring, when the farmers plough, they come over into the valley.

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Officers' Department.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year is dawning; dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting another year with Thee!
Another year of leaning upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness, of quiet, happy rest,
Another year of mercies, of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness in the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress, another year of praise,
Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."
Another year of service, of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training for holier work above.
Another year is dawning! dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in Heaven, another year for Thee!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

REMEMBER! *Preparation is the watch-word for 1907.*

You cannot do good work unless you have all the help that it is possible for you to get; each officer must have her own *Friend.* It is not fair to borrow, you may have the book just when the owner needs it most.

Leave nothing undone to have your association in the best of or-

der. For the first meeting in January have your new Minute and Roll books; plenty of Primary Song Books; all the help you need to keep your work up to the mark; be prepared to have the best of order by the establishment of the preliminary prayer, the preparation meeting and the regular attendance of every worker at the monthly officers' meeting.

It is time for the preparation of the annual reports. The president is responsible for the condition of reports that are sent in. The ward associations must remember to send reports and nickel funds to the stake secretary and not to this office.

In the lesson work for 1907 one aim will be developed each month, each week's lesson being a subdivision of the same.

It is a generally recognized fact that the more knowledge a teacher has of her subject and the more enthusiasm she feels for it, the greater is her ability to impart it to her class; for this reason it is expected that in each month's issue of the Children's Friend some material will be furnished for study by officers in the monthly Officers' Meeting; also suggestive readings for home use. This home reading is optional with officers.

The introductory talk, memory gem, and story for each lesson is for the three grades. The memory gem should be taught in each grade, and when the grades reassemble, recited in concert.

The introductory talks and stories must be so well studied by the teacher that she will be able to present the matter to her class in her own words. Care must be taken to modify the talks and stories to fit the grade.

More than one memory gem will be given for each lesson, so that a choice may be made. It is suggested that each teacher keep a little book in which to enter memory gems, and if one is found that is more suitable or appropriate it may be used.

The songs for each month should be chosen at the officers' meeting and should be as appropriate as possible for the thought of the month.

Where any preparation is necessary on the part of the members especially in the Third Grade, the appointments must be made and the matter given out at least one week ahead.

The officers are requested to read over all the matter for the lessons, the paper to be discussed in the officers meeting and all the lessons for each grade. Each teacher should be so full of the subject that she will not only have all the points given but will be so full of the spirit of it, that it will have the effect on her that she desires to create in the children.

ARE YOU TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF TODAY.

Paper to be read and discussed in monthly Officers' Meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in Local Preparation Meeting.)

New Year's is the time when everybody resolves to be good. Especially, those who have not been living at their best make up their minds to turn over a new leaf. A sort of penitential wave sweeps over people's hearts and lives at this season. The light of the closing year seems to bring out in painful clearness our faults and the blemishes and imperfections of our lives. This is the season of the year when we are quite willing to confess, at least in a general way, that we are miserable sinners. The last day of a year is really not different from any other day, excepting for its place in the calendar. But being the end of the year makes it a time for settling accounts, striking balances, and finding out where we stand.

It is well to have such a squaring-up time and a new start at least once a year. Anything that makes people stop and think even for a few minutes is a good thing, for there are many who never do think unless they are brought face to face with their own soul, and with God and eternity, in some resistless way.

It is a good thing for any of us to turn over a new leaf. We cannot do it too often. Indeed, we should do it every morning. We never should consent to make any day only as beautiful as the day before. Especially should we demand of ourselves that each new year shall see us living better than each past year.

What new leaf shall we turn over this new year? The year itself is a new leaf opened to us. We never have lived it before. A voice is saying to each of us, as we set out, "You have not passed this way heretofore." We do not know what is before us, what new experiences we shall meet, to what new tasks, duties, or responsibilities we shall be called, what it may cost us to be true and to live worthily this year. Life is always new. No matter how much routine there may be, in it, the same things over and over, day after day, the way is always new and strange. No two days are alike. We are always sailing over an uncharted sea, and finding our way through a pathless forest. Hence we need a guide. The only safe way to enter any year is with Christ. If He goes with us, all will be well, we never shall lose our way, and we never shall be overwhelmed by any danger. Whittier's lines are true of every one who takes Christ with him in unfamiliar ways:—

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

We should give God a larger place in our lives this new year than ever before. It is because we leave God out that our years are so full of mistakes and our life and work are so unsatisfactory. We cannot learn too early that apart from Christ we can do nothing. It is a terrible mistake not to have God and heaven in our plans. Yet it is a mistake which thousands make. Their plans and ambitions are altogether for this world. Their visions of achievement and attainment lie along on the level earth. The old patriarch dreamed of life as a ladder. Its foot rested on the ground, but it sprang upward, and its top was in heaven, close to God's feet. That is the only true vision of life. We are to live here, and we should live well here, but we are not to stay here. Our plans should take in immortal years. We should plan for eternity.

In whatever measure our last year laid hold upon the things of eternal life, our new year shall enter yet more deeply into things within the veil. No one is living worthily whose common daily work is not wrought for the eye of God and does not reach into infinity. Our new leaf should have written over it, "For Christ and eternity."

We should get more love into our lives this year than into any year before. The great lesson of life, including all others, is learning to love. We become like God only as we love, and we love only when we love as Christ loves. The more deeply we study the life of Christ, the more do we see what it is to love. His is the only perfect love the world ever knew. Loving is indeed the giving of our lives for others. Love seeketh not its own, beareth all things, endureth all things. If we would make the new year beautiful with the beauty of Christ, we must love unto the uttermost. The worst heresy is the heresy of unlovingness. Nothing but love counts with God.

"Life is too short for aught but high endeavor,
Too short for spite, but long enough for love.
And love lives on forever and forever:
It links the worlds that circle on above:
'Tis God's first law, the universe's lever.
In His vast realms the radiant souls sigh never
'Life is too short.'"

Thus in all ways our new year's life should be full, rich, abundant in all that belongs to true Christliness. It is not enough merely to live—we should live grandly, deeply, enthusiastically, having all the fulness of God within us, consecrated to the highest and best service, the service of our fellow-men for Christ's sake.—*Selected.*

"It is the Son of Man before whom the nations of the world shall be gathered. It is in the presence of *Humanity* that we shall be charged. And the spectacle itself, the mere sight of it, will silently judge each one. Those will be there whom we have met and helped;

or there, the unpitied multiude whom we neglected or despised. No other witness need be summoned. No other charge than lovelessness shall be preferred. Be not deceived. The words which all of us shall one day hear sound, not of theology but of life, not of churches and saints, but of the hungry and the poor, not of creeds and doctrines but of shelter and clothing, not of Bibles and prayer-books but of cups of cold water in the name of Christ. Thank God the Christianity of today is coming nearer the world's need. Live to help that on. Thank God men know better, by a hairbreadth, what religion is, what God is, who Christ is, where Christ is. Who is Christ? He who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick. And where is Christ? Where?—whoso shall receive a little child in My name receiveth Me. And who are Christ's? Every one that loveth is born of God."

"No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intention hell is proverbially paved. A 'character,' as J. S. Mill says, 'is a completely fashioned will,' and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the 'brain' grows to their use. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge."

This paper should be thoroughly discussed, and questions asked and answered.

AIM FOR THE MONTH:—*Helpfulness.*

Lesson 1.

Subject: Helpfulness to Animals.

Introductory Talk: The first meeting day of the new year. This is a good time to think of what we can do for others. There are some people who do not think much about themselves, but are always trying to make somebody else happy, and so become very happy, cheerful people themselves.

Some people have even spent their lives in trying to make horses, dogs, and cattle comfortable, and keeping others from hurting them. One man who lived in New York was so sorry and worried when he saw the cattle crowded into cars, without enough to eat or drink, when they were being sent to some distant place, that he made up his mind to see if something could not be done to make them more comfortable; and now when cattle are shipped from one state to another, they have more room and plenty of air and food and water.

This same kind-hearted man could not sleep at nights because he saw horses compelled to draw more than they were able, while their drivers swore at them and beat them; so he talked about it to everybody he met and wrote about it in the newspapers, so that people began to think he was right. Now in nearly ever city there is a society which prevents unkindness to animals. This good man's name was Henry Bergh, and he will always be remembered for his kindness and helpfulness to animals.

The Prophet Joseph Smith believed in being kind to animals. When Zion's Camp was traveling along, he told the members that they should not kill any animal unless they had to do so to keep them from starving. One day while the Prophet's tent was being pitched at camp, the men saw three rattlesnakes, and were going to kill them; but Joseph told them to stop. He asked the Elders how the serpent would ever stop being cruel and hurting people when the servants of God made war upon it and tried to kill it. He said: "Men themselves must first become harmless before they can expect the brute creation to be so. When man shall lose his own vicious disposition and cease to destroy the inferior animals, the lion and the lamb may dwell together and the suckling child play with the serpent in safety."

Soon the brethren found the truth of what the Prophet had said. One of the members of the camp lay down on the prairie one day to rest. He fell asleep with his hat in his hand. While he slept a large rattlesnake crawled up and coiled between him and his hat, and when the man awoke, he found the serpent's head not a foot from his own. He did not harm it, and when some of his companions wanted to kill it, he stopped them and said: "No, I will protect him, for he and I have had a good nap together." Although the snake was roused, it made no effort to strike.

Every boy and girl can help in the good work of helping animals and make the world better and happier by being kind to them and persuading other boys and girls to be fair to them.

There is another reason why we should be kind to animals. Our Heavenly Father created them all and cares for them. You know how small a sparrow is, don't you? We are told that not even a sparrow falls without His notice. So here is a chance to be of use to our Heavenly Father, by helping care for the animals He has created.

Memory Gems.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—*Prov. 12: 10.*

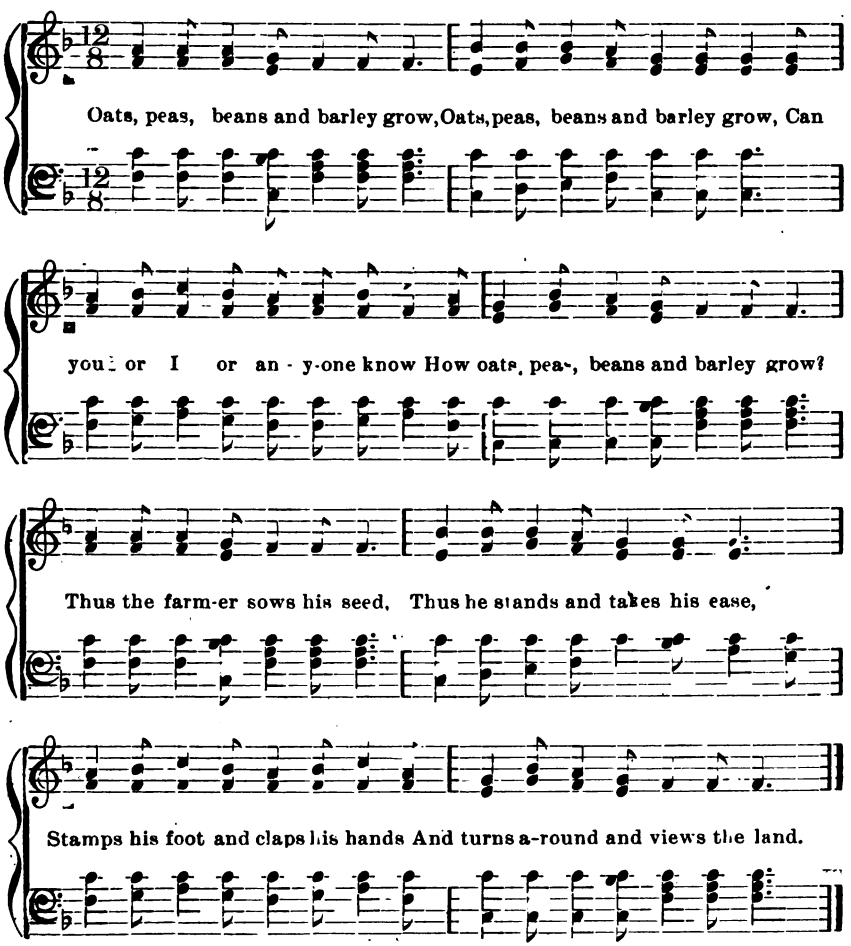
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

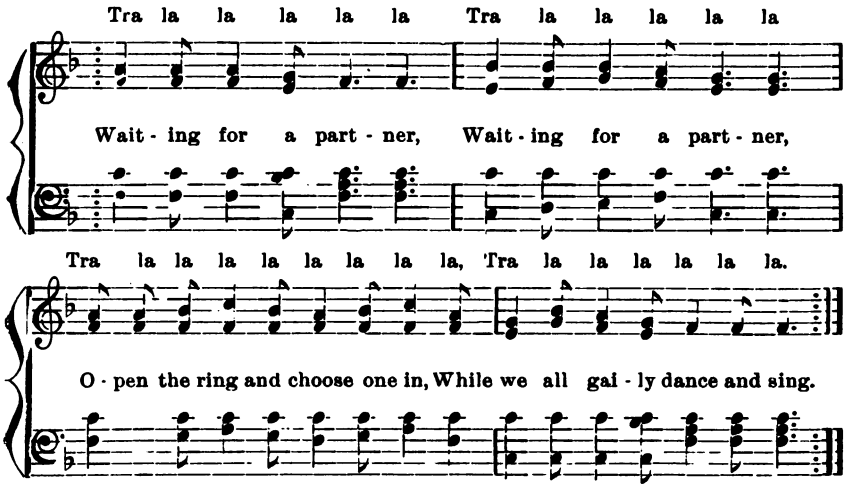
Supplementary Story: "The Story of the Sea-gulls."

Home reading for officers: "The Birds of Killingworth."—(*Longfellow.*)

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 23.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise.

OATS, PEAS, BEANS, AND BARLEY GROW.

Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, Can
you or I or an - y-one know How oats, pea-, beans and barley grow?
Thus the farm-er sows his seed, Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot and claps his hands And turns a-round and views the land.


Tra la la la la la Tra la la la la la
Wait - ing for a part - ner, Wait - ing for a part - ner,
Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.
O - pen the ring and choose one in, While we all gai - ly dance and sing.

Directions—Children dance in a circle with one in the center who personates farmer. All the circle imitate action, which may be varied. The child chosen remains in ring, and during the singing of "Waiting for a Partner," etc., choose a child for a partner. They dance together while circle repeats chorus to tra-la-la. Child last chosen remains in circle and game is repeated.

Story: "Sheltering Wings." Page 2.

Questions:—Have list of animals, birds, etc., that are familiar to the children, and ask questions something like this: "Have you a little kitty in your home?" "How are you going to be kind to it?"

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 23.

Story: "Sheltering Wings." Page 2.

Questions.—Why should we try to help animals? How do they help us? What animals help us by giving us food? Name some that give us clothing? What animals help us in our work. Which keep the worms and insects from our gardens? How can we help the animals for all they do for us? Why should we not kill birds nor steal their nests? Animals appreciate our kindness to them, and show their pleasure in different ways. One boy could call the birds to him and they would come, and he could tame the squirrels so that they would eat out of his hand. How do you think he did it? How does the cat show that it is pleased and grateful for kindness? The dog? Tell of other animals who show that they are grateful. What did the Prophet Joseph Smith say about being kind to animals? When did he say the serpent would stop hurting people? Tell the story of the man who slept with the rattlesnake. Why did it not hurt him? When is it right to hunt wild animals? Who created all animals? How can we help our Heavenly Father care for them?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade:

Introductory Talk: Page 23.
Recitation: "The Greatness of Mercy," by member of class:

The bravest also are the tenderest;
They greatly dare who do most truly love;
When most thou pitiest, most thou renderest
Help, mercy, justice like to God above.

All greatest men, and grandest women, too
Have used their strength to save the dumb and weak;
Protecting bird and beast, they daily grew
Like to that mercy they did daily seek.

We, too, are great just as we save from pain
All things that fly, all cattle in the field;
We reign like God, and power o'er Nature gain,
Just as their heaven-born rights we gladly yield.

The King of Love their Shepherd is, we deem;
And we His under-shepherds truly are,
When in love's pastures and by mercy's stream
We lead these fellow-creatures of His care.
—*Walter Walsh.*

"Kindness to Animals." To be told from memory by member or members of class.

"It is doubtful if a boy who was cruel to dumb animals ever became a true man. If the "boy is father to the man," there is no reason why unkindness to animals in boyhood should not appear in a hard, cruel disposition in mature years; and such a man is by no means successful. Two facts tell a plain story at this point:

The teacher of a large school in England taught his pupils, for many years, to be kind to animals. After seven thousand scholars had gone from the school to enter upon the business of life, he instituted a careful investigation, and found that not one of all the number had been charged with a criminal offense. He said that instruction on this line "had the best influence on their lives and characters." He found them "not only more kind to animals, but more gentle and affectionate toward each other."

The other fact is that inquiries were made of two thousand criminals in American prisons, and it was found that only twelve of the whole number had any sort of a pet animal in early life. The inference was that kindness, such as is cultivated by attention to pet animals, was not nurtured in youth, and so they were more exposed to the temptations to criminal life.

When the late President Lincoln was sixteen years old, and lived in the backwoods of Indiana, he was known for his kindness to animals. One day he was standing upon a stump, reciting a declamation for the amusement of his companions, when a boy threw a terrapin against a tree violently, crushing its shell, and causing the animal to writhe in agony. Immediately "Abe," as Young Lincoln was

called, glanced from the subject on which he was declaiming, and denounced the cowardly act as "inhuman," causing the boy who perpetrated the cruelty to hang his head for very shame.

At another time, several boys were putting coals of fire on a terrapin's back. "Don't be so cruel," exclaimed "Abe," interposing. "How would you like to have burning coals put on your own backs?"

"Try it, and see," shouted one in a tone that was neither fun nor defiance.

"Well, it is cruel, and mean, too," responded Abraham.

"Why, Abe, it is only a terrapin," interjected a boy.

"What of that? Don't terrapins have feelings?" replied our hero.

"I don't know whether they do or not," answered the first-named boy, at the same time adding another coal of fire to the animal's back.

"You shall not do it, Nat, unless you are stronger than I am," exclaimed Abraham, knocking the last coal from the animal's back, and pushing the boy aside.

"You are a chicken-hearted fellow as ever lived, Abe. I should think the terrapin belonged to your family," was Nat's reply.

"Whether he does or not, you won't burn him any more while I am around," added Abraham, who was roused.

"That is it," cried Dave Turnhan, "I go in for 'Abe;' he wouldn't hurt a fly."

The connection between his kindness to animals in youth and his kindness to soldiers and all others when he was President of the United States is manifest. He was often moved to tears by the news from the front.

The late Theodore Parker told the following interesting story of his childhood:

"I saw a little spotted turtle sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for, though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle had vanished from sight.

"I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out ltitle by little, and leave you all in the dark, without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice.'" "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

Story: "Sheltering Wings." Page 2. To be told either by the teacher or a member of the class.

Questions:—Name all the domestic animals who help to provide the comforts and necessities of life? Name all the animals, birds, insects, etc., who help to make life enjoyable. When the earth was created, what were the conditions imposed by God in relation to man's control over the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, etc.? What proof have we in the Bible that God expects man to be kind to animals? How will kindness to animals effect the character of men and women?

Other questions may be added at the discretion of the teacher.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 2.

Subject: Helpfulness to Each Other.
Introductory Talk:

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn,
And all day long the sun shone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born."

Today is a golden time, a season that is very precious. Today is the time for work, the time for play, the time to grow in all that is right and useful and helpful. There are so many to be helped: the brothers and sisters at home, and the brothers and sisters who do not live in the same home. It may seem strange to call them brothers and sisters, yet that is what they are. Over this large family of ours there is one great and good Father, who loves all people, wherever they are and however they live. God is the Father of the poor child as much as of rich, and of the rich just as much as the poor; of the Chinese child just as much as the American child; of the Indian, the negro, the Irish, German, Swedish, English, or wherever they live. And that Father is able to do anything He sees is good for His children.

Yet sometimes you forget to treat all these children well. Have you ever thought how hard it is for boys and girls who come from countries a long way off? They cannot understand very well what the people here say, and they cannot make others understand them. How sad and lonely they must feel when they see the other children at play, and no one notices them nor asks them to join in the game. Here is a good chance to help them. How? They would be so much happier with our help.

There was once a boy who knew how to help others. His name was Jamie, and he was the brightest boy in his class. His friend Willie was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run

neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came round, and they were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that one by one all the class dropped off, till just as was expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

There was great astonishment in the class when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took the prize.

One of his friends walked home with Jamie; but instead of being sad about losing the prize, Jamie seemed rather to be mightily glad. His friend could not understand it.

"Why, Jamie," he said, "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said, with a little laugh.

"Then why didn't you?"

He wouldn't answer for a while, but his friend kept pressing and pressing him till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes:

"Look here," he said, "how could I help it? There's poor Willie. His mother died last week; and, if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"

Jesus, who taught so many beautiful things, told how to help each other. He said, "Love one another," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them." This is called the Golden Rule.

But in all this it must be remembered that today is the time to be helpful. It is wise to spend each day in things that are the best and most helpful and fill our days with what is best and noblest in our lives.

Memory Gems.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beauitful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody said, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

"To think kindly of each other is well, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly to each other is best of all."

Home reading for officers: "The Greatest Thing in the World." *(Drummond.);* 15 Psalm; "Character," *(Smiles);* 13 chapter of 1 Corinthians.

First Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 29.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 25.
"Story "Pearls of the Slum." Page 3.
Questions:—When Jesus was here He told us that we must love our neighbors as well as we loved ourselves. Who is your neighbor? (The teacher must explain what Jesus meant by "our neighbor.") How can we help our neighbors at home? (Parents, brothers, sisters, friends, etc.) How can we help our neighbors in Primary? (Keeping order, making room for each other, paying attention to each other, etc.)
Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 29.
Story: "Pearls of the Slum." Page 3.
Questions:—Who are our brothers and sisters? Who is the Father of us all? How should strong boys treat weaker children? How should the weaker ones act? How do you wish everybody to treat you? Why? If you went to some distant country, how would you like to be treated? If boys and girls come from far off places, how should they be treated? How can we help those who seem friendless? How can we help each other in our Primary meeting? How can you help your teachers? It has been said that the order in our meeting is like a chain, and that a disorderly act, even a whisper, will break a link of that chain. How shall we try to keep that chain? What can we each do to keep it unbroken? What is the Golden Rule? Who gave it? What kind of a world would we have if we all practiced the Golden Rule?
Other questions at the discretion of the teacher.
Memory Gems.

Song: "The Golden Rule." (Tune: 'Auld Lang Syne.")

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me
Will make me always kind and good,
As children ought to be.

CHORUS.

The Golden Rule, the Golden Rule,
O, that's the rule for me:
To do to others as I would
That they should do to me.

I must not speak an angry word,
I must not tell a lie:
I must not contradict nor make
My little playmates cry.

Whether I am at home or school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never must forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

(This song may be used where it is convenient to have singing in the class.)

Third Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 29.

Song by member or members of the class, "Let's be kind to one another," The Primary Song Book, No. 81, or Recitation, "Little things." Page 42.

The Golden Rule: By member or members of class.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." This is called "The Golden Rule," because it is the best rule known among men. If all people should adopt it, there would be a heaven on earth, no vice, no crime, no courts, no prisons, and no wars. There would be peace on earth and good-will to men!

Just what is meant by doing to others as we would have them do to us may be made clear by a story.

Some years ago a party from the West came into Pennsylvania on a railway train, stopping on the east side of the Alleghany Mountains at a station where they would take a boat to the end of their journey.

On board the train was a poor cripple in the last stages of consumption. He was poorly clad, loathsome in appearance, and sad beyond measure. The passengers turned against him, and were greatly annoyed by his presence.

The captain of the boat stood there when the cars rolled up. Two or three of the men went to him and said:

"Sir, we wish to go on east, but our going depends on you. We have just left a sick man on the cars, whose presence is not agreeable to us, and we come to ask you to deny this man a passage. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

"Has the sick man anyone to represent him here?" the captain asked.

No answer was given to this question. It was so proper an inquiry that the passengers were taken aback and were silent.

The captain turned and hurried into the car. There, in one corner, he beheld a sight that touched his heart,—a poor, thin, helpless consumptive, without relative or friend, just ready to drop into his grave.

"My dear man!" exclaimed the captain, "where do you want to go?"

"Oh, sir," replied the poor invalid, "are you the captain, and will you take me? The passengers look upon me as a pestilence, and are so unkind! You see that I am dying; but, oh, if I am only spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington. I am

a poor painter, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die."

"You shall go," answered the noble captain, "you shall go if I lose every other passenger for the trip."

He took the sinking man up in his arms, and bore him to the steamer. The passengers had crowded around the gangway, waiting for the captain's decision, and there they had it. Pushing his way along, the captain called for a mattress, and, in the choicest part of the boat, laid down his dying burden with the tender care of a parent.

As if moved by divine impulse, every passenger went on board without saying a word, and the steamer was soon on its way. A few hours later the captain was asked to come to the cabin. There, the oldest passenger spoke for the company, and thanked him for the lesson he had taught them. And then, with tears of sympathy flowing, a purse was made up for the suffering son who wanted to die in his mother's arms.

That was "The Golden Rule" in practice. The captain did as he would be done by, and the passengers were ashamed that they did not, All who adopt the Golden Rule will be known for golden deeds."

Story: "Pearls of the Slums." Page 3.

Questions:—What are the greatest commandments? (See Mark 12: 28-31.) Who is thy neighbor? What is courtesy? What is the meaning of gentle as used in gentleman and gentlewoman? Repeat the 10th verse in 12th chapter of Romans.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 3.

Subject: Helpfulness to Father.

Introductory Talk: Children cannot realize all that father does for them because his part of the work, the earning of the necessities of the home, has to be done outside, away from the rest of the family.

The loving care of a good father is something for which children should feel grateful. The father cannot be with the children as much as the mother, he must be satisfied to see them and enjoy their company once in a while. He has to labor hard all day to earn for his loved ones, and comes home at night weary and tired, and then perhaps when he gets there he finds that there are many little duties that need to be done to make everything and everybody comfortable.

Then it is father's duty to see that everybody is treated fairly, there must be government in the family, the rights of each member should be as carefully guarded as are the rights of a citizen of our country. We have soldiers, policemen, judges and courts of law to defend and protect us as citizens, but in our homes we have fathers and mothers who act as judges and decide what is best for us, they

care for and protect us, teach us what is right and how to do right, and if necessary give such punishment as is just.

Then our fathers are strong and brave, always ready to protect and preserve us from any danger, and there is nothing more beautiful than to see the loving trust a child has in its father.

"Some botanists were one day hunting for specimens of mountain plants in the Highlands of Scotland, and discovered several scarce and beautiful plants growing at some distance down the face of a steep precipice. The precipice was fully two hundred feet high. They saw a boy near, and offered him a handsome present of money if he would allow himself to be lowered down by a rope and fill a small basket with the flowers. The boy was afraid at first, but he remembered that his parents were poor, and that the money would be of great use to them, and at last he bravely said, "I will go if my father holds the rope." And then, with unshrinking nerves, and his heart strong and bold, he suffered his father, when he came, to put the rope around his waist, lower him down the side of the precipice, and hold him there while he filled his basket with flowers. It was a daring deed, and it was only the boy's trust in the strength of his father's arm, and in the loving care of his father's heart, that enabled him to perform it."

"Once a boy was tempted by some of his companions to take some fruit from a tree which his father had frobidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch the apples. My father may not hurt me, yet my disobedience would hurt him, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Every person that lives in this world and who needs food, clothing, shelter, education, and happiness should do his share in providing these things. As soon as children are able they should have a share in the labors of life. "No one should do for us what we are able to do for ourselves." It is wrong for fathers and mothers to do everything in a family and children always grow into the best men and women who take their share in making a good home. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work makes Jack a bad boy."

There is a touching story told of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Ottoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness

to his poor hard-toiling father; so when he visited Ottoxeter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand.

"This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Doctor Johnson standing bare-headed in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty or sixty years before is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it in marble on the doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their grave.

Dr. John Todd, of Pitsfield, the eminent writer, never forgot how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie, that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and he said to him: "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father on his return was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy: "Love God, and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

Through all his after life, Doctor Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Doctor Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things; always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents that turned out well. God never blesses a wilful boy.

Memory Gems.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Of all the men in all the world,
I love my father best;
Through his kind labors I am taught,
Am sheltered, fed and dress'd.
I want to help him all I can,
I love his heart to cheer;
And night and morn I pray the Lord
To bless my father dear.

—*L. L. G. Richards.*

Memory Gems.

Home reading for officers: "The Children's Hour," ***(Longfellow.);*** 12th chapter of Romans.

First Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 33.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 25.
Story: "Bob's Bicycle. Page 6.
Questions:—What does your father do? When does he go to work? When does he come home? When does he play? Why does he work so hard? What does he do with what he earns? Talk over the many things that father provides, home, and what it contains, food, clothing, pleasures that must be paid for, etc. What can a little boy or girl do to help father?
Recitation to be given by one of the children:

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

Even you, a tiny child,
May help some one today,
You can make your parents glad
If quickly you obey.

You can speak a loving word,
A kindly deed can do;
You can shine for Jesus' sake,
And he will smile on you.
—*Children at Work.*

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk.
Story: "Bob's Bicycle. Page 6.
Questions: Why do you love your father? Who earns your food and clothes? Who gives you your homes? More than that, your father tries to keep you from all harm and make you as happy as he can. He has lived longer and knows more, and is wiser than you are. Why should you obey him? How should you do what he asks you to do? You remember:

All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

What does that mean?
Sometimes father comes home at night, tired and weary, his back bent with his toil of the day; and still his work is not ended. There are many things at home to be done. How could you give him a pleasant surprise about them? Don't give him a chance to ask, and his grateful "Thank you, my boy," or "Thank you, my girl," or even

the "Thank you" in his face, will more than pay you for it. If he does not say much, he means it all the same. Just try it. Keep him young as long as you can. What can you do to keep the trouble and gray hairs away from him?

Sometimes your father cannot do all he would like to do; and he goes without his new overcoat so that his boys and girls can have what they need. How can you show him that you are grateful. How can you give up some of your pleasures to help him? Part of his work belongs to you as soon as you can do it. How should you speak to him? How should you always speak about him to others? What commandment tells us how we should treat our father?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 33.

Song: "Father Dear," The Primary Song Book, No. 71.

"Filial Love," by member or members of class.

We never heard or read of a successful man or woman who was destitute of filial love. Somehow, there seems to be a connection between this noble virtue and true success. The Fifth Commandment implies this. "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." This is filial love; there is no such thing as honoring father and mother without it. And it contains the idea of a successful career in the promise "that thy days may be long." It is, indeed, a command with promise; especially when we place in contrast with it, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother; and all the people shall say amen." "All the people" condemn them.

Generations have paid a grateful tribute of respect to the memory of the boy who stood upon the burning deck of a warship in the battle of the Nile. A thousand voices cried to the faithful son to come away, and all the response they heard was his call, "Father, shall I come?" But his father, who was commander of the ship, was already wrapped in the flames, and the dear, loving son waited for his bidding until he himself was wrapped in a winding sheet of fire. Poets have sung his praise and orators have eulogized his deed.

Perhaps there is no more tender and affecting illustration of filial love than that which is recorded of Joseph in the Old Testament. He was a true son. His father loved him with his whole heart, and Joseph loved his father with equal devotion. Through the treachery of his unnatural brothers, he became a slave in Egypt. After a very checkered and trying experience, however, he became governor of that country; and then it was that, through the pressure of famine, his brothers came to Egypt for corn. To their surprise, the governor whom they sought was no other than Joseph. The result was that the latter insisted upon their returning home to bring his aged father. Though occupying a throne and loaded with honors, his filial love had not abated. When the infirm old man was brought to him, Joseph forgot all the honors of royalty in his joy to look once more into the face of

his father. He fell upon his neck and kissed him—a nobler son and ruler for the act!

God has given us the highest approval of filial love possible, in the life and death of His Son. Christ was a perfect example of this virtue. No blemish marred the beauty of His filial character. No scenes in His checkered, suffering life caused Him to neglect His duties as a son. Until He was thirty years of age He was subject to His parents—and a dutiful son of the famliy, never weary of toiling for their good, never reluctant to obey parental counsels.

Story: "Bob's Bicycle. Page 6.

Questions:—Why do you think a father is called the protector of the home? What are his responsibilities to his church, his country, and how may he be called upon to risk all he has, even his life, to fulfil these duties? When do you think we should begin to carry our share of the duties of life? Repeat 1st verse of 10th chapter and 6th verse of 17th chapter of Proverbs.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 4.

Subject: "Helpfulness to Mother."

Introductory Talk:

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big or small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's mother?"

From the bed of weary pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize,
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Peril's past and honors won—
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands;
Patient, seeking not her own;
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's mother?"

I wonder if we could count the number of times we want mother? I think it would be impossible. Whenever we have troubles or pains or happy times we want mother to share them with us; we want to go wherever she goes, we want to stay with her wherever she stays. A

mother's love is a wonderful thing because it gives so willingly, so gladly, and expects so little in return.

"I once heard a bowed-down father talking to a careless daughter whom he loved. "Lizzie," he said, looking in her deep blue eyes and stroking her golden hair, "Lizzie, I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away.

"I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a litle girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years.

"Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours.

"And yet, if you were sick, that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine, chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough, hard hands, which have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, which gave your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

The greatest men who ever lived, loved and honored their mothers. Our Savior, the greatest of all men, loved and honored His mother, one of the first things that we know about the life of Jesus shows that He was an obedient son, when He left the Temple and returned home at His mother's command, and His love was expressed even on the cross, when in all the pain He was bearing He turned to one of his disciples and asked him to take care of His mother.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and become a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant: "Bring back my trunk. I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on that simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

A company of people were going together to a beautiful home. They were told that it was the home of a great and glorious king, and that he called them to come and be with him. So they started. The journey was long, and they came from many different places and by many different ways.

As they journeyed they saw a little child who had had no breakfast, nor supper; the little one was very hungry, and they said: "We must give some of our food to that little one," and so the child was fed. By and by they came to an old man—a stranger, toiling all alone up the long road. "Let us help him," they said; "it will be nicer for him to be with us," and the stranger was made happy. Another day, as these people went on their journey, they found a mother with her little children, all of them cold and in rags, for they had no warm clothes nor money to buy any. "Oh, we have more clothes than they have! We must stop awhile and give them some," and once more the people stopped. While they were staying they found many sick ones, too, and some who were kept in a large house and could not ever go out. So they waited to visit them, and tried to make them happy.

At last the journey was ended, and they came near the palace of the king. The light from the palace was more beautiful than any they had ever seen. The king met them as they entered, and he said: "Come, ye blessed ones, come and share this home with me; for when I was hungry ye fed me; when I was thirsty ye gave me drink; when I was a stranger ye took me in; when I was sick ye visited me." And the people said, "What does this mean? We never saw the king hungry or sick?"

And the king said, 'No, but as you did these things for all whom you did see, it was just as good as if you had done them for me."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Memory Gems.

No man who's true to mother's love,
Can be at enmity with God:
No man who casteth it aside
Can escape His chastening rod.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn—
But only one mother the wide world over.

Home reading for officers: "Happy homes and the Hearts that Make Them," (*Smiles*); "The Greatest Thing in the World," (*Drummond*).

Supplementary Story: "Helping His Mother." Page 16.

First Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 38.

Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest Exercise. Page 9.

Story: "Her Sociable." Page 9.

Questions:—How many of you were once little, teeny, weeny babies? Who has a dear little baby at home? Let us try and see if we can tell how many things mother does for baby? What would happen if mother should forget to do any of these things? Did mother do all these kind things for you when you were little? What does she do for you now? Are you glad you have a mother? What do you do to help mother?

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk. Page 38.

Story: "Her Sociable." Page 9.

Questions:—Who is it who cared for you when you were very small? To whom do you go with your troubles? With your happiness? What does she do for you now? Tell some of the reasons she does so much for you? When some one does a great deal for you, of course you want to do something for them. Mother works early and late for you, so that you can go to school and learn useful things. She often stays up late getting everything ready for her children to go to a picnic or a party, and she stays at home. What do you do in return for all this kindness? Why should you obey your mother? You remember that Jesus obeyed His mother. Tell the story of Jesus in the Temple. When Mary told Jesus to go home, He did not beg to stay a little longer. He showed us all how to obey. How should you act when your mother asks you to do something for her?

Mother has so much to do; she must get very tired. Don't forget she likes a little pleasure. Just think what you can do to help her get some. Each of you tell what you can give up so that mother can rest and have pleasure. What can you do in the house to make her work lighter? What can you do out of doors? How will helping yourself help her?

You all love your mothers; let them know it. There are many ways of telling her besides words; and sometimes words do not mean much. How did Lydia and Albert tell their mother?

Jesus showed how much He loved His mother. When He was being put to death, there stood His mother and John, the apostle He loved. Because He was going to die and leave her, Jesus wanted some one to love and care for His mother. So He told John to let her be

the same to him, from that time, as if she were his own mother, and He told His mother to let that apostle be to her as if he were her own son. From that time John took her to his own home to take care of her and give her all she needed. How do we help our Heavenly Father by helping others?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade:

Introduction of lesson by teacher. Page 38.

Recitation: "Which Loved Best?" or "There's Music in a Mother's Voice." Page 17.

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,
And swept the floor, and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best.

—*Selected.*

"Be True to Your Mother," by member of class.

Children who love their mothers most are most likely to make good men and women. Mothers watch over and care for them, as fathers do not and cannot. In infancy, childhood, and youth, whether sick or well, gentle or rude, obedient or wayward, the mother's eye follows her children, and her loving heart folds them in fond embrace. Blessed mother!

Washington Irving was never married. His mother held his strong love and devotion in his manhood, as really as when he was a child. His great fame took him into the society of kings and queens, but his mother's society was dearer to him than royalty. As long as she lived, his deeds of filial love never ceased. And when he came to his own death-bed, the memory of his mother cheered the close of his life; and his last request was, "Lay me beside my mother." A touching tribute to his truest friend!

The poet, Longfellow, was a "mother boy." He was never so

happy as when doing to make his mother happy. At nineteen years of age he was studying in Dresden, and he wrote to her thus:

"For me a line from my mother is worth more than all the sermons preached in Lent, and I find more incitement to virtue in merely looking at your hand-writing than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses. Indeed, I read no book with so much interest as one of your letters.

There is little danger that the son who thinks so much of his mother will be lured into vice and crime. Foolish playmates may ridicule the 'mother-boy," but he is the best boy there is. They who make fun of him are in danger. They are thoughtless and unkind to their parents. It would be far better for them to be "tied to a mother's apron-strings" than to be tied to a fellow-criminal ten years hence, on the way to the lock-up or prison.

Story, "Her Sociable." Page 9.

Questions:—Have class relate instances in their own experiences of mother's loving care. How may a son or daughter prove that they are grateful to their mother? What is the greatest happiness that can come to a mother through her children? Bring in list of things that may be done to help mother at home, at school, in the Church, etc.

Memory Gems.

LITTLE THINGS.

A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy-chair,
A turning of a window blind
That all may feel the air,
An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice of softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head,—
Oh, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

WORK FOR LITTLE HANDS.

TO MAKE MICE OUT OF APPLE SEEDS.

With a fine needle draw black sewing silk through the pointed ends of a good fat apple seed and clip it to about the proper length for ears. Then with a sharp penknife shave a narrow strip from the under or flat side of the seed and turn it out at the other end for the tail. Now pass the needle through a white card and through the seed near the tail, and again through the card, drawing it down snugly. Repeat the same at the ear end and you have a very realistic mouse.

THE MAGIC PILL BOX.

Take a small, round pill box and a coin that exactly fits into it. Cover one side of the coin with paper of exactly the color of the inside of the box. Now show the coin to the audience, being careful to show them only the face that is not covered. Now drop it into the box with the covered face up. Put the cover on the box and talk mysteriously; then open the box and show the audience that the coin has disappeared. . Put the lid on the box again, make a few passes, open the box and let the coin fall out into your hand, with its uncovered face up. When you show it to the audience they will be mystified.

THE EGG AND CARD TRICK.

Stick an egg, the contents of which have been blown out, onto the back of a card with a little wax. Now show the card to the audience in such a way that they do not see the egg. Now, holding up the card with the right hand, show to the audience that your left hand is empty. Then swing it around and take the card in the palm of the hand, at the same time holding onto the egg with the right hand. With a quick movement drop the left hand, having the card in the palm, at the same time disengaging it from the egg, which remains in the right hand. The audience doesn't see what has become of the card, but sees in place of the card an egg. Instead of an egg you may use a small bunch of flowers.

SIMPLE BUT CURIOUS.

Fill a glass with water up to the brim so that the surface of the water is rounded. Then ask your friends how many coins can be put into the glass without the water overflowing. Some will say that it will not hold one. By dropping the coins very carefully into the water edgewise it will be found that even as many as five or six coins, the size of a silver dollar, can be dropped into the water before it overflows.—*American Boy.*

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AN HONEST TOOP.

The sunshine poured down radiantly on the mountain road, causing the white stones to shine out distinctly and the dark rocks to show all their picturesqueness. Old man Toop held the hand of his grandson, Johnny, as the two of them moved along, with their faces turned in the direction of the square log school-house wherein Johnny received his learning. Old man Toop was bound on a pleasure expedition—he was going to hear Johnny spell such difficult words as clatter, spatter, patter, as he stood head of his class.

Old man Toop never tired of bragging of the Toops. "Yes," he said to Johnny, "I heered you last night say your spellin' to your mother, and I wa'n't surprised that you didn't miss a word, for I always knowed that if a Toop went to school he was plumb bound fer to larn to spell. It's a mighty fine thing to git hold of advantages, and to profit by 'em is another fine thing, but there ain't never yet been a Toop born into the world, as I knowed of, that was the kind of a feller fer to git hold of advantages and not to profit by 'em. Eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Thar's something else," said old man Toop cheerfully, "and low I ain't braggin' when I make the statement. To my knowledge, sure and certain, there ain't never yet been a Toop born into the world that wa'n't honest. Most of 'em ain't never had no advantages; none of 'em 'ceptin' yourself, Johnny, ever stood head of a spellin' class. You kin spell better'n your father and better'n your grandfather, but I don't say as you kin beat 'em in honesty."

"No, sir," said Johnny, meekly.

"There ain't never been no schoolteachers among the Toops," went on the old man; "you're the first one to have notions high as that, Johnny. Up to date the Toops have been plain workin' men, woodchoppers nearly all of 'em, but they've everyone of 'em been honest straight along; and when I say honest I don't jest mean that they ain't rogued another man's coat, I mean they've been fair and square in their hearts to every neighbor ever come nigh 'em."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, almost in a whisper.

The little hand in the big hand grew hot with the rest of Johnny, and it was probable that old man Toop felt it tremble; but he went

on talking. "It's harder for some folks to be honest than fer others," he said. "Sometimes there gits into a family a timid kind of a woman, and I say it's harder fer a feller born o' that thar woman to treat his neighbors fair and square maybe than it is fer a feller whose mother, like his father, is feered o' nothin'. The Toops they manage fer to conquer all sech disadvantages."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

The little boy grabbed off his hat at the door of the schoolhouse and the old man lifted his cap with a great reverence for everything connected with that wonderful advantage, education, from the genial young schoolteacher, who never broke his word, down to the rude desks and benches.

Visitors at the schoolhouse were always welcome, but being, as a rule, polite and unostentatious, they usually betook themselves to that corner of the room where the stove, no longer needed for fire purposes, was at present stowed for the summer.

The sun was shining through the window near the teacher's desk, and it fell, bewilderingly beautiful, on the heads and faces of the long row of boys and girls that formed the spelling class with Johnny at its head; just so had it fallen on the mountain road, and old man Toop, who had seen the white stones and the dark rocks, saw now the shining faces of the members of the spelling class, all but the face of Johnny, whose head was bowed.

"Like the mother," thought the old man, a little sorely. The Toops were in the habit of holding their heads right up.

"Speak out," said the teacher, and laughed. "Remember we have company in the schoolhouse;" but old man Toop had to strain his ears to catch the letters s-p-a-t-t-e-r that came from Johnny's lips.

"Like the mother," he thought again. "All the Toops I ever knowed anything about spoke straight out; none of 'em was afeered o' nothin'."

"I'm sorry," said the young school teacher, turning to the visitors unostentatiously occupying a part of the stove corner, "that you will have to witness a thrashing, Mr. Toop, especially after listening to such very good spelling; but, you see, I'm a man of my word."

"That's right," said old man Toop, "I'll wait for the thrashing."

"This is the way of it, Mr. Toop," explained the teacher. "When I first came here it was nothing at all uncommon for a windowpane to be smashed once or twice a week; neither was it uncommon for the teacher's ink to be upset over a desk and floor as often as a window was smashed. Well, I recently laid down a rule to the effect that if any boy smashed a window he was to be thrashed in public the next day, and I laid down another rule of a similar nature in regard to the upsetting of the teacher's ink. Yesterday I came in here and found this ball." He lifted from his desk a baseball liberally smeared with ink. "It had come in through a window, smashing a pane, and lit into the inkstand. So you see both rules were broken; therefore, today I am obliged to thrash the boy who owns the ball."

"He'll be a better boy after the thrashin', sir," said old man Toop. "I'll wait fer to see the thrashin'."

"No use your saying you didn't do it," said the teacher severely, after ordering the culprit to take off his coat. "Everybody knows you're too stingy to lend it to anybody else."

"I lost it," whispered the culprit.

"Everybody knows you can lie," said the young teacher, with the bluntness of the mountain folks. "Mr. Toop, what do you say to this sort of circumstantial evidence? The ball that came through that window and knocked over my inkstand belongs to a boy who is too stingy to lend his pocketknife to a neighbor to sharpen a slate pencil, and is always overcareful with his property. He is, moreover, I regret to say, a boy who dose not tell the truth. What do you say to the circumstantial evidence?"

Suddenly, in imagination, old man Toop felt a little trembling hand in his grow hot all over. He, too, grew hot. "I say," he called out, in a loud voice of the Toops, "that if any other feller throwed the ball now's his chance to come for'ard and prove that he ain't a coward by taking the thrashin' like a man. It may be the turnin' p'int of his life. If another feller throwed the ball, he's gunno be honest or he's gunno be dishonest this day, and, possibly on account of this day, honest or dishonest all the days of his life. I'm gunno wait to see that thar thrashin'."

Then, also suddenly, a meek little figure bobbed up before the school-teacher, standing there with the rod in his hand; a pair of soft blue eyes were raised to his astonished gaze, but a voice that old man Toop would never forget vibrated through the log school-house.

"I found the ball and throwed it, sir," said Johnny Toop, "and I'm here to take three thrashin's, one for smashin' the window, one for upsettin' the ink, and one for not bein' fair and square."

"You?" cried the teacher, "you, Johnny Toop?"

"Good morning, sir," said old man Toop, a little later, as he shook hands vigorously with the young school-teacher outside the door of the log school-house wherein the best speller had just been thrashed. "I come down here to listen to Johnny spell sech long words as patter and clatter and the like, and I heered him all right, though he done it in a voice as timid as his mother's. And this day I seen Johnny Toop thrashed by the teacher, but first I heered some'n better'n the spellin'; I heered that little feller own himself a coward like a man and in a voice as big and brave as any of the Toops; I heered him with my own ears prove himself honest like everyone of the Toops, and I'm proud and happy to be his grandfather. Good morning, sir."

Inside the school-house, sitting at a rude little desk on a small part of a rude little bench, was Johnny Toop, with a new, strange life within him, the courage of the Toops swelling in his veins.—*Selected.*

ROSS CARSON'S COURAGE.

Shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this would-be witty remark; and the eyes of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear; and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little first," cried Tom; and, crowding close to Ross, he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no excuse for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said they could bear no strain whatever. But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions, because no taunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reasons for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured. He did not know that his forbearance showed him possessed of true heroism; for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm, and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro; and none disputed his claim. He was always ready for a fight, and generally came out victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him, and undestanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro Academy."

But retribution was near at hand, and Tom was to be strangely punished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town-hall was being built in Hillsboro; and a very high,

imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half-completed steeple; and the next day, at the noon recess, Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stairs led up to it; and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom, as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice, in a tone of entreaty, and, looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom, rudely.

"The carpenter gave me leave to come up," answered Ross, quietly. "I did not know anyone was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," sneered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I'd like to see the place where I wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

We see it; but what of it?" asked Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe." And before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began rather a feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?" he said.

As he spoke he looked down; a fatal thing; for his head, which had until now been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger which menaced him; they knew it was only a question of moments now before he must fall and be dashed to atoms on the pavement below. He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes wild and staring, his face white with terror. He, too, knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself. The slightest change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed started

from their sockets. Back of him shuddered his horror-stricken comrades, awaiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama. Before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set teeth, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple on to the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"If he touches him, Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and half turned his head toward Louis, pausing an instant, as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, throwing both arms about Tom's waist, dragged him backward.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger, Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by anyone. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school again this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson, "I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town-hall.

He was still weeding a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and, looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

Tom's lip quivered as he made this humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd have done as much for anyone, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out and out glad to be friends with you."

And friends fast and true, they were from that time forth; and no one ever again whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage. The story of that brave deed of his on the scaffolding about the new hall had borne testimony to his courage which was sufficiently convincing, and the people of Hillsboro were proud of their young townsman. In their eyes he was a hero. But I think the noblest thing about his brave act was that he risked his life to save that of his enemy.—*Florence B. Hallowell.*

HOW HAZEL BECAME FAMOUS.

Hazel Hoyt lived on a farm a little more than four miles from town. Their nearest neighbor was a mile away, and even they had no children near Hazel's age. Hazel's own little brother Robert was only two years old while she was twelve. And so it happened that Hazel, having no playmates of her own age, was sometimes a little lonely, and perhaps it was for this very reason that she was thoughtful above her years. When other little girls would have been playing she was reading or dreaming day dreams out under the old cottonwood in the draw. The great roots of this old cottonwood were her favorite seat and here she loved to read about boys and girls who had grown up to be great men and women. Mamma always knew where to find her daughter if she had a leisure hour, and Hazel always came back from the cottonwood fired with an ambition to be famous herself.

"Mamma," she would often say, "were any great women ever such plain little girls as I am? Could anybody that doesn't learn any faster than I do ever get to be great and famous?"

Poor Hazel! These were two sensitive points with her. She was not a pretty child and she knew it, and try as she might she seldom succeeded in getting to the head of her class at school. Sometimes she would brood over these things, until to her proud, sensitive little soul they became an actual grief. At such times it seemed to her that she must be the plainest and dullest little girl that ever lived.

Mamma understood and sympathized with her daughter and when Hazel opened the subject in this way she knew what the child had been thinking about, and she would drop her work and, with Hazel on a stool at her feet, they would have what Hazel called "an ambition talk."

Hazel always loved these little confidences, and usually, before they had talked very long she would forget that she was just a plain, ordinary girl and would grow enthusiastic about the great things she was going to do and be.

There was one question that she never failed to ask. Mamma always expected it, and she answered it always in about the same way.

"Mamma," she would say, after she had finished the enthusiastic story of her latest heroine, "don't you think that I could be great and famous some day if I keep on trying?"

And mamma would answer: "I don't know any reason why you shouldn't. But, really, dearie, I would rather you were good and true than great and famous."

But I want to be famous, mamma. I want to do something that will make you and papa proud of me."

"We're proud enough of you, already."

At this Hazel would jump up and give mamma a big hug and kiss and whisper: "But you haven't any reason to be, really. But some day I am going to do something to make you really and truly proud of me, see if I don't."

And yet Hazel was a perfectly normal child, a dear, sunny, help-

ful little girl, always ready to do something for somebody else, a splendid helper indoors and out-of-doors, helping mamma and running errands for papa. Papa liked to tease her sometimes about what she was going to do when she was "great and famous" as she called it, for it was a subject that she never tired talking of.

"What is your idea of being great and famous?" he asked her one day. "What does it mean?"

"Well, I don't know just all that it does mean," answered Hazel. "But it means to do something that will make people talk about you and put pieces in the paper about you and write books about you."

"O, that is what it means, is it? I saw a long piece in the paper last week—"

Now, papa, you needn't tease me," cried Hazel. "I am going to do something to make you proud of me some day," and Hazel looked rather grieved.

Just here mamma shook her head and papa laughed and kissed Hazel as he went to his work.

There is always plenty of work to do on the farm, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt were always busy. There were a good many things, too, which Hazel could do. For two or three years Mr. Hoyt had been pasturing his cattle away from home about a mile, and of course they had to be driven back and forth twice a day. This task had been assigned to Hazel and old Selim, and Hazel had become quite an expert little horsewoman. She had learned to saddle and bridle her own horse, although she had to stand on a box to do so, and many a merry gallop did she and the trusty old sorrel have together.

This was only one of the ways in which Hazel helped. She could always find something to do and usually she did it quite willingly. But she never lost sight of her purpose to be "great and famous," and when school opened she took up her books with enthusiasm.

"I'm going to study hard and see if I can't be first in all my classes this winter," she announced on the evening of the first day. "I wish I could learn as easily as Jessie Groves. It don't seem to be any trouble for her to learn. But I'm going to study harder than she does," and away she went to her lessons.

About six weeks after school opened Mr. Hoyt found it necessary to be away from home for a night or two, and mamma and Hazel were left alone. It had been a rainy fall, and the roads were in a terrible condition, so bad that Mr. Hoyt had been taking Hazel to school.

"I think you had better stay at home till I come back," he said to her the morning he left. "It's too bad for you to walk. I'll have to take Selim, or you could ride him. I suppose you could ride Jo, but I would rather not have you."

Hazel said nothing, but she looked so disappointed that after conferring with mamma papa said: "If it will be a very serious disappointment to you to miss school you may ride Jo if you watch him carefully. He's gentle and safe for a young horse."

And so Hazel rode young Jo to school, very happy that she was not obliged to fall behind in her classes. She reached home promptly

and safely in the evening, and helped mamma do the chores early, and by six o'clock they were snugly shut in for the night.

"I hope papa's safe and snug," said Hazel, as she made ready for bed. "I wish he were at home."

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Hoyt. "I feel a little uneasy about Robert, too. He hasn't seemed quite well this afternoon."

"Oh, I hope he isn't going to have one of those bad spells like he had last summer."

"I hope so, too. I don't think he is. I have been watching him closely. If you hear me up in the night don't be frightened, and don't get up unless I call you."

It seemed to Hazel that she had not been asleep an hour when she heard her name called. She jumped up, only half awake, trying to rub the slumber from her eyes.

"I wish you would dress as quickly as you can, Hazel," said Mrs. Hoyt. "Robert is very sick, and I think you can help me."

"I want you to keep me supplied with hot cloths and water," she said, as Hazel came into the room where Robert lay. "If we only had some way to get the doctor."

Hazel came and went with the hot clothes, her eyes growing bigger with fear as she saw poor little Robbie's suffering.

"Mamma, he'll die if we don't have the doctor, don't you think so?" she cried at last.

Mamma kissed her and said cheerfully: "Don't be frightened, little daughter. He isn't that bad. But it would be an immense relief to me if we had the doctor. I don't see how we are going to get him, though. I couldn't leave Robbie with you, and you couldn't go at this time of night. If he isn't better by morning I suppose you could ride Jo into town. We'll wait and see."

"Mamma, let me go now," pleaded Hazel.

"Why child, you couldn't go now. It's as dark as pitch and the roads are terrible. I wouldn't dare let you ride Jo on such a night.

"I could go, mamma. I know the way and I rode Jo all right today."

Mrs. Hoyt made no answer. The sick child claimed her attention, and Hazel stood watching her as she tried to soothe the little sufferer.

"Mamma, I can do it," she pleaded. "I'm not a bit afraid. We must have the doctor," she sobbed. "Robbie's awful sick."

Mrs. Hoyt's face was growing very serious. The baby was evidently worse. "I suppose you could go," she said at last. "But I can't bear to think of it."

Almost before she had finished speaking Hazel had left the room and was soon back, with coat and hood, and carrying a lighted lantern. "I can go all right. I ride pretty well, you know," she said, confidently.

Mrs. Hoyt looked from the sick baby to the eager little girl. There was no doubt that Robert was a very sick child. But could she let Hazel go such a distance at such an hour? "Wait a little longer," she said. "If he continues to get worse we will think about it."

A half hour passed. Robbie was certainly growing worse. "It seems an awful thing for me to let you go," said mamma.

"I can do it all right."

Mamma drew her close and kissed her again and again. "May God bless you."

It did not take Hazel long to saddle and bridle Jo, and they were soon no the road. It was not cold and the drizzle had ceased, but the roads were muddier than ever. The horse sank above his fetlocks at every step, and Hazel could hear the crack of the mud each time he drew out a foot. She had hung the lantern on the saddle bow, and the little light threw fitful, uncanny gleams out into the blackness. Hazel was not a timid child, but the whistling of the wind through the hedge fences and the rustling of the long grass sent little shivers down her back. The fitful gleam of the lantern served only to intensify the darkness, and she began to imagine all manner of frightful things along the road. She leaned over and put her arms about the horse's neck. "Jo," she whispered, "it's silly to be afraid. There's nothing to be afaid of. Dear Jesus," she prayed, "help me not to be afraid. And help me to get the doctor in time to make Robbie well."

She felt better after this, but in her anxiety it seemed to her that they scarcely moved. She felt no fear of the young horse she was riding, and it was not long before fear of any kind left her, and her only thought was to reach the doctor as quickly as possible. Occasionally they would find a piece of sod and she would urge Jo forward, but in the darkness she could not pick her way very well, and it was three o'clock before they arrived at their destination. Then, after what seemed to Hazel an interminably long wait, the door was opened by the doctor himself, who seemed much surprised that his caller was only a little girl.

"Why, my child," he cried, "who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I'm Hazel Hoyt. Robbie's awful sick. There wasn't anybody else to come, and she burst into convulsive sobbing.

"Are you Dick Hoyt's girl?" asked the doctor, when he had quieted her somewhat. Then Hazel told him her story quickly. He looked surprised, but he only said: "You will go back with me in the buggy. We will leave the horse here and your father can get him when he comes home."

Dr. Harvey looked very grave when he saw the sick baby. "You've been doing the very best thing," he said to Mrs. Hoyt, "but he's a pretty sick child. An hour or two more and I wouldn't have promised that I could do anything for him."

When Mr. Hoyt came home and heard the story of how Hazel had brought the doctor in the middle of the night, and saved her baby brother's life, he took his daughter in his arms and held her there silently for a time.

"What's the matter, papa?" asked Hazel.

"I was just thinking that you had kept your promise. You have done something to make me very proud of you."

Hazel looked up wonderingly. "Why, papa, that wasn't anything to make you proud of me. That was only doing what I ought to do."

"Perhaps so, but I am very proud of you just the same."

Two or three evenings later papa called Hazel to him. "Listen, little girl," he said. He had the paper from town and he read to her how a certain little girl had ridden four miles on a dark night to get the doctor for a sick brother, how everybody was talking about her and calling her a brave girl, and how proud her father and mother were of her.

"I believe you told me once that your idea of being famous was to do something to make people talk about you and put pieces in the paper about you. I suppose I must make a bow to my great and famous daughter," and he bowed a most courtly bow.

"Oh, papa," cried Hazel, half laughing, half crying, "that wasn't anything great to do. That was only doing my duty, wasn't it, mamma?"

Mamma smiled as she answered: "Yes, dear, but doing one's duty is the most truly great thing in the world."

THE RED SLED.

"Say, mister, be you goin' to the deepo?"

"Why, yes, I'm on my way to the station."

"Lemme carry your grip."

"All right, my boy."

The large man with an air of benevolence and business about him surrendered the heavy grip into the red, bare hands of the small boy, who had dodged around the corner just as he came down the steps of the hotel.

"Pretty good load, isn't it?"

"Naw," said the boy,swinging it to the other hand with a pretended ease, trying to hold his shoulders square as he trudged on, the heavy packing case banging his legs at every step.

Mr. Lindsay looked down at the small urchin trying so manfully not to bend under his load as he stretched his strides to equal those of the long legs beside him, and he recognized the brave spirit under the worn coat, which had been originally cut for a much larger boy. Its sleeves had been cut off by some careful feminine hand when it had fallen to its present owner to accommodate the length of his arms, or rather their lack of length.

"Do you live here, sonny?" he asked by way of making conversation.

"Yes, sir; always lived here."

"Do you go to school?"

"You bet; I'm goin' to be edgercated some day."

"That's a good resolution. What do you intend to do some day when you get educated."

"I don't know; but I won't dig wells. Maybe I'll be an engineer."

They had neared the railroad crossing now, and a switch engine barred their way.

"Why don't you want to dig wells?" pursued his interlocutor, while they waited.

"Pa digs wells, and he can't work when the ground freezes and sometimes we get awful poor and ma has to take in washing. Pa's been sick all this winter and we didn't have no Christmas 'tall 'cept some popcorn balls and gingerbread animals ma put in our stockings and a poke of candy off'n the Sunday school tree. Say, mister, did you have a sled when you was a boy?" He had picked up the heavy grip and they were moving on again.

"Why, yes, I think I had several sleds. I lived in New York State, and the long hills covered with snow were prime for coasting. Every boy had a sled."

"I'm saving my money to get a sled. Was your'n red?"

"Yes, I believe it was."

"I had thirty-five cents, but I give ma a quarter to git soap for her washing; but yisterday a man give me a dime fer carrying his grip, so I've got twenty cents a'ready. I'm tryin' to get a dollar and a quarter; hope the snow don't go off before I git it."

"Don't you need some mittens more than you do a sled?" said his companion, looking down at the red, rough, bare hands.

"Oh, I'm goin' to have some mittens after a while. Ma's knittin' some for the Jones boys, and when she gits 'em done, Mrs. Jones is goin' to give her yarn enough to knit me a pair. She'd had 'em done only the rheumatis has been so bad in her hands."

Here the train pulled up to the little station. Mr. Lindsay pressed into the cold, rough hand, saying, "Something for your sled fund, my boy," and taking his grip he hurried aboard the train.

The boy ran along the platform, his face all aglow. "Thank you, sir, that's a pile."

"What is your name, sonny?" said Mr. Lindsay as the train was getting in motion.

"Stephen Blake," called the boy above the clang of the bell and the hiss of the steam as the train pulled out of the village.

The next morning Mr. Lindsay was in the pleasant sitting room of his home busy with the newspaper. All week he was going to and fro over the state with his sample cases, always counting the days until Saturday, when he should get home.

Jeannette fidgetted about, not certain how to begin. Mr. Lindsay's comfort was of first importance in his home during his brief visits. Jeannette had been taught not to break in upon his privacy.

At last he laid down his paper, remarking, "Well, daughter, how has it been with you all the week?"

Jeannette came at once and sat on his knee, concealing behind her a long parcel done up in tissue paper. Mr. Lindsay brought it forward with "What are you hiding, daughter?"

Jeannette unrolled a pair of pearl-colored kid gloves and plunged into the midst of her story.

"Oh, papa, may I have them?—they only cost two dollars, and are such a perfect fit. And I've just got to have some kid gloves to wear calling. You can't go calling in golf gloves, you know. Fanny Rogers has a pair just like them. It will be two weeks since Miss Martin called, and you always return a call in two weeks, you know," finished Jeannette, almost out of breath with her jumble of words.

"No," said Mr. Lindsay, "I didn't know; you've told me several things I didn't know," and as he held the dainty bit of scented leather in his hand he seemed to see again a pair of rough, red hands and to hear their owner saying: "Oh, I'm goin' to have some mittens—ma's goin' to knit some when she gits the Jones boys' done."

Just then Mrs. Lindsay entered the room, announcing that breakfast was served.

When the family were seated at the breakfast table, the vision of Stephen Blake's honest, freckled face was still before Mr. Lindsay's mind's eye. He was wont to entertain his family with incidents of his week's trip, and he was soon giving them a graphic account of his encounter with Stephen Blake, setting forth vividly his pathetic efforts to possess a sled.

"Oh, I wish he could have mine," said impulsive Jeannette; "it is such a good one, and it hangs in the barn, of no use to anyone."

"Is it red?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"No, it's brown and yellow."

"I can fix that," said Paul, the eighteen-year-old son of the house; "I'll paint it red and put his name on in black and gold."

So it came about a few days later that a fine sled with shining runners, bearing the name "Stephen Blake" across its red seat in artistic letters of black and gold was aboard an express train, its destination, according to its tag being "Stephen Blake, Brownsville."

On Friday afternoon Stephen Blake sat shuffling his feet uneasily under his desk in the school room. Every little while he looked out at the thick, white blanket old King Winter had wrapped Brownsville in. The snow had fallen heavily all day, but now only a few flurries of light flakes came at intervals, as if the clouds found a few more tucked in their folds and were shaking them out. But after each survey of the outer snowy world Stephen's eyes dropped quickly to his spelling book. It would never do to "miss" and "get kept;" Phil Trotter would get ahead of him.

"Senarate," pronounced Miss Welch as the class stood in line.

"S-e-p-e-r-a-t-e," spelled Phil Trotter.

"Next," said the teacher.

"S-e-p-a-r-a-t-e," said Stephen, and he winced a little at the pinch Phil Trotter gave him as he passed above him.

Soon Stephen presented himself before Squire Brown.

"Eh?" said the old gentleman, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking closely at the small boy with a shovel on his shoulder, who stood on his doorstep, "want to shovel my walks? Are you the boy who did or rather didn't do it last time?"

"No, sir, that was Phil Trotter."

"Well, trot along there and get at it; but don't do any Trotter job for me."

In less than an hour Stephen presented himself again at Squire Brown's door. The old gentleman cast an approving eye over the walk, showing its boards, cleaned to their full width; and at the deep cut path to the barn with slant, snowy walls on either side.

"Well done, sonny, come back next snowstorm," and he put a silver quarter in Stephen's hand.

Stephen flew home. Panting for breath he rushed up to the clock shelf, took down the cracked sugar bowl and spread out his precious coins on the table. There was the whole dollar—two dimes, one nickel and three quarters. In his excitement he had not noticed that his mother had been weeping. The doctor was just leaving.

"Give him plenty of nourishment," he was saying, "beef tea, chicken broth and oysters, and we'll have him on his feet in a few weeks."

"Beef tea, chicken broth and oysters," Stephen repeated over to himself; he knew there had been no meat in the house, except salt pork, for weeks.

He picked up his coins and started toward the one straggling business street. At Mr. Crow's he paused before the window where the red sled was displayed. The next window belonged to the one "butcher shop" the village boasted. Inside he could see the flanks of beef and the chickens suspended on the wall and the great pail of oysters sitting by.

"Say, Mr. Blair, will one dollar buy a lot of beef and oysters?"

"Right smart," said the jovial butcher. "Want some?"

"I don't know," said Stephen, laying down his carefully hoarded wealth on the counter, a vision of the red sled floating before his eyes, "only the doctor says that pa must have beef tea and chicken broth and oysters."

"I can give you a coupon book and you can get things as you want them, and I'll throw in a dime's worth of oysters for your pa's supper," said Mr. Blair, kindly.

For a moment his father's pale face and the red sled battled for supremacy. At last, swallowing hard, he pushed the coins across the counter; he could not trust himself to speak. A moment later he was running home with his small store of oysters and the coupon book.

His mother's "God bless you, Stephen!" as she wept on his shoulder made him very happy that night, but the next morning when the boys began going by, drawing their sleds behind them, on their way to the coasting hill ,the lumps rose again in his throat and choked out his whistle. But he chopped away at the soap boxes and tried to wink back the tears.

"Hello, Steve," called out Ben Davison, the drayman, as he pulled up his horses not far from Stephen's wood-pile, "here is something for you," and he handed out a splendid red sled bearing in black and gold letters the name, "Stephen Blake."

The accompanying card read: "Accept this sled with my compliments. Keep right on and get an education and you won't need to dig wells.

"Your friend of the 'grip,'

"A C. LINDSAY."

It took Stephen a moment to comprehend it all; but soon he recalled the gentleman of the heavy grip, and as it slowly came to him that he was the owner of a real clipper such as no boy on the hill could bost, he gave three whoops and a hand spring. After dragging his treasure into the house, showing it to his admiring relatives, and telling its story he was off for the hill, the happiest boy in Brownsville.

THE KID'S CHANCE.

There was a kid for you—a typical western kid, who had grown to the age of fifteen in the tough towns without being entirely spoiled. The quartermaster at the fort took him on to help around because the boy was not old enough to enlist, and yet wanted to get away from the vicious life he had been leading. He was fresh and slangy and up to a thing or two, but we found him to be right at heart.

He couldn't read or write, and he couldn't add four and four together, and furthermore he did not want to learn. He had a musical ear, however, and within a month after a battered old bugle had been given him he was doing fairly well at plainer calls. He had set his heart on becoming a bugler, and when this became known there were those who offered their help. In six months, without being able to read a note, that Kid could blow any call in the books. It was a proud day for him when he was allowed to blow his first official calls, but there was no show for him. There were buglers enough and one or two to spare, and the Kid was an outsider.

The Seventh had seen two or three Indian campaigns, and of course there was more or less story telling in barracks. The Kid was an interested listener to each and every one, and the next day he would go out and practice the longer with bugle and revolver. It

gradually dawned on us that the boy was waiting for his chance, and some of us determined to help him get it. There was no question about his courage, but it was one of years. He'd no father, mother or guardian, but there was no show for him to pass the recruiting officer. He had been with us a year and a half, and most of his toughness had disappeared, when Red Cloud broke loose again and led 300 of his warriors into the valley of the Republican River.

As a first move on our part, thirty of us troopers were ordered to make a night ride and get ahead of the Indians and give warning to the settlers. While the best mounts were being selected and saddled, the Kid appeared among us and whispered to Sergeant Bliss, who was to have charge of us under a lieutenant:

"Sarge, it's my chance. I've been waiting for it these two years. Don't turn me down and say I can't go or you'll break my heart."

The sergeant looked at him for a minute without replying, and then turned away. He neither consented nor opposed. That was enough for the Kid. He disappeared like a flash and when we rode through the gates he was at the rear mounted on a bareback horse he had gobbled from the corral. Over his shoulder was slung his old bugle, and in his belt a revolver, and he meant to follow wherever we led. He'd have been ordered back fast enough had the lieutenant known of his presence, but no one gave him away. We put our horses to the gallop at once and held them to it for hours. At midnight there was a halt for twenty minutes, and then it was on again. When daylight appeared we had covered fifty miles and were entering the valley. The kid had stuck to us like a burr, but kept out of sight of the officer.

We were drawing a long breath for the last gallop, when a scattering rifle fire was opened on our front, and two or three men toppled from their saddles. "It was "left into line," and a rush for a ridge a hundred rods away, and we reached it to find ourselves surrounded by Indians. We had headed Red Cloud off, but he had got us into a box. There were enough loose boulders on the ridge to make stout breaswork, but every one of our horses and two more men were down before we had completed it, and were standing the redskins off.

Red Cloud didn't move on to the valley with part of his force, as he might have done, but held every one of his 300 bucks close in hand to accomplish our extermination. He'd sooner raise the scalp of one soldier than slaughter half a dozen citizens, and he had old grudges to pay off. The entire band circled us and opened a steady fire, and every man realized from the start that our position was almost hopeless.

It was half an hour after we reached the hill before anyone missed the Kid. Then it was believed that he had fallen when we first struck the Indians, or, being in the rear, had been cut off. There were plenty of others to mourn for. Lying as snugly as we could behind the boulders, and firing only when the redskins seemed inclined to rush, twelve of our thirty were killed between sun and sun. There wasn't the slightest show of relief from the fort or from the valley, and if Red

Cloud rushed our breastworks after night had set in, the affair would have been over in ten minutes.

At sundown the firing began to die away, and half an hour later there was silence except for the songs of the crickets and the yelps of coyotes. The Indians had been called off to cook, eat and rest, but there was no way of escape open to us. At the first move to leave the little fort the whole pack would have been upon us. We had scant rations, and less water, and we were too worn out even to walk. Some of the men even slept and muttered in their sleep as a night attack was waited for. The hours went by and none came. Red Cloud figured that another day of long-range fire would wipe us out, and why sacrifice a score of his warriors in a night rush.

At eleven o'clock, with the silence of the grave around us, there suddenly came to our ears the notes of a bugle. They were clear and bold and defiant, and came from the direction of the fort. In an instant every man of us was on his feet and cheering. In an instant the 300 red devils around us were calling to each other in alarm.

"Column close up," came the bugle call. "By fours, right wheel in line! Take open order!"

We cheered and cheered again, and we fired by volley to let our friends know that we still held out. Wilder grew the alarm of the Indians, and we heard the hoof-beats of their ponies dashing about.

Now the bugle blew "officers' call," "stables," "breakfast" and "light's out" in succession, and we were bewildered, but among the confusion there came the calls to "Trot!" "Gallop!" and "Charge!" and away went Red Cloud and his 300 bucks in a wild flight and over the rough ground came charging up to the very boulders—the Kid! As he sat on his horse and peered over the boulders at us he raised the bugle to his lips and sounded the call of: "I can't get 'em up in the morning!"

"Good boy; but what does this mean?" demanded the lieutenant in a quavering voice.

"It was my chance, sir," calmly replied the Kid.

"But how—how—?"

"Oh, I was left behind when you hit the reds and got boxed up, and I lay around in the woods back there all day and fixed up this scare for 'em."

"And there's no one with you—no soldiers, no relief?"

Naw. Me and my old bugle did the whole business, and the reds won't stop running for ten miles."—Selected.

AUNT MARY'S HERO.

"I'm going to be a hero when I grow up, Aunt Mary," said George West, bursting into the kitchen and climbing into a chair.

"A hero when you grow up!" his aunt repeated in surprise. "Why can't you be one when you are little?"

"Oh, no, auntie. A hero does things when he's grown up."

"Well, little George," questioned his aunt, "what is a hero?"

"It's a man, auntie, that does something great or isn't afraid—afraid—of—the—dark, I think," he added, softly dropping his voice.

"Here, dear, said Aunt Mary, "take a few of these warm cookies." Then, thinking a minute, "I'm very busy now, but at bedtime you tell me about some big heroes, and I'll tell you of a little one."

"Are there any little heroes, auntie?"

"Yes," she replied, with a kiss, and the boy went off to play with some of his mates.

At the evening the tired child was ready to go to bed early. His auntie listened to his story of George Washington and was about to bid him good night, when he exclaimed, "Auntie, how about the little hero?"

"Why!" she replied, "here's one right here."

"Where?"

"My little boy is a hero. He's going to sleep now."

"But, auntie, it's dark—and—I'm afraid."

"Heroes don't fear anything, George."

"But I'm not grown up, auntie."

"One doesn't need to be grown up, dear. Be brave, do what is right; that's what it is to be a hero."

"Well, I'll try," said a tender voice, and soon the little boy fell asleep.—Marion C. Cutler.

THE HANDY BOY.

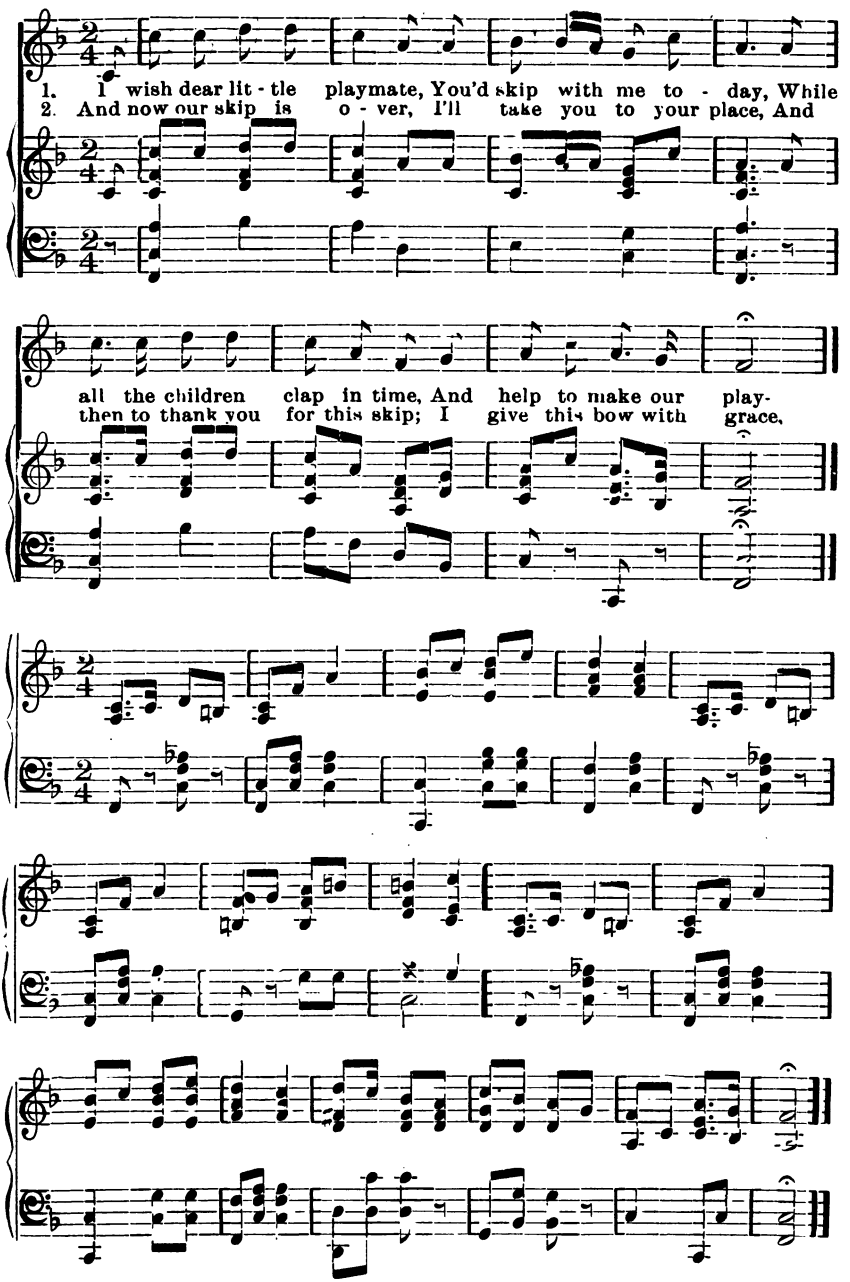
Most boys have two hands. For all that, some boys are not what you would call handy. More's the pity!

The handy boy can turn his hand to almost anything, and, what is more, he is willing to do it. Three cheers for him!

The handy boy is ready and able to put a room in order for a meeting, to build a fire, to turn on lights, to fix up a platform, to bring in the "greens" and decorate walls, to whittle a stick to some purpose, to manage a troublesome lock, door, or window; and, in short, to use his hands and his wits for any work and any emergency at home or anywhere else. This is the sort of a boy that is "wanted" always and everywhere. There is room for him, and need for him. His good temper, his readiness to "take hold" and his ability to do things, make him a help and a favorite, no matter where he is.

You may think that the handy boy is born, not made, and that one who seems to find it natural to bungle and blunder, can't help it. No such thing. "The willing mind" will teach the bungling hands, in time, and any boy who is resolute about it can learn to turn his hand to useful things if he is only willing to think and watch, and use his chance to help a bit. Home is the place to begin, and nowhere is the handy boy more needed and appreciated.—*J. H. Johnston.*

SKIPPING SONG.

From "Song Stories for the Kindergarten." Published by permission of Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago.

1. I wish dear lit - tle playmate, You'd skip with me to - day, While
2. And now our skip is o - ver, I'll take you to your place, And
all the children clap in time, And help to make our play-
then to thank you for this skip; I give this bow with grace.

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DOING ONE'S BEST.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to the finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency; the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul satisfaction which a half hearted, slipshod worker never knows. When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it possibly can be done, and all of his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing, and give their unqualified approval to his efforts this is happiness.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

Subject for the month: Courage.

DIVISIONS:—*Lesson 5, Courage in Doing Right; Lesson 6, Boastfulness; not Courage; Lesson 7, Courage in Danger; Lesson 8, Courage in Self-Denial.*

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in monthly officers' meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on, true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize; thou'lt reach the goal!

"The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the braves that were."

The world owes much to its men and women of courage. We do not mean physical courage, in which man is at least equalled by the bulldog; nor is the bulldog considered the wisest of his species.

The courage that displays itself in silent effort and endeavor—that dares to endure all and suffer all for truth and duty—is more truly heroic than the achievements of physical valor, which are rewarded by honors and titles, or by laurels sometime steeped in blood.

It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood—the courage to seek out and speak the truth; the courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty. If men and women do not possess this virtue, they have no security whatever for the preservation of any other.

Nearly every enlargement in the domain of knoweldge, which has made us better acquainted with the heavens, with the earth, and with ourselves, has been established by the energy, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, and the courage of the great spirits of past times, who, however much they have been oppressed or reviled by their contemporaries, now rank among those whom the enlightened of the human race most delight to honor.

Nor is the unjust intolerance displayed toward men of science in the past without its lesson for the present. It teaches us to be forbearant towards those who differ from us, provided they observe patiently, think honestly, and utter their convictions freely and truthfully. It was a remark of Plato that "the world is God's epistle to mankind;" and to read and study that epistle, so as to elicit its true meaning, can have no other effect on a well-ordered mind than to lead to lead to a deeper impression of His power, a clearer perception of His wisdom, and a more grateful sense of His goodness.

While such has been the course of the martyrs of science, not less glorious has been the courage of the martyrs of faith. The passive endurance of the man or woman, who, for conscience sake, is found ready to suffer and to endure in solitude, without so much as the encouragement of even a single sympathizing voice, is an exhibition of courage of a far higher kind than that displayed in the roar of battle, where even the weakest feels encouraged and inspired by the enthusiasm of sympathy and the power of numbers. Time would fail to tell of the deathless names of those who through faith in principles, and in the face of difficulty, danger and suffering, "have wrought righteousness and waxed valiant" in the moral warfare of the world, and been content to lay down their lives rather than prove false to their conscientious convictions of truth.

Men of this stamp, inspired by a high sense of duty, have in past times exhibited character in its most heroic aspects, and continue to present to us some of the noblest spectacles to be seen in history. Even women, full of tenderness and gentleness, not less than men, have in this cause been found capable of exhibiting the most unflinching courage.

It is a mistake to suppose that the days requiring self-sacrifice and suffering for conscience or the truth's sake are past. "Modern freedom," says Thoreau, "is only the exchange of the slavery of feudality for the slavery of opinion." The tyranny of a multitude is worse than the tyranny of an individual. How many, even in our own progressive age, have suffered persecution for bravely advocating principles and doctrines which they believed to be true? The decisions reached by councils and conferences are but an expression of the average or popular opinion. Men of earnest thought are generally far in advance of the average sentiment. What wonder is it then that the most profound, the best, the most earnest men of every age have been men who were abused by their associates, or through charges of heresy expelled from the churches?

But the greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in everyday life as well as in historic fields of action. There needs, for example, the common courage to be honest—the courage to resist temptation—the courage to speak the truth—the courage to be what we really are, and not to pretend to be what we are not—the courage to live honestly within our own means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others. A great deal of the unhappiness, and much of the vice is owing to weakness and indecision of purpose—in other words, to lack of courage. Men may know what is right, and yet fail to exercise the courage to do it; they may understand the duty they have to do, but will not summon up the requisite resolution to perform it. The weak and undisciplined man is at the mercy of every temptation; he can not say "No," but falls before it. And if his companionship be bad, he will be all the easier led away by bad example into wrongdoing.

Nothing can be more certain than that the character can only

be sustained and strengthened by its own energetic action. The will, which is the central force of character, must be trained to habits of decision, otherwise it will neither be able to resist evil nor to follow good. Decision gives the power of standing firmly, when to yield, however slightly, might be only the first step in a down-hill course to ruin.

Calling upon others for help in forming a decision is worse than useless. A man must so train his habits as to rely upon his own powers, and depend upon his own courage in moments of emergency.

There needs also the exercise of no small degree of moral courage to resist the corrupting influences of what is called "society." Although "Mrs. Grundy" may be a very vulgar and commonplace personage, her influence is nevertheless prodigious. Most men, but especially women are the moral slaves of the class or caste to which they belong. There is a sort of unconscious conspiracy existing among them against each other's individuality. Each circle and section, each rank and class, has its respective customs and observances, to which conformity is required at the risk of being tabooed. Some are immured within a bastile of fashion, others of custom, others of opinions; and few there are who have the courage to think outside their sect, to act outside their party, and to step out into the free air of individual thought and action. We dress, and eat, and follow fashion, though it may be at the risk of debt, ruin and misery; living not so much according to our means as according to the superstitious observances of our class. Though we may speak contemptuously of the Indians who flatten their heads, and of the Chinese who cramp their toes, we have only to look at the deformities of fashion among ourselves to see that the reign of "Mrs. Grundy" is universal.

It is strong and courageous men who lead and guide and rule the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them; while the life of a single upright and energetic man is like a track of light. His example is remembered and appealed to, and his thoughts his spirit and his courage continue to be the inspiration of succeeding generations.

It is obvious that to be of an enduring and courageous spirit is of great importance in the formation of character. It is a source not only of usefulness in life, but of happiness. On the other hand, to be of a timid and, still more, of a cowardly nature, is one of the greatest misfortunes. A wise man was accustomed to say that one of the principal objects he aimed at in the education of his sons and daughters was to train them in the habit of fearing nothing so much as fear. And the habit of avoiding fear is, doubtless, capable of being trained like any other habit, such as the habit of attention, of diligence, of study, or of cheerfulness.

Much of the fear that exists is the offspring of imagination, which creates the images of evils which may happen, but perhaps rarely do; and thus many persons who are capable of summoning up courage enough to grapple with and overcome real dangers, are paralyzed or thrown into consternation by those which are imaginary.

Hence, unless the imagination be held under strict discipline, we are prone to meet evils more than half way to suffer them by forestallment, and to assume the burdens which we ourselves create.

Education in courage is not usually included among the branches of female training, and yet it is really of much greater importance than either music, French, or the use of the globe. Contrary to the view of Sir Richard Steele, that women should be characterized by a "tender fear" and "an inferiority which makes her lovely," we would have women educated in resolution and courage, as a means of rendering them more helpful, more self-reliant, and vastly more useful and happy.

There is, indeed, nothing attractive in timidity, nothing lovable in fear. All weakness, whether of mind or body, is equivalent to deformity, and the reverse of interesting. Courage is graceful and dignified; while fear, in any form, is mean and repulsive. Yet the utmost tenderness and gentleness are consistent with courage. Ary Scheffer, the artist, once wrote to his daughter: "Dear daughter, strive to be of good courage, to be gentle-hearted; these are the true qualities for women. 'Troubles' everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate—whatever that be, whether blessings of afflictions—to behave with dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be the worse both for ourselves and for those whom we love. To struggle, and again and again to renew the conflict—*this* is life's inheritance."

In sickness and sorrow none are braver and less complaining sufferers than women. Their courage, where their hearts are concerned, is indeed proverbial. Experience has proved that women can be as enduring as men under the heaviest trials and calamities; but too little pains are taken to teach them to endure petty terrors and frivolous vexations with fortitude. Such little miseries, if petted and indulged, quickly run into sickly sensibility and become the bane of their life, keeping themselves and those about them in a state of chronic discomfort.

The best corrective for this condition of mind is wholesome moral and mental discipline. Mental strength is as necessary for the development of woman's character as of man's. It gives her capacity to deal with the affairs of life, and presence of mind, which enable her to act with vigor and effect in moments of emergency. Character in a woman, as in a man, will always be found the best safeguard of virtue, the best nurse of religion, the best corrective of Time. Personal beauty soon passes; but beauty of mind and character increases in attractiveness the older it grows.

Women have not only distinguished themselves for their passive courage, but, impelled by affection, by the sense of duty, they have become heroic. But that devotion to duty which marks the heroic character has more often been exhibited by women in deeds of charity and mercy. The greater part of these are never known, for they are done in private, out of public sight, and for the mere love of doing good. Where fame has come to them because of the success which

has attended their labors in a more general sphere, it has come unsought and unexpected, and is often felt as a burden.

"The high desire that others may be blest
Savors of Heaven."

Questions:—What is the difference between moral and physical courage? Give illustrations. State why actions based on deliberate thought are apt to give more satisfaction than those of impulse. Has courage any place in the work of the Primary officers? If so, how does it affect our actions in relation to—example—discipline—lessons.

Suggestion for First Grade Teachers:—Courage is rather a large subject for the youngest children and we advise that the stories be told as simply as possible and permit the little ones to form their own conclusions. In the Third Grade lessons a number of interesting stories can be found that may be used effectively.

Note to Second Grade Teachers:—In giving the introductory talks to the children, it may be necessary to simplify them somewhat. The questions need not be given in the order given here, as these are but suggestions to the teacher. The answers of the children will lead to other questions.

Lesson 5.

Subject: Courage in doing right.

Introductory Talk: There are many heroes in the world. Some have shown great courage in battle; some have risked their lives to save others in floods and fires and storms, and have done it without complaint and without wishing for any reward. How much we like to hear of such people.

But there are greater heroes even than these. The boy or girl who can do his or her daily duty in the right way, never afraid to do right, no matter what the result will be, and without complaining, is braver than those who do daring deeds. The very best kind of courage is moral courage, which never fears to do right. The only thing to be afraid of is doing wrong. It is a brave boy or girl who is willing to confess some wrong, especially when some punishment must follow.

One day some boys were on the way to school. One suggested that they go through an alley, which was a shorter way. They had to pass a building used for storing wool. The side of the building near the alley had several large windows. One of the boys suggested that it would be fine fun to break those windows. There was not one boy

who had courage enough to say "No;" and in a short time there was scarcely a whole pane left.

One of the boys who had helped was worried when he thought of what they had done. "Was it just, was it right?" he thought; and whenever he saw the owner of the building, he felt uneasy and ashamed.

Christmas time was near. He had always saved his money to make some presents at the holidays, and had quite a little sum saved. Then he thought the very best thing he could do with his money would be to pay for the damage done at the storehouse and get the owner to forgive him. On New Year's morning he opened his bank, and taking the money with him, he went to the gentleman's store. He went up to the owner in a manly way, and said:

"Some time ago, some other boys and I broke the glass in the windows of your building. I have been ashamed of it ever since, and I want to begin the new year right by paying for the broken glass."

"But you did not break all the glass, did you?" asked the owner.

"No, sir," said the boy, "but I shall be glad to pay for it all."

The owner refused to take the money, and after a few words of kindly advice, gave the money to the boy as a New Year's gift.

It required a great deal of courage and real manhood to act as he did, but the happiness he obtained from offering to pay for the damage, and confessing his wrong, was reward enough.

The boy who is leader in many games is very daring. No risk is too great for him to take if he can be considered a brave leader. But in his everyday duties he meets some things which take more real courage than all those daring deeds. Perhaps he is sometimes tempted to cheat at lessons, just a little to be sure to keep the marks high, or to take something that does not belong to him, or to get out of some punishment by denying the guilt—all of these require real courage to resist; and those who have that courage will have the strength of a hero when great danger comes.

One day two boys were engaged in a conversation.

"I say, Hal, why didn't you pitch into that fellow this noon and lay him out for tormenting you so? You could have done it even if he is bigger than you are?"

"Oh, any one with my muscle could have done that, but—well, I don't believe every one could have kept their hands off him, for he said some pretty mean things."

"I don't know what you are driving at, Hal. Of course most boys would have downed him then and there, and I don't see why you didn't."

"Well, it is just this way," said Hal. "I was big enough and strong enough, and if the truth must be told, angry enough to have fought with him, but lately I have been trying a new idea, trying to do things that every one else can't do. Whenever I feel like doing things that are not right, I say to myself, 'Anybody could do that,' and then I try harder than ever to be strong enough to do the thing that every-

one couldn't do. You always feel glad afterwards if you do that way."

Perhaps there are things that you know you ought not to do which seems hard for you now. Try to think of them.

Sometimes one of your companions tempts you to do something you know is wrong, and if you say "No," they laugh at you and say you are afraid. It would be much easier for you to do it than to say "No," but just think to yourself, "Anybody can do that, but not everyone can say, 'No' and be laughed at by his companions. That is real courage.

Story: "An Honest Toop." Page

Memory Gems.

"Dare to do right, dare to be true;
Dare to be noble the whole day through."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 69.

Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest exercise. Page 63.

Story: "An Honest Toop." Page 45.

Questions:—Why do you think Johnny Toop was a good, brave boy? What do you think made his grandfather happy? Did you ever break a dish? What do you think you should do when you do anything wrong?

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 69.

Story: "An Honest Toop." Page 45.

Supplementary Story: "The Three Hebrew Children." Dan. 3; Children's Friend, Vol. 5, 384; October number.

Questions: Which is the greatest kind of courage? How did Johnny Toop show that he had that kind of courage? When was the boy who helped break windows a coward? When did he show his courage? How could he have been braver? What made him want to pay for the glass? How is a boy or girl brave in speaking the truth? How can we be brave when tempted to do something wrong? What is the bravest kind of a person? How would you like best to show your courage?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 69.

Recitation, by member of class:

DARE AND DO.

Dare to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

—*Cowdery's Moral Lessons.*

Talks on "Courage in Doing Right," to be given from memory by members of the class:

The enemies of God sought to remove Daniel out of their way. They believed in false gods, and not in the great God whom Daniel worshiped. But there were obstacles in their way; Daniel was in the Babylonian court, and had the confidence of King Darius. So they must outwit Darius to accomplish their purpose, and they resorted to the following plan:

They proposed to him to issue a royal statute that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save thee, O King, he shall be cast into the den of lions." They knew that Daniel would dare to defy the King's decree, and worship the true God, and thus his death would be sure. The King yielded to the request, and the decree was issued.

But Daniel did not mind the decree. It was right that he should worship God, and so he continued to pray "three times a day." Now, their opportunity to put Daniel out of the way had come, and they insisted that Darius should order him thrown into the lion's den. The result you know. Daniel did not shrink from the terrible ordeal. He dared to obey his conscience whether in or out of the den of lions. He came forth from the perilous situation, "and no manner of hurt was found upon him."

When our forefathers declared themselves to be a free and independent nation, they knew that the brave step exposed them to death. The signers of the Declaration, which has won the admiration of the world, understood that if the declaration were not maintained, each one of them would be hung for treason. But they believed fully in the right of independence and stood firm and steadfast, resolved to have liberty or die.

We have a republic large and prosperous today because they dared to do right.

A few years ago a farmer's son entered a New England college. He had no money, so that he was obliged to work to pay his way. He was an expert wood sawyer, and he could pay his bills by hard labor at that business. If students in the college could not furnish him wood enough to saw, he could obtain work about the town. "But students will make fun of you," suggested friends. "That will do me no injury," he replied. "Perhaps they will think less of you for engaging in such menial employment," remarked another. "I will compel them to think well of me by the highest scholarship," he answered grandly.

He dared all ridicule, and his sterling character shone brighter and brighter. Those who were inclined to make fun of his employment fell far behind him in the race for knowledge, so that they were forced to defer to his scholarship and worth in the end. Brave, aspiring, invincible young man!

Story: "An Honest Toop." Page 45.

Questions:—When the boys broke the windows in the wool storehouse, whose property were they interfering with? How do you feel about a person interfering with your property? If something of yours is destroyed or stolen what would be the most just way to settle the trouble? If you are tempted, which is better, to overcome the temptation or to make the wrong right?

Memory Gems.

Lesson 6.

Subject: Boastfulness is not courage.

Introductory Talk: This month we are hearing a great deal of two of our Presidents, Washington and Lincoln, both of whom were born in February. The boys, yes, and the girls, too, wish they could be as good and as brave as these two great men. They have shown us all how to bear hardships without complaining, and how to do great deeds in the face of danger. They have taught us, too, that the bravest men are humble and modest.

Some boys like to do daring deeds, not always good ones, just to show how brave they are, and then they boast to their companions that they are not afraid of anything. They dare do anything. But are they really brave? Have they the best kind of courage. Real heroes are always humble minded and are not heard telling of their great deeds.

There are two kinds of courage—one that makes one not afraid of bodily pain; the courage which will make a boy jump into the water

to save another who is drowning, and will help him to risk great dangers; the other courage, which we call moral courage, makes a person always dare to do the right, no matter what comes. The only thing that a really brave man fears is to do wrong.

Danger often shows that those who boast the most are the greatest cowards. Real courage must be proved by deeds, not words.

Once upon a time, two men were going through a forest. "I am afraid," said one, "that we may meet with wild beasts; I see the tracks of their paws on the ground."

"Fear nothing, friend Quickwit," cried the other, whose name was Braggart. "In case of an attack, we shall stand by one another like men. I have a strong arm, a stout heart, and—"

"Hark!" cried the first, in alarm, as a low growl was heard from a thicket near. In an instant Braggart, who was light and nimble, climbed up a tree like a squirrel, leaving his friend, who was not so active, to face the danger alone!

But Quickwit's presence of mind did not fail him. He could not fight, he could not flee; but he laid himself flat on the ground, and held his breath, so as to appear quite dead. Out of the thicket rushed a huge bear, and at once made up to poor Quickwit; while Braggart looked down, trembling, from his perch in the tree.

One may guess what were the feelings of Quickwit when the bear snuffed all around him, coming so near that he could feel its warm breath, when its nose was close to his ear! But the brave man did not wince or move; and the bear, thinking him dead, plunged again into the thicket, leaving him quite unharmed.

When Braggart saw that the danger was over, he came down from the tree. Somewhat ashamed of his cowardly conduct, he tried to pass off the matter with a joke.

"Well, my friend Quickwit," he said, "what did the bear say to you when he whispered into your ear?"

"He told me," replied Quickwit, "never again to trust a boaster like you!"

A brave person never seeks a quarrel, but will avoid it; the bravest are the most peaceable.

When President Lincoln was a young man, he worked in a store. While showing goods to two or three women one day, a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using very profane language, evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaned over the counter and begged him, as ladies were present, not to talk in such a manner. The bully answered that the time had come for which he had long sought, and he would like to see the man who could hinder him from saying anything he might choose to say. Lincoln, still cool, told him if he would wait until the ladies were gone, he would hear what he had to say, and give him any satisfaction he desired.

As soon as the women had gone, the man became furious. Lincoln heard his boasts and his abuse for a time, and finding that he was not to be put off without a fight, said: "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well whip you as any other man." This was just

what the bully had been seeking, he said, so out of doors they went, and Lincoln made short work of him. He threw him upon the ground, held him there as if he had been a child, and gathering some "smart-weed," which grew upon the spot, rubbed it into his face and eyes, until the fellow bellowed with pain. Lincoln did all this without a particle of anger, and when the job was finished, went immediately for water, washed his victim's face, and did everything he could to alleviate his distress. The result of the matter was that the man became his fast and life-long friend, and was a better man from that day. It was impossible then, and it always remained so, for Lincoln to cherish resentment or revenge.

Story: "Ross Carson's Courage." Page 48.

Memory Gems.

Danger often shows that those who boast the most are the greatest cowards.

"Real courage must be proved by deeds, not words."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 73.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise. Page 63.
Story: "Ross Carson's Courage." Page 48.

Questions:—Why did Abraham Lincoln whip the man? What did it do to the man? Do little children say they can do things, when they know they can't? What do you think about speaking that way? Do you think Ross Carson was a brave boy?

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 73.
Story: "Ross Carson's Courage." Page 48.

Questions:—What is boasting? How is a boaster often a coward? Brave men do not tell of their great deeds. How do they show their courage? Why is a boy not brave in doing daring and dangerous acts when there is no need? How does a brave boy or girl treat those who are younger and weaker? What will a brave boy or girl do when dared to do something that is dangerous or wrong? Tell why Braggart was a coward. Tom Lane thought he was brave. How did he show that he was not? How did Ross Carson show his courage? What kind of people seek quarrels? Who try to keep out of them? Who are really loved more? What should we do when we see others quarrel.

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 73.
Recitations, by members of class:

Washington—Traits of Character.

Serene and steadfast as the hills.
The cheer of lighthouse in the night,
A patriot to the people true.
The wisdom of the thoughtful bee.
A strength like air that yields, yet holds.
The eloquence of wordless worth.
A conscience sleepless as the stars.
—*Edwrad A. Horton.*

Lincoln—Traits of Character.

The rectitude and patience of the rocks.
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn.
The courage of the bird that dares the sea.
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves.
The pity of the snow that hides all scars.
The loving kindness of the wayside well.
The tolerance and equity of light.
—*Edwin Markham.*

MY FOX TERRIER.

A little demon in defense,
Brave as a lion he;
I wish I had the courage
Of this atom on my knee.

A little universe of love,
Unselfish as the sea;
I wish I did by others
As he has done by me.

A little lump of loyalty
No power could turn from me;
I wish I had a heart as true,
From fear and favor free.

A little fountain full of Faith,
Forgiveness, Charity;
I wish I had his patience
And true nobility.

A little flash of fire and life,
Whate'er the summons be;
I wish that I could face the world
With half his energy.

A little white fox terrior,
In whose brown eyes I see
The little windows of a soul
Too large to live in me.
Harry W. French.

Talks, by members of class:

MISTAKES THAT SOME BOYS MAKE.

It is a mistake for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the important affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real "royal road to fortune" is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the very best one has to give in return for money received.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sabbath-school. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sabbath-school. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything "on the sly." The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficult for him to regain it. The wise boy will be "as honest as the day." Woe to him if he is not!—*Selected.*

DON'T BE A COUNTERFEIT.

Do you know what a counterfeit is? It is what boys and girls would call a make-believe. Counterfeit money is something which pretends to be money but is only an imitation and a pretense. There are severe laws against making or trying to pass counterfeit money, and it is wise that it should be so, for who wants to receive counterfeit money, which as you know, is perfectly worthless.

Anything that pretends to be what it is not is a counterfeit. Sometimes boys and girls are like counterfeits. A boy who pretends to be a good boy to his mother and Sunday School teacher, but who smokes cigarettes on the sly and who hides out with other boys to listen to bad stories is a counterfeit. The girl who pretends to be industriously studying her lesson, when she is simply idling away her time, is a counterfeit.

Boys and girls, don't be counterfeits. Be true and honest, and remember that though you may deceive your parents and teachers, you can never deceive God, for He sees us through and through, and He knows whether or not we are doing the right thing, whatever pretenses we may make to those around us.

Story: "Ross Carson's Courage." Page 48.

Questions:—What are the two kinds of courage? Which kind did Quickwit have? What would you call the other man? In the story about Lincoln what do you admire the most? What is your opinion of a sly person? Of a counterfeit? Why are they not considered heroes? Tell what you admire in the story of "Ross Carson's Courage."

Memory Gems.

Lesson 7.

Subject: Courage in danger.

Introductory talk: "Genuine courage is based on something more than animal strength; and this holds true always. Cowardly hearts are often encased in giant frames. Women and children often show and prove they possess the most wonderful courage. Here is the story of a brave boy:

Some years ago there arose a terrible storm at sea. A fishing vessel with a large number of men, women and children on board, was caught in this storm, and tried hard to ride out the hurricane. After a few hours of fearful suspense she dragged her anchors and was driven ashore.

With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow-drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts, they found themselves on an uninhabited part of the coast, the nearest houses being nearly five miles distant.

The gloomy night closed in as the last of them was dragged ashore from the wreck. Their only hope lay in endeavoring to reach the distant houses; and in the darkness and storm they staggered on through the trackless wilderness. Who can picture the horrors of that night of suffering to this forlorn band!

During the darkness and confusion of landing a family of four young children were separated from their parents, who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost.

A boy of fourteen, hearing the cries of these poor little ones, and finding they had no guide or protector, resolved to do what he could to save their lives. To reach the houses with them being impossible, he made the shivering children lie down, locked in each other's arms; then he set to work resolutely collecting moss, of which, fortunately, there was a large quantity about, and piling this around them, layer

upon layer, he at length succeeded in excluding partially the piercing cold.

Fortunately, too, he found on the beach the fragment of an old sail, which he spread over all; and collecting more moss, he increased the rude covering until the poor little sufferers ceased to cry with the bitter cold and declared themselves more comfortable.

Through all the dreary hours of that awful night that heroic boy stood alone by these children, replacing their covering when the winds scattered it and cheering them with words of hope. He might have tried to escape with the others, but he would not leave his helpless charge.

At length day dawned; and then he turned his tottering steps towards the setlement to seek for aid. When about half-way he met the parents of the lost children, wild with grief, coming to search for their dead bodies, as they had no expectation of finding them alive.

The young hero quietly told them what he had done to save them, and by his directions they soon found the spot where they lay. On removing the covering of moss, they found the little creatures snug and warm, and in a refreshing sleep."

True courage serves its possessor well. We need it every hour. Young people need it in their sports and tasks, in their studies and plans. Without it, they cannot be thoroughly obedient at home, nor first-class pupils in school. Courage is needed to decide for the right, as well as to attack a difficult lesson. A brave youth is the one who tackles a hard problem with the resolution to solve it. Sometimes we need courage to overcome dangerous habits. I will tell you about a brave boy who overcame a dangerous temptation:

Amos Lawrence was one of five boys in a variety store in Groton, Massachusetts, his native place. It was before the temperance reform began, and intoxicating liquors were sold in the store. Every day the five boys, together with the men, were invited, about eleven o'clock, to take a drink. As everybody used liquors at that time, Amos accepted the invitation, and continued the practice about four weeks, when he discovered that he was acquiring a habit for it.

"Not another glass shall I drink," he said to the boys. The boys laughed and made fun of him, but he stood by his resolution, which required great courage. To cut loose from a perilous custom, which every one in the store adopted, demanded the spirit of a hero. He treated tobacco in the same way, notwithstanding his companions made fun of what they called his "oddity."

At twenty, Amos Lawrence removed to Boston and at fifty he was one of the richest and noblest merchants of that city—an honored benefactor and philanthropist. Once he wrote of the stand he took against strong drink and tobacco in the Groton store as follows:

"I never drank another drop of rum in that store, nor used tobacco in any form. I have never in my life smoked a cigar and never chewed a mouthful of tobacco. Now, I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right* am I indebted for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections around me."

Memory Gems.

"The best hearts are always the bravest."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Supplementary Stories: "The Kid's Chance." Page 59; "David and Goliath," I Samuel, 17: 49; "Aunt Mary's Hero." Page 61.

First Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 78.

Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest exercise. Page 63.

Story: "How Hazel Became Famous." Page 51.

Questions:—Who is afraid to go to bed without a light? What is there to be afraid of? What did little George want to be? How did he begin to be a hero? What did Hazel do that was brave? Ask other questions on stories told.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 78.

Story: "How Hazel Became Famous." Page 51.

Supplementary Story: "David and the Giant," I. Samuel, 17; Children's Friend, vol. 5, p. 104, March number.

Questions:—What would the fisher boy have done if he had not been brave? How did he show his courage? Where did David get his courage to fight the giant? How can we get strength to be brave in danger? Why do we have to be brave to overcome dangerous and bad habits? If you would be brave you must not do wrong. The boy in mischief runs from the passing policeman. Why? The good boy passes him with a "How-do." Why is this difference?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk. Page. 78.

Recitation, by member of class.

THE BRAVEST SMILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the boy worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

Selected.

Talks, by members of class:

An incident occurred that winter which probably convinced him (Lorenzo D. Young) that the anxiety for his safety felt by his friends at the fort was not entirely groundless. It also illustrates the coolness and courage possessed by those early heroines, the pioneer women of Utah. It happened thus: Harriet Young was sitting with her infant child in their solitary home one day—her husband and the rest of the famiyl being absent—when an Indian came to the door and asked for "biscuit." He was a fierce, ill-looking fellow, known throughout the region as "a bad Indian." Mrs. Young, going to her humble larder, gave the savage two or three small biscuits—all the bread that she had in the house. He took them and asked for more. She gave him the remaining one, but still he demanded more. More she did not have, and so informed him. Furious, he advanced, and fitting an arrow to his bow, aimed it at her heart, fiercely repeating the request. Cool and collected the brave woman faced her swarthy foe, and for a moment thought that the last hour and that of her helpless babe had come. Not yet. An idea strikes her. In the next room, securely fastened, is a large dog, a powerful mastiff, purchased by her husband on leaving the fort, and kept upon the premises for just such emergencies as the danger now threatening. Making a sign to the savage, as if of compliance with his request, she passed into the next room, and hastily untying the dog, exclaimed, "Seize him." Like lightning the mastiff darted through the doorway, and a shriek of terror, quickly followed by a howl of pain, as the sharp canine teeth met in the red-skin's thigh, told how well the faithful brute comprehended his mistress's peril, and the duty required of him in her defense. In all probability, the Indian, prostrate and pleading vociferously for his life, would have never again arisen, had not our heroine, in whose generous heart pity for the vanquished wretch at once took the place of the just anger she had momentarily felt, after prudently relieving him of his bow and arrow, called off the dog and set the wounded savage at liberty. He was badly hurt and cried bitterly. Mrs. Young magnanimously washed the wound, applied a large sticking plaster to the injured part, and sent him away a wiser if not a better Indian.—Whitney's History of Utah, vol. 1, pp. 367, 368.

AN UNKNOWN HEROINE.

An unknown girl stands in the records of the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago as one heroine of the holocaust. According to testimony heard on the witness stand, it was the hand of a child that caught the ladder thrown across the alley from the building opposite the fire-escape. This ladder laid across from the fire-escape to the window of this building formed a bridge that saved many lives. The act of the child was recounted to the coroner by the man who threw the ladder. This man said that the little girl was the only person on the crowded fire-escape who had the presence of mind to help him in his

efforts to save the frantic people crowded there. All the others were too excited to do anything; this little one, who was not more than eight years old, caught the end of the ladder and guided it to a fastening. Other witnesses remembered the child also. When the ladder was fastened, she guided a little boy and girl younger than herself across this bridge to safety. When she herself was finally lifted through the window she fainted. In the excitement her name was not learned and she is recorded as the unknown savior of many lives.

SHEER PLUCK.

A number of years ago a boy of sixteen was brought into Bellevue hospital with his leg badly crushed by the wheels of a truck. It was so much injured, indeed, that it had to be amputated at once. The lad was thus left a cripple. He had no education; he was friendless, and altogether he seemed to have no chance in life at all.

But he was a boy who was determined to be useful in the world at any rate. So, while his leg was healing, he managed to be handy in the ward and round the hospital generally. He was so useful that when he was discharged as a patient the superintendent gave him a job, and he stayed on. He worked hard, and took such an intelligent interest in the work that soon he was given a better job. So it went on, and he was promoted from post to post. He frankly said that to work in a hospital was not just what he would have chosen if he had had the choice, but that it was his one opportunity, and he meant to do his best with it.

He did. His best was so good that in the end he was made deputy superintendent of the great hospital at a salary of $4,000 a year. When that happened, one of the doctors commented on the secret of this plucky cripple's sucess. "He not only knows every brick in the hospital, but he knows how much mortar there is between the bricks!" Some day, probably, he will be superintendent, for the same reason. Without friends, without education, without any outside aid or opportunity, this crippled lad has made a successful, busy, honored life for himself by sheer pluck and usefulness.

Story: "How Hazel Became Famous." Page 51;

Questions:—Which required the greatest will-power, the boy who saved the children's lives, or the stand taken by Amos Lawrence? Why? Did Mrs. Young possess more than courage and if so what virtues did she exercise in her encounter with the Indian? Why do we so delight to honor a deed like that of the "Unknown Heroine?" What do you think of the crippled boy? Have you ever seen an act of courage? If so, relate it to the class.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 8.

Subject: The Courage of Self-Denial.

Introductory Talk: In our earliest years we must train ourselves to forego little things for the sake of others. If we do so, we shall find it much easier to bear the heavier disappointments of maturer years. It will greatly help us if we try to practice at least one distinct act of self-denial every day; and we must not forget that these acts must be both voluntary and cheerful if they are to be of real benefit either to ourselves or to others.

There are heroes of all kinds. They are found in all stations of life. There have been railway engineers, who, when they saw that a collision could not be avoided, have stood at their place to lighten, if possible, the shock, and have been killed; sea captains, who have remained at their posts till all others have left, and have gone down with their ships; physicians and nurses like the sisters of the Relief Society who have not shrunk from pestilence in order to save life or to comfort the dying.

The captain of a ship was absent from it one day, being on board another vessel. While he was gone, a storm arose, which in a short time made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it had not been possible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, the one four years old, and the other six, under the care of a young colored servant. The people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat; and the poor servant took the captain's two little children, tied them in a sack, and put them into the boat, which was by this time quite full. He was stepping into it himself, but was told by the officer that there was no room for him—that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of all would sink the boat. The heroic servant did not hesitate a moment. "Very well," said he; "give my love to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults;" and then he went to the bottom, never to rise again till the sea shall give up its dead.

The power and influence of self-denial are well set forth in the following incident:

At a time of great scarcity in Germany, a certain rich man invited twenty poor children to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come again every day at this hour until the coming of better times."

The children seized upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, as each wished to get the best and largest loaf, and at last they went away without even thanking him.

Frances alone, a poor but neatly dressed child, stood modestly at a distance, took the smallest loaf that was left in the basket, thanked the gentleman, and went home in a quiet and orderly manner.

On the following day the children were just as ill behaved; and poor Frances this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size

of the rest; but when she came home and her mother began to cut the bread, there fell out of it a number of bright new silver coins.

Her mother was perplexed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt, got into the bread by some mistake."

Frances carried it back. But the benevolent man said, "No, no! it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward you, my dear child. Remember that the person who is contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings still more valuable than money baked in bread."

All these incidents reveal the value of this trait in real life; and also serve to show how it is regarded by others than ourselves. It will more than repay us for its cultivation, both by the increase of our own happiness, and in the large amount of enjoyment it will put into the lives of those about us."

Memory Gems.

"He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than king."

"Self-denial is the essence of heroism."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Supplementary Story: Abraham's Sacrifice." Gen. 22.

First Grade.

Introductory Talk: Page 83.

Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest exercise. Page 63.

Story, "The Red Sled." Page 55.

Questions:—Who was Stephen Blake good to? When he gave his money to his mother, what did he give up? Stephen was a brave boy and showed his love for his mother. How do you think we could help our mothers and fathers by giving up things? Give up our play when we can help at home? How about giving up our toys and play-things to each other? Why was Frances a good girl? How should little boys and girls act when cake or candy is passed to them?

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 83.

Story: "The Red Sled." Page 55.

Supplementary story: "Abraham and Isaac." Gen. 22.

Questions:—Why was the colored servant a brave man? Why did the boy give up his money instead of buying a sled? Which was the braver act? When General Washington was quite young, he was about to go to sea as a midshipman, something he wanted very much to do. Everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole

heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. He said nothing to her, but seeing she would be distressed if he went, and perhaps would never be happy again, he turned to the servant and said: "Go tell them to take my trunk back; I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and said to him, "George, God has promised to bless His chlidren that honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you." How did Washington show his courage?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 83.
Recitation, by member of class:

OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The Right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Talks by members of class:

KEEPING STILL.

"How is it, Rob," asked one boy of another, "that you never get into scrapes like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie promptly. "When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still."

Keeping still is the secret of keeping out of a great deal of trouble in this world. The boy or the girl who has learned how to keep still will find life a good deal pleasanter and easier than the boy or girl who answers back all the hard things that may be said.

Remember that if the hard word hurts, yet it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. Too often, one hard word leads to another, until the boy who began by answering back has lost his temper and finds himself in a fight.

The Bible tells us that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and this is wonderfully true, as has been shown again and again.

It is also a true and wise saying that silence is golden, and the boy who keeps still will find that keeping still is a golden way of passing through many a hard place in life.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If you have anything to do, do it at once. Don't sit down in the rocking-chair and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first. Keep this motto, Be on time in small things as well as great. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life. If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, make a great effort to cure yourself. Brace up! Make up your mind that you will have some backbone. Don't be a limp jelly-fish kind of a person. Depend upon it that life is very much as you make it. The first thing to decide is, what are you going to make it. The next thing is to take off your coat and go to work. Make yourself necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men who wouldn't be missed if they should drop out of the world tomorrow. Don't be one of this sort. Be a power in your own little world, and then, depend upon it, the big world will hear from you.—*Standard.*

Story, "The Red Sled." Page 55.

Questions:—What is physical courage? What is moral courage? Which is the greatest courage? Why? Illustrate by some of the stories we have heard during the month on courage? Of all the heroic deeds we have learned about, which do you think the greatest? Why? In what way would you consider the Prophet Joseph to be a hero? Brigham Young? The Pioneers?

Memory Gems.

MAKING COLLECTIONS.

All sorts of things are collected nowadays: butterflies, beetles, coins, stamps, and so on, an almost endless list. But boys, how many of you make a practice of collecting tools?

Only the other day a "handy man about the house" (such are worth their weight in—well—silver at least, and a handy boy is a good beginning for such a man), was heard to say, "I wish I had thought when a boy to make a collection of tools. I was always fond of using them, but never knew what I could really do with them till I had wasted much time. I might as well have spent my nickels in this way as any other, and it would have been better worth while. I might have had a fine lot of tools by this time."

Take this bit of experience, will you, and use it? Most boys have money to spend now and then. If it is not given them, the bright-witted fellows can earn it, which is vastly better. It will be an excellent plan to use a part of this for tools, getting now a screw-driver, then a hammer, a saw, a square, till the "collection" is fairly begun. Then one is more sure to add to it. If one has good tools, there is more likelihood of using them, and by using one finds out what he can do. Do you know, boys, how much you can really do with your hands? Probably it is far more than you now imagine. Collect tools and use them and grow into "a handy boy." What a comfort such a boy is to himself as well as to others. "No well-regulated family should be without one."—*Julia H. Johnston.*

TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF.

CHEST PROTECTOR.

When one goes for a long drive on a cold day, it is an excellent plan to place a newspaper under the vest, well up under the arms, covering both the chest and back.

SUNSHINE A GOOD TONIC.

In order to go through the day with the least discomfort, contrive to bathe as often in the sunlight as possible. Avoid the habit of keeping the window shades drawn.

KEEP YOUR BOOTS DRY.

Boys who wear rubber boots in the winter and springtime experience not a little trouble in keeping them dry. A simple and effective plan is to fill the boots at night with oats that have been heated in the oven.

GET RID OF THE BACKACHE.

"I have a backache all the time," is a common complaint.

Take this exercise morning and night: Stand erect, knees held rigid, and bend body at waist forward, backward, and to either side as far as possible. Perform each movement only a few times at first, and gradually increase them. Bathe the back freely with cold water each exercise.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

When the head feels dull after the hours spent at school, step out into the fresh air and inhale slowly and smoothly as much air as possible, swelling out the lower chest at the sides. Hold the air five seconds, then exhale it slowly and gradually, continuing to breathe out until you feel that there is not a particle of air left in the lungs. Repeat this process five or six times.

GREAT BLUNDERS.

In the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book compiled by Dr. Earl Pratt, in which five hundred men, out of work, have recorded "the greatest blunder of my life." Here are some of them:

1. "Didn't save what I earned."
2. "Did not as a boy realize the value of an education."
3. "If I had taken better care of my money, I would be in better health and morals."
4. "Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."
5. "The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."
6. "One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."
7. "My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."
8. "The turning point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home."
9. "Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages."
10. "When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing."
11. "Self-conceit and not listening to my parents."
12. "Was to fool away my time when at school."

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HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED.

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort and exclaim:—

"Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny comes strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: "Look at my drawing. I did it today in school. Isn't it good?"

"Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew. It beats yours all hollow."

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you needn't try to draw, for girls can't make even a straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

"At last I have finished my hem," remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

"Pooh!" said mamma contemptuously; "that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly, for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing.

"Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake," said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age."

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father; and she was

about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything, and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

"My flowers look so well. I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again," remarked mamma.

"Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all Winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole Winter," said grandma, contemptuously.

"What was the matter with everybody?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and had been weighed that afternoon, and that he "tipped the beam" at 168 pounds, and that was doing "pretty well" for him, mamma said, crossly:

"Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? Old man Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed. Papa shouted. It was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter

Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes.

"Papa," said he, "what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?"

"Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting on our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it."

Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folks that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done! He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit. How much better it would have been if he had never learned to boast, but had always been deferential and courteous to his associates.—*Selected.*

THE BOY AND THE ROBBERS.

"There was a very, very poor boy who lived with his mother in a foreign country. One day his mother said to him that he must go into the great city and start in business, and she took his coat and cut it open and sewed between the lining and the coat forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert; and as he was going out of the door she said: "My boy, I have only two words for you—'Fear God, and never tell a lie.'" The boy started off, and

toward evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of a great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust; it came nearer; presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him, and said: "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said: "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said: "The boy is a fool,' and wheeled his horse and rode away back. By and by the robber captain came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He looked the boy in the face, and said: "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said: "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said: "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said: "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for God and my mother and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us."

MINNIE.

Minnie sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You need not look at me, Moon," she said. "You don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime. Besides I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but tonight it sounded as if it said, "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing; you were upstairs."

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "purr-r-r-r, purr-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her story.

"I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then—I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it, but she hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "How did you know it wasn't Kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left the spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Bert and John Lee were delighted when their little Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell some curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were and, the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced rapidly.

Before the close of school, the teacher called the roll and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during the day, he replied "I have whispered." "More than once?" asked the teacher. "Yes, sir," answered Willie. "As many as ten times?" Yes, sir." "Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said John after school. "Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it and so I asked to borrow a book, then I asked a boy for a slate pencil, another for a knife, and I did several such things. I supposed it was allowed." "Oh, we all do it," said Bert, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody can keep it; nobody does." "I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?" "Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered John. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict." "What of that, if you tell the truth?" said Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with Willie. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his reports, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks, the boys answered "nine" and "eight" oftener than they used to; and yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never

preached at them or told tales; but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, to see that this sturdy blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers.

They talked him over and loved him if they did name him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

At the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive and had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that closing day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look when he was told the man was General ———, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a present to the most faithful boy in school, the one who really ends highest in deportment. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the boy whose name was so low on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes."—*Selected.*

ON SECOND BASE.

Richard Martin was an average boy. In a great kennel show not long ago, there were entries for the "English Bull" class, the "Irish Terrier" class, the "Dalmation Toy," and so on. In a corner of the large exhibition hall was a space allotted to the "Just Dog" class. Richard Martin was "just boy."

In common with several of his companions in Millville he had the advantage of meeting each week a good Sunday school teacher. Mr. Amory was a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy, who had been obliged by the sudden death of his father to give up his naval career and take charge of the machinery in a large boiler-plate establishment in Millville. He brought to the class every Sunday a clear mind, a clean and well-trained body, and a heart full of earnest love for his work and his boys. Above all things John Amory taught his class to hate falsehood. "In the Academy," he said, "almost any fault would be forgiven sooner than a deliberate lie. It is the meanest sin there is. When the Bible wants to make Satan himself seem utterly hateful, it calls him 'the father of lies.'"

"How about 'white lies,' Mr. Amory?" one roguish boy asked.

"There aren't any," replied the teacher quickly. "They're all black, and the so-called 'white' ones are the meanest and most contemptible of the lot. Stick to the truth, boys, first, last and always."

He took a great interest in their sports, this teacher, for he had played fullback on the Academy football team, and could throw a baseball twenty yards farther than any boy, or man either, in town.

There came a Saturday early in September when the "Comets," a local nine of which Richard was a member, were to play the "Athletics," from Steep Falls, a town ten miles away. Richard's regular position was second base. It was the first game of the season, and a great crowd (for Millville) had gathered on the common to see the boys play. Mr. Amory had consented to act as umpire. The first three innings were bad for the Comets. The visitors were strong at the bat, and the score stood 5 to 1 in their favor. Then the tide turned, and the local favorite began to creep up. One run at a time they gained, amid the cheers of their friends, until the eighth inning, when a tremendous hit by Martin sent the ball whizzing between the center and right field. While the whole Steep Falls outfield were chasing it, Richard tore round the bases for what proved the tying run. The next two batters went out speedily, and the Steep Fallers were so nervous in their half, that three men struck out in succession.

The ninth inning opened with the Comets at the bat, score 10 to 10. There was breathless silence, then a dismayed "Oh-h!" as the first boy knocked up a little foul which was easily captured. The next sent a fly into the hands of the opposing shortstop; the third and last struck out! Steep Falls came in for its half-inning. One run meant the game. The first striker at the bat was the first baseman, a powerful young fellow who captained the visitors. He waited for a good ball, and with two strikes called on him hit between first base and right field, for a base. His successor struck out, and the third striker was out at first, but advanced the captain one base. He and Richard hopped to and from the bag as if they were dancing a jig. The Steep Falls contingent shouted themselves horse in the attempt to confuse the pitcher of the Comets. "Give it to 'em!" "Hold your base!" "Run!" "He can't pitch a ball straight!" were the cries that rent the air from all parts of the field. The Comet pitcher tried not to hear them; but he was young, and the score was tied, with two out and Steep Falls on second. He pitched the very first ball directly over the plate, straight and easy as if he were coaxing the striker to send in a run. "Whack!" and away went the grimy ball through the air, just over the shortstop's head. The moment the ball left the pitcher's hand the man on second started like a deer. Before it was stopped by the left-fielder the runner had reached third. It was plain that nothing could stop him from gaining the home plate.

But a wild chorus had risen from the Millville spectators: "Second! second! Throw it to second!" For the striker, assuming that the ball would be thrown in to cut off his captain at the plate, had continued on from the first. Too late he saw his mistake; he had to keep on. "Slide!" shouted Steep Falls.

Richard Martin, standing with one foot on the second base, took in the situation in an instant. If the striker should be put out at second, the inning would be over and the run would not count. The score would still be tied. Like a cannon shot the ball came toward him. Over his shoulder he saw an out-stretched mass of arms and legs hurling itself along the line from the first base. There was a

plunge, a tremendous slide, and Richard, with the ball safely in his hands, swung downward to the visitor, a full yard from the base. Shrieks of joy arose from the Millville crowd. "Out! out! out!" they shouted, dancing up and down.

"Not out! Not out!" screamed the Steep Falls players. "He didn't touch him!"

The whole visiting nine and half the Millville players gathered round the umpire, vociferating wildly. Mr. Amory had run into the field when the play was made. If he had spoken, nobody had heard him. "Out!" "Out!" "Not out!" cried the spectators. "Ask the second baseman!" demanded the Steep Falls captain savagely. "He knows he didn't touch him!"

"He didn't come within a foot of me!" panted the runner, brushing the dirt from his clothes.

All eyes turned to Richard, and there was a sudden silence. Richard knew what his comrades, what, perhaps, every on-looker expected of him—a vigorous assertion that he had put the man out; but he knew that he had failed in the attempt. The runner had made his base fairly. The boy looked up and saw Mr. Amory's clear eyes upon him. He flushed to his hair, opened his lips, as if to speak, then shut them firmly, and turned away in silence. It was his duty not to say anything at all, to leave it to the umpire, unless the latter questioned him. He was glad that the question was not put to him personally, although he had fully decided to tell the truth. His silence, however, told the story, as Richard knew it would. It admitted that he had not touched the runner.

"Not out," said Mr. Amory, quietly. "Run scored." And the game was over. Score. Steep Falls 11, Comets 10.

Half an hour later Richard felt a touch on his shoulder, and turned, to have his hand grasped and held. "It was a fine victory, my boy," said Mr. Amory. "I'm proud of you, Richard. I saw the play perfectly, and my decision would have been the same in any case; but you won in the greater fight."—*Willis Boyd Allen.*

THE FALSE START.

"Ready!"

The ten boys, in their running suits, ranged themselves on the white-washed starting line. Back of them stood Mr. Newton, the athletic teacher of history in Hinsdale Academy. He held a pistol in his hand, pointed skyward. At the first pistol crack the runners were to be off. The event was the hundred-yard dash for the championship of the school.

Ten hearts beat fast, as the boys took position on the starting line. They were the ten fastest runners in the school—ten boys out of two hundred. Only one of them could be champion. Which one

would it be? That was the question each was asking himself, as he listened for the pistol shot.

It seemed as if the signal never would come, but suddenly—snap! went the pistol; not a shot, but only a loud click from the hammer. The cartridge was a bad one, and had failed to explode.

Some of the runners sprang forward instantly, while others delayed for the fraction of a second, doubtful if the snap without the explosion was a fair signal. Ray Davis, the second boy on the right of the line, had been the first one off, and seeing him and a few others at full speed on the track, the rest sprang after them. In vain, Mr. Newton shouted "Foul foul!" The eager racers were off, and nothing could stop them. Like most boys of their age, they were too excitable to be easily controlled by "the rules of the game."

It was a splendid spurt, if the start had been faulty. Every boy was running "his level prettiest," and even Mr. Newton, though vexed at the boys' disobedience and lack of self-control, could not help eagerly watching the contest.

Ray Davis, the slender boy on the right, easily kept his lead. He got off nearly half a second ahead of the rest. This fact had not escaped the starter's keen and practiced eye; for Mr. Newton had been a famous runner while in college. From the instant of the pistol snap, Ray Davis, without the slightest hesitation, had sprung as straight for the goal as if the signal had been just what he was expecting. He was ahead from the outset, and Mr. Newton frowned when he saw the supple figure gaining steadily on all the rest. "A good spurt," he said to himself, "but it will not do. Fair and square is the word."

Ray won by five yards, amid great cheering from the Academy boys who were not in the race. But when the panting runners had gathered about the judges, Mr. Newton appeared among them, and said, quietly: "A foul. No race."

There was quite a hubbub for several minutes. Many did not like the decision. "The boys got off well, Mr. Newton," said one of the judges. "They all did their best, and it seems too bad to make them run again."

"It was a wholly unfair start," replied Mr. Newton. "I called 'foul,' and they all heard me."

There was no disputing this, so the boys went back to the starting line, some of them willingly, others with reluctance. Ray Davis was "off his nerve," as he said. He had made his supreme effort on the false start, and felt that he was not in as good trim for the second trial. Bur Mr. Newton was firm about it, and, as all the boys knew, he was "the soul of honor" in all athletic games.

A fifteen-minutes' rest was given the runners, and during it some of Ray's friends gathered round him. "Why don't you make a fuss, Davis?" they said. "It was a fair enough race. Almost everybody thinks so. You're fagged, and can't do as well again. Say you'll not run a second time."

It was a sore temptation, for Ray felt that he was more used up

by his spurt than the other fellows. He thought of the prize, and the glory of the championship, and hesitated. But presently his honor, and his true Christian manhood, came to the rescue. His motto had always been, "Do right." Should he prove false to it now, just for the sake of a temporary athletic honor? No! There was better material in the boy than that.

"I can't do it, fellows," he said. "I am going to do what's right, championship or no championship. It was not a fair start, and I know it!"

In the second dash, Ray Davis came under the tape third; but he found that he did not take defeat nearly as hard as he had expected. Something in his heart was singing all the time, "Victory, victory!" It is the sweetest and most inspiring voice we hear in this world—the voice of right triumphant, the song of victory over self.—*Selected.*

THE VOICE FROM THE TREES.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, "I am going out for a while, and I want you to stay at home and look out for the house. While I am gone, you can play by yourself, and when I come back, I will bring you something nice."

"All right, mamma," said little Kate; "but don't be gone so very long."

Ten minutes afterward the front door closed, and Kate felt quite grand to be left in charge of the house. Hannah was busy making pies in the kitchen, so Kate ran to her play-room to find something to amuse herself with.

There sat her dolls in a stately line. She took her favorite, Bessie, and dressed her first in one costume and then another from the little trunk devoted to dolls' clothes, but remembered suddenly that it was quite wornout.

"Why not make a new frock?" The very thing!" thought Kate. And, getting her dainty sewing materials which mamma had provided for her, she began work on the skirt, fashioning it out of some blue muslin which her aunt had given her. It was full and fluffy, and very becoming to the blonde curls of Bessie, and, after an hour's hard work was completed quite to Katie's satisfaction.

"Now the waist," she said to herself. She was quite a little steamstress, and as waists nowadays do not fit the figure closely, she gathered and puffed the muslin until it came to the finishing touches; but it did lack something to make it as pretty as mamma's dress, which she had tried to copy, but what was the matter?

"Oh, I know. I must have some lace upon it," and Kate ran to ask Hannah where mamma's lace-box was.

"What do you want it for, Miss Kate?" said the maid.

"Just to trim Bessie's ball frock with," said Kate, eagerly.

"But I do not think your mamma would like you to touch her laces. I heard her say so once. Better wait until she comes back."

"But I want to use it right now. Where is it?"

"In the storeroom, in a red box," replied Hannah, shrugging her shoulder."

"My! aren't they lovely, and what lots of pieces!" Kate had turned the contents of the box out on to the floor, and finally selecting a choice piece of Valenciennes, cut off the desired amount.

"It's just the homeliest dress you ever had, Bessie," said Kate to her pet doll; "I am tired of playing with you." And she thrust her back on the sofa again.

"Here's some of that horrid lace left, too. I guess I will hide it in the bottom of the trunk. I don't want mamma to see it, for she doesn't want me to ever touch her things without asking."

It was a discontented little girl who greeted her mother late that afternoon.

"Here is a new hat for Bessie, all trimmed with forget-me-nots," said mamma, wondering to herself why Kate did not seem more pleased with the present.

All was still that night about the house save Katie, who tossed to and fro on her soft pillow.

Suddenly she heard a strange noise which seemed to come from the tall trees just outside of her bedroom window.

Some one was speaking in a loud voice.

"Katie did," said the voice.

"Katie didn't," responded another voice, but faintly heard through the half-opened window.

Katie did! Katie did!" continued the first voice.

Katie sat straight up in the bed quivering from head to foot.

Some one knew about the lace, and she felt a sharp pain in her heart. Perhaps she would feel better if she told her mother about the lace after all, instead of hiding it from her in the trunk.

"Katie did! Katie did!"

Kate could stand it no longer, so she pattered into mamma's room, but she was not there. How late it was! Perhaps after all it was only a dream and she was walking in her sleep; she had heard of such things.

She gave herself a little pinch. My, yes! she was awake, and then the pain came to her heart again.

She ran to the top of the stairs and called.

"What is it, my child?" said mamma.

"Oh, the lace, I took it," cried Katie," trembling in the cold and fright.

"What lace?"

"Why, that in your lace-box. I took it for my doll's dress, and Hannah told me not to. There is the voice from the trees again." And Katie burst into tears.

"I hear nothing," said mamma, coming up the stairs, hurriedly.

"There, there."

"Why that is only a Fall katydid,—a kind of grasshopper striking his wings together. But I am glad that you told me about the lace, my little girl, and I think that you will never go to my lace-box again." And mamma kissed the tearful face and tucked her safely back into bed again.

AN OLD STORY RE-ENACTED

One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four"—that is what Reba was saying; but she was thinking: "If I had done my practicing earlier, I might have gone with the girls. Hereafter, I'll do it just as early as I can."

Still she continued counting, with scarcely a pause; for she was very faithful in her practicing, and, in fact, in whatever she had to do. But her voice did not sound very cheery. Perhaps you have learned that finger exercises are not very thrilling under any circumstances; and certainly they are very irksome when they take the place or time of a pleasure trip.

Reba was saying to herself: "What is it that is said to be the thief of time? Oh, I remember—pro-cras-ti-na-tion! Ho, hum! It stole a good time from me this morning. If I had not procrastinated about my piano practice, I might be with the girls, now, watching the procession. I didn't know anything about the procession until too late to do my practicing before time to go; and I wouldn't have been back again in time to do it before noon."

Through the door of her aunt's cottage came a faint sound of martial music. Evidently the procession was in progress. Reba's cheeks became unusually flushed, and her eyes shut and opened rapidly; still she continued to practice.

She was thinking: "If mother were here, perhaps she would say I might go; but it was understood, before I came to auntie's that I was to practice an hour before noon every day, except Sunday. I do not know that I would do as the boy on the burning deck did; but I am not going to disobey mother for the sake of seeing a procession."

The music of the band sounded clearer. Reba was surprised that she could hear it so plainly at such a distance. The girls had said that the procession would not come within several blocks of the cottage.

The sound of the march soon ceased; and Reba imagined the procession going farther away. She had finished her finger exercises, and was practicing a study, which was much more interesting. In fact, she became so much interested in it that she almost forgot the procession for a few minutes.

Suddenly there was a blare of instruments so near that Reba sprang from her stool in amazement. Stepping out of the door, she

saw the procession barely a block away, coming directly past the cottage.

She knew she had a little time to spare: and she ran to an upper balcony, and there greatly enjoyed watching the procession, and hearing the music. Her aunt joined her, and remarked, "Well, Reba, this seems to be a new version of the old story about the woman who couldn't go to see the king."

You have heard the story, haven't you?

Soon Reba returned to the piano, feeling very happy; and as she resumed cheerily the "one, two, three, four," she thought: "Yes; I couldn't or wouldn't go to see the king; but the king certainly came to see me."—*Adelaide D. Wellman.*

"JUST PLAIN FAIR."

Because he was so small for his fourteen years, the street boys nicknamed him "Snips."

"But I'm good stuff, and I'd rather be snips of the best, than bolts of shoddy," Arthur retorted to the teasing, taking it as a part of the new order of things which sent him out among such companions.

Hard times had come upon his home with the long sickness of the father, making extra expense, and stopping income. Mother had taken to plain sewing; while Grandma Harding, who lived with them, cheerfully became housekeeper, and caretaker of the small children. Arthur, anxious to help, if ever so little, had begged to leave school and had become what he called an "odd jobber," doing anything he found possible, but mostly running errands for the business men.

He had business ambitions himself, which he meant firmly to realize some day, and he kept a sharp outlook for any opening, however small. A very small opening would do for such a small boy, he reasoned and both would grow. Meantime he did faithfully the work entrusted to him, his earnings averaging the daily loaf for the family, sometimes more.

Once he made ten cents more than mother, and glowed with pride when father smiled wanly, and called him "The Man of the House."

At times he was much discouraged about that business opening, finding it impossible to squeeze into even the tiniest permanent place, in the great, busy, rushing world of business. He had tried many times, and vainly, to get in as delivery boy, paper carrier, office boy or porter; the larger boys always crowded him out, telling him laughingly, that "Snips couldn't amount to anything."

"Anyway, I can be good stuff," he insisted, holding to his home teachings, his ambitions and his faithfulness.

Late one weary day, when he had tramped and tramped, and had just obtained his first job for the day, a ten-cent errand, he was

hurrying along when a man rushed out from an imposing building across the street and called to him, imperatively.

"I'm disgusted with the whole good-for-nothing tribe of boys!" he scolded, as Arthur crossed to him. "Always hanging around, a pack of idle imps when you don't want them, and vanishing the instant they can be of any use! I won't have that dwadler of ours around again—gone hours to do a fifteen minute errand! Here, you!" to Arthur. "I want this put into the hands of Mr. T. M. Fletcher—his own hands, mind! —just as quick as it's possible. I'll pay you twenty-five cents when you bring me his acknowledgement of it. Know the place?"

"Yes, sir," Arthur said, "but I have an errand to do first—I'll run every step, it won't take long."

"Here, off with you!" the man exclaimed, extending a long envelope, and paying no attention to the boy's words.

"Please, I must do the other first—I promised and he paid me," exhibiting the silver dime. "I'll hurry. It won't take long," he repeated. He wanted the quarter badly, but he wanted more to please the man, for if the present errand boy was not satisfactory and was to be discharged, as it appeared, there might be a chance—"Please, sir, I'll only be a few minutes, it isn't far," he urged.

"Mine first, or not at all!" was the short reply. "There's another boy, thank fortune."

It was Jim Burrows, with a small bundle, a grin, and an aggravating "Hello, Snips!"

The man hastily repeated the offer to him, asking, "Will you do it?"

"Well, I should say!" Jim cried, "I'm out for ol' man Spears, but his'n c'n wait!"

"But you ought to do Mr. Spears' first," Arthur remonstrated. "He'd expect you to."

"He won't know; and it's only a ten-center, anyhow?" Jim laughed, running off with the envelope.

"I suppose you call it being honest to stick to the other fellow's ten-cent job, and lose a quarter by it," the man said, sneering a little at Arthur's disapproving face.

"I call it being fair, sir, just plain fair," Arthur replied, respectfully, dashing away to make up for lost time.

The unpleasant sneer was still upon the man's handsome face as he seated himself at his desk: "'Just plain fair,'" he quoted sarcastically. "Mighty little anybody thinks of that in the business grind. It's every fellow for himself, fair or not! Stick for just plain fair and you'd go under. But that's a taking little chap, and trusty, too. Snips, the other called him,"—with an amused smile—"He *is* only a scrap, but all wool—good stuff—wouldn't shrink in testing," he was unconsciously assenting to Arthur's defiant estimate of himself and his standard; an estimate and standard he endeavored always to live up to *Be* the *best* inside—the good stuff—and it is bound to show!

Jim burst into the office presently, tossed down the acknowledge-

ment and snatched the quarter, exclaiming boastingly: "Ye don't see me losin' no quarter jobs!"

"Like Snips," the man suggested.

"Aw, Snips! Ye'd think he was a nabob, stidder bein' in a hole, with a sick dad an' his maw doin' sewin.' Why mister, he dodges the biggest pay jobs, won't do a thing fur the saloons;" Jim laughed his scorn.

"And won't put off a job he's undertaken for one with bigger pay—rather queer, isn't he?"

"Queer fur fact!" Jim declared, "but Art Harding's green yet; allers gone to school till his dad got on the shelf. He'll learn."

"I suppose if somebody had offered you fifty cents to do a job while you were out for me, you'd have let mine wait with Mr. Spears', wouldn't you?" the gentleman commented, dryly.

"Sure! I'm in fur all I c'n get every time. See!" Jim laughed at his own smartness.

"I see. You don't call it being very trusty though, do you?"

"Trusty, nothin'! Ye've got to do like the rest—an' you fellers catch a boy when ye want him, if ye kin, whether he's out fur someone else or not, ain't that right?" with a wink. "I gotter git! Ol' man'll blow me fur be'n' slow, same as ye all do."

"Say boss,' he thrust his head back in the door, "ain't wantin' a boy reg-ler, 'bout my size, be ye?"

"I have one."

"He's your size, outside and in, young man," he went on to himself, "just as little to be trusted, and just as tricky." He winced as he thought over the sharp implication in Jim's speech, and the justness of it. The boys did not have the best examples in the practices of many of the men who employed them. His own business methods forced themselves upon him for consideration, rousing him finally to something like astonishment.

"I have never professed to be over nice, but I had thought myself ordinarily honest," he reflected with chagrin. "I had no idea as to where I had drifted. And it is not true that business cannot be successfully conducted upon a perfectly fair and square basis! I used to do so myself, though I seem to have forgotten it."

His face crimsoned as he recalled some deals that would not stand the just plain, fair test.

"But there'll be no more of that sort!" he declared, with emphasis, pulling down the directory; "I'll hunt up the little 'just plain fair,' chap and take him into the office to do my errands. He'll be a sort of moral prop—I'd be ashamed to look into his eyes and do anything but what he would consider fair."

Unconscious Arthur would have been astonished had he known to what he owed his "business opening," and the large influence upon the life of his employer of his simple creed. He did his small best, earnestly, and his weekly wages looked a fortune in his eyes when he proudly placed it in his mother's hands.—*Selected.*

THE ORDINARY WOMAN.

I wish that I had the distributing of some of Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the Ordinary Woman. It is true that she never manned a life-boat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage.

She has only stood at her post thirty, or forty, or fifty years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so quietly, with such a Spartan fortitude, that the world has never even noticed her achievements; and yet, in the presence of the Ordinary Woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with his breast covered with medals signifying valor, may well stand uncovered, for one braver than he is passing by.

There is nothing high and heroic in her appearance. She is just a commonplace woman, plainly dressed, with a tired face and work-worn hands—the kind of woman that you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without ever giving her a second glance, still less saluting her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the cross of the Legion of Honor for distinguished gallantry on the Battlefield of Life.

Years and years ago, when she was fresh and young and gay and light-hearted, she was married. Her head, as is the case with most girls, was full of dreams. Her husband was to be a Prince Charming, always tender and considerate and loving, shielding her from every care and worry. Life itself was to be a fairy tale.

One by one the dreams fell away. The husband was a good man, but he grew indifferent to her before long. He ceased to notice when she put on a fresh ribbon. He never paid her the little compliments for which a woman's soul hungers. He never gave her a kiss or a caress, and their married life sank into a deadly monotony that had no romance to brighten it, no joy or love to lighten it.

Day after day she sewed and cooked and cleaned and mended to make a comfortable home for a man who did not even give her the poor pay of a few words of appreciation. At his worst he was cross and querulous. At his best he was silent, and would gobble his food like a hungry animal and subside into his paper, leaving her to spend a dull and monotonous evening after a dull and monotonous day.

The husband was not one of the fortunate few who have the gift of making money. He worked hard, but opportunity does not smile on every man, and the wolf was never very far away from their door.

Women know the worst of poverty. It is the wife, who has the spending of the insufficient family income, who learns all the bitter

ways of scrimping and paring and saving. The husband must present a decent appearance, for policy's sake, when he goes to business; certain things are necessities for the children; and so the heaviest of all the deprivations fall upon the woman who stays at home and strives to make one dollar do the work of five.

This is the way of the Ordinary Woman; and what sacrifices she makes, what tastes she crucifies, what longings for pretty things and dainty things she smothers, not even her own family guess. They think it is an eccentricity that makes her choose the neck of the chicken and the hard end of the loaf and to stay at home from any little outing. Ah, if they only knew!

For each of her children she trod the Gethsemane of woman, only to go through that slavery of motherhood which the woman endures who is too poor to hire competent nurses. For years and years she never knew what it was to have a single night's unbroken sleep. The small hours of the morning found her walking the colic, or nursing the croup, or covering restless little sleepers, or putting water to thirsty little lips.

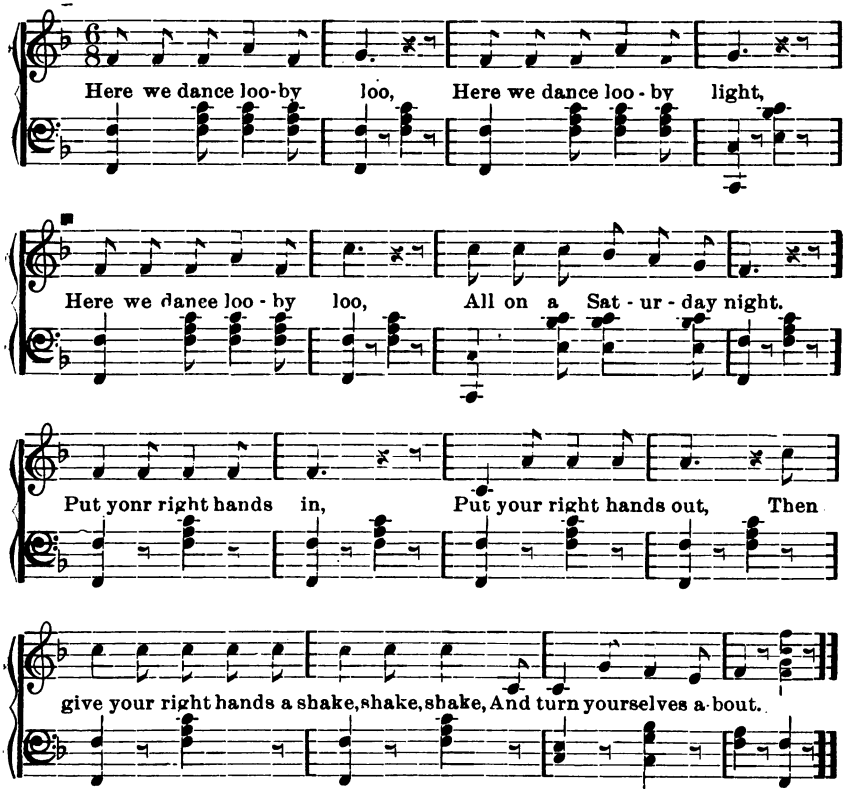
There was no rest for her, day or night. There was always a child in her arms or clinging to her skirts. Oftener than not she was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to death, but she never failed to rally to the call of "Mother!" as a good soldier always rallies to his battle cry.

Nobody called her brave, and yet, when one of the children came down with malignant diphtheria, she braved death a hundred times, in bending over the little sufferer, without one thought of danger. And when the little one was laid away under the sod, she who had loved most was the first to gather herself together and take up the burden of life for the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Woman's life, however, came when she educated her children above herself and lifted them out of her sphere. She did this with deliberation. She knew that in sending her bright boy and talented girl off to college she was opening up to them paths in which she could not follow; she knew that the time would come when they would look upon her with pitying tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help her!—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice. She worked a little harder, she denied herself a little more, to give them the advantages that she never had. In this she was only like millions of other Ordinary Women who are toiling over cooking-stoves, slaving at sewing-machines, pinching and economizing to educate and cultivate their children—digging with their own hands the chasm that will separate them almost as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the real heroine of life.
—*Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer in January Cosmopolitan.*

LOOBY LOO.

Here we dance loo-by loo, Here we dance loo - by light,
Here we dance loo - by loo, All on a Sat - ur - day night.
Put yonr right hands in, Put your right hands out, Then
give your right hands a shake, shake, shake, And turn yourselves a-bout.

Put your left hands in,
Put your left hands out,
Give your left hands a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.
Cho. Here we dance looby loo, etc.

Put your right feet in,
Put your right feet out,
Give your right feet a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.
Cho. Here we dance looby loo, etc.

Put your left feet in,
Put your left feet out,
Give your left feet a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.
Cho. Here we dance looby loo, etc.

Put all your noddles in,
Put all your noddles out,
Give all your noddles a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.
Cho. Here we dance looby loo, etc.

Then put your whole selves in,
Then put your whole selves out,
Then give your whole selves a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.
Cho. Here we dance looby loo, etc.

DIRECTIONS.—Children join hands in a circle, singing and dancing, swaying from foot to foot with rhythm of the music for first verse. With second verse stand still and imitate action. Repeat first verse as chorus between activities.

The Children's Friend.

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Officers' Department.

SPEAKING AND DOING.

Speech without action is moral dearth,
And to advance the world is little worth:
Let us think much, say little, and much do,
If to ourselves and God we will be true;
And ask within,
What have I done of that I have to do?
Is conscience silent—say?
Oh! let my deeds be many and my words few.
—*Bulleid.*

The paper for the Officers' Meeting should be read at home and be discussed in the meeting.

The suggestion is offered that the officers read up all that they can on the subject for the succeeding month, and come to officers' meeting full of the matter to be discussed, also bring a suitable memory gem, which may be given in answer to roll call, or used in some way for the benefit of all.

The subject for April will be Generosity.

Be sure to read the instructions in regard to the giving of the lessons, January issue, page 19.

We have received many compliments for the New Lessons. "Thank you."

Subject for the month: Truthfulness.

DIVISIONS:—*Lesson 9, Exaggeration and Flattery; Lesson 10, Truth in Word; Lesson 11, Truth in Deed; Lesson 12, Keeping Promises.*

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in monthly officers' meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

"Truth is the very bond of society, without which it would cease to exist, and dissolve into anarchy and chaos. A household can not be governed by lying; nor can a nation. No consideration can justify the sacrifice of truth, which ought to be sovereign in all relations of life. Of all mean vices, perhaps lying is the meanest. It is in some cases the offspring of perversity and vice, and in many others of sheer moral cowardice."

"Parents often counsel their children against certain things, and do them themselves, in the foolish hope that the children will believe their ears in preference to their eyes. Years of careful teaching of a child to be honest and truthful may be nullified in an instant by a parent's lying to a conductor about a child's age to save a nickel. That may be a very expensive street-car ride for the child—and for the parent."

"But lying assumes many forms—such as diplomacy, expediency, and moral reservation; and, under one guise or another, it is found more or less pervading all classes of society. Sometimes it assumes the form of equivocation of moral dodging—twisting and so stating the thing as to convey a false impression—a kind of lying which a Frenchman once described as "walking round about the truth."

There are even men of narrow minds and dishonest natures, who pride themselves upon their Jesuitical cleverness in equivocation, in their serpent-wise shirking of the truth and getting out of moral back doors, in order to hide their real opinions and evade the consequences of holding and openly professing them. Downright lying,

though bolder and more vicious, is even less contemptible than such kind of shuffling and equivocation.

Untruthfulness exhibits itself in many other forms: in reticency on the one hand, or exaggeration on the other; in disguise or concealment; in pretended concurrence in other's opinions; in assuming an attitude of conformity which is deceptive; in making promises, or allowing them to be implied, which are never intended to be performed; or, even in refraining from speaking the truth when to do so is a duty. There are also those who are all things to all men, who say one thing and do another, like Bunyan's Mr. Facing-both-ways; only deceiving themselves when they think they are deceiving others—and who, being essentially insincere, fail to evoke confidence, and invariably in the end turn out failures, if not imposters.

Others are untruthful in their pretentiousness, and in assuming merits which they do not really possess. The truthful man is, on the contrary, modest, and makes no parade of himself and his deeds.—*Smiles.*

It seems to me that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless and another as slight and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our heart should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is largest or blackest.—*John Ruskin.*

STRENGTHENING DEFICIENT FACULTIES.

Few people are well-balanced, well rounded. A great many have splendid ability in certain lines, good education, fine training, and yet have some deficiency in their make-up which cripples the whole life and dwarfs the results of their utmost industry. Many of us have some little, contemptible weakness which offsets our strong qualities and ruins their effectiveness.

How humiliating it is to be conscious that one has dragged up to maturity some such weakness or deficiency without realizing it, or at least without having it remedied. The deficiency is slight, perhaps, and yet, if it cripples life, if it mars achievement, if it is a perpetual humiliation, if it submits us to a thousand embarrassments and keeps us from rising in the world, what a terrible misfortune it is!

What a pity to see a giant in possibility tied down by some little, contemptible weakness which cripples what might have been a magnificent career! If parent or teacher would only point out to a child a weakness which, perhaps, will be fatal if not remedied, and teach it how to guard against it, how to strengthen the defective quality by

mental exercise, what a tremendous help it would give to the child, perhaps preserving it from failure.

It is pitiable to see a young man bowing to what he calls fate, which he thinks has been fixed by the contour of his brain or in his hereditary tendencies. Why should we drag our weaknesses through life when a little common sense, a little right thinking in fixing new habits of thought, will soon remedy them?

If you are conscious of a mental weakness, a deficient faculty, using a little concentration, thinking in the opposite direction, and dwelling upon the perfect faculties or qualities you desire, would soon put you in a normal condition. It is normal thinking that makes the normal life.

But if you leave your weak faculties alone,—do not exercise them, do not try to enlarge them, do not think it worth while,—how can you expect them ever to become strong? You can not develop a symmetrical body by simply exercising the arms. The same is true of the mental faculties. Those which are not used deteriorate. If you long for a thing and strive for it with all your might persistently enough and long enough, you can not help approximating it; you must get what you wish in some degree.

If your call for wisdom is loud enough, you will become wise. If you call for idleness and mere pleasure, you will get them; but you must not expect wisdom while you are struggling for another goal.

Do not be afraid of claiming and repeating over and over again the qualities you so long to attain or the object of your ambition. Keep your desire in the forefront of your thought. Resolve that you will possess these things and will accept nothing else, and you will be surprised to see how rapidly you will make yourself a magnet to draw the things you yearn for.

If you long for a beautiful character, claim it, assume it, stick to it with all possible tenacity, and you not only prepare the mind to receive it, but you also increase the power of the mind to attract it.

We all know that, in some way, somehow, most people get the things they long for and struggle for persistently. And even if they do not get all that they desire, they approximate much nearer to it, get much more of it than they would if they did not claim it stoutly and work constantly toward it. We have the ability to change our attractive power, to increase it or diminish it, just in proportion to the intensity of our yearning for it, struggling towards it and assuming it as our birthright.—*Success.*

THE WAYS OF TWO FATHERS.

Fifty years ago on the same day a boy-child was born in adjoining houses. The fathers of these boys were hard-working, intelligent mechanics—men whose ambitions were large and incomes small. Each of these men was honest and industrious, each looked upon his first child as the great event of his life, and each hoped to make of his son a useful, God-fearing man.

But they chose very different ways to do it.

The hardest trials of one of the men—Pratt— had come from the lack of money. "'I'll train Jim to earn it," he said. "All good things in life can be bought."

He kept his word. Jim was sent to school just long enough to fit him for a commercial college. There he was prepared for mercantile work; he entered a great business house and has worked his way up, becoming more expert each year in accumulating money. He has amassed now a huge fortune and lives in luxury. His wife is a leader of fashion, his boy has his automobile. The father himself takes no interest in anything outside of his business. He reads nothing but the newspapers. Science and art are to him dead names. When he was fourteen music had a curious power over him and he wanted to study it. But his father said: "Why waste your time with that sort of thing? Will it ever bring you in a single penny?"

So narrow now are his sympathies and knowledge that even his wife and boy never try to make a companion of him. And not long ago, in spite of the solid millions which he has gained, he was heard to say that life was so meaningless that he could see nothing in it.

Hunt, the father of the other boy, was different from Pratt. When he first looked at the child lying in his cradle, he said:

"God sent that boy to us. God is his Father. We never must let the boy forget that."

So as years passed he tried to make Bob truthful and kind and merry. Why should he lie or quarrel with his brother or be miserable? Was he not one of God's family, loving and beloved? Hunt would say to the boy: "This world is your home which God made for you to live in. You ought to know something about it. Don't take the things in it for granted, as the brutes do."

Then he taught him about the awful wonders of the stars, and the rocks with their written histories of ages, and the secrets of plants and shells, and birds and animals—"all your dumb kinsfolk," he would say. As years passed he took care that Bob should have some insight into art and music, and the world of books. "Would you live in this wonderful dwelling like a blind idiot?" he would say. While the boy was yet a child he was taught that God meant him to earn money to pay his own way in the world, and to help his brother. "You must find the work for which you are fitted and go to it," he was told. And Bob did.

It proved to be a very simple, homely work, but Bob put his strength into it. He has paid his own way, has helped many of his brethren with his wages, and he, too, is rich. But now, as an old man, he gives little thought to these wages. The wonders of the earth the home in which he has lived so long, the needs of his brothers who crowd it, the thought of the Eternal Father to Whom he draws nearer every hour—these things fill his soul and make it ready for its passing.

To which of these newcomers into life was given the true education, would you say?—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Lesson 9.

Subject: Exaggeration and Flattery.

Introductory Talk: There is nothing better than truth and nothing worse than a lie, and yet, sometimes we mix them, tell something partly true and partly not true, that is the most wicked kind of a story; many have had to suffer pain and distress, and sometimes, people have even suffered death because of this kind of untruthfulness.

Boys and girls do not mean to tell stories that are not true, but, somehow, when we tell of things we have either seen or done, we like to make them appear very great and wonderful.

There is an old story which tells how a boy came running to his mother and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother! there are a hundred cats fighting in our yard."

"A hundred! my son," exclaimed his mother.

"Well, maybe not a hundred, but there's fifty."

"Are you sure?" asked the mother.

"But, mother, there must be ten."

"Let us go and see."

Then hanging his head, the boy confessed: "Well, there's our cat and another."

This is what we call exaggeration, and is a mixture of truth and falsehood.

Sometimes we say things to people that we do not mean, usually it is done because we expect to profit by it, we hope to make them think well of us, or perhaps to gain a reward.

"A crow, having taken a piece of cheese out of a cottage window, flew high up into a tree with it in order to eat it.

A fox, observing her, came and sat beneath the tree, and began to compliment her on her beauty.

"I protest," says he, "I never observed it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any I ever saw in my life.

"Ah! what a fine shape and graceful turn of the body is there! And I make no question that you have a very fine voice. If it is as good as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to compete with you."

The crow was so pleased with this very civil language, that she nestled and hopped about, and hardly knew where she was; but, thinking that the fox was a little doubtful about her voice and having a mind to set him right, she began to sing, and in the same instant let the cheese drop out of her mouth.

This being what the fox wanted, he picked it up in a moment, and trotted off, laughing at the easy credulity of the crow."

Boys and girls who tell tales are called "tattlers" and grown-ups

who do such silly things are known as "gossips." A story is told, then repeated and repeated until it really could not be recognized.

Two men met in a street, and one said to the other:

"Have you heard the odd story about the crows?"

"No," replied his friend, "what is it?"

"I am surprised, where I came from everybody's talking about it: I will tell you about it. A gentleman, who lives not far from here, was taken ill and threw up three black crows."

"Impossible!" said the friend.

"Nay, but it is really true, I had it from good authority."

"Who told you this strange story?"

The man was named, immediately the friend went to him and asked him if it were true that a gentleman had thrown up three black crows.

"Yes, sir! but it was only two black crows. Ask Mr. So and So, he told it to me."

Straight to Mr. So and So went our friend, and asked him to tell the story.

"Yes, sir, it is a fact, but the number is not quite correct, there was only one crow. That is true, because the gentleman told me so himself."

Our friend was now determined to get the whole story. He went to the gentleman who was supposed to have had this wonderful experience.

"Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me if it is really true that you threw up a black crow!"

"Not I!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Bless me!" said our friend, "first I hear that you threw up three black crows, then, two, then, one, and now none at all. Did you not say something about a crow!"

"Let me think, crow, crow, why, now I come to think about it, perhaps I did."

"But, what was it you said?"

"One day I was dreadfully sick, and did throw up, and I told my neighbor that it was something that was as black as a crow."—*Adapted.*

What do you think of a person who is always trying to make people believe that what he does or has is better than anybody's?

It is not true, and it is very impolite and unkind. "Actions speak louder than words," and we do not need to say anything about what we are, people can see it plain enough, indeed, usually others know us better than we know ourselves.

Memory Gems.

"Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth.—*Proverbs.*

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.—*Proverbs.*

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 111.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 105.
Story: "How Johnny Was Cured." Page 89.
Questions:—What was it the little boy saw in the yard? What did he think he saw? Little boys and girls should be very sure that what they tell is just right. Why did the fox say nice things to the crow? What do you think of the fox? Was Johnny a kind boy? We called Johnny a boaster because he was always saying that he could do beter than others. I have heard some little girls say, "My dress is nicer than yours," and boys, "I can do that better than you, I'm the biggest," etc. What kind of boys and girls do you like?

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 111.
Story: "How Johnny Was Cured." Page 89.
Questions:—Why is it wrong to tell only half a truth? How did Johnny tell falsehoods? Why will no one trust a boy or girl who tells that kind of untruths? Tell the story of the boy and the cats. Why was this boy ashamed when his mother wanted to go with him to see the cats? Which should we dislike more, to tell an untruth or to be found out in it?

Some children like to repeat everything they hear about others, even if it is not true and to tell every little thing that happens to their companions. They are disliked by other boys and girls. Why? What is the "Golden Rule?" Who gave it? How do tattlers disobey this rule?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 111.
Recitation: By member of class.

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

Said Mrs. A. to Mrs. J., in quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me that Mrs. B. takes too much—something—in her tea."

And Mrs. J. to Mrs. K., that night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch upon it much, but "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K. went straight away, and told a friend, the self-same day.
"'Twas sad to think"—here came a wink—"that Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust was such she must inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
"That Mrs. B. at half-past three was that far gone she couldn't see!"
This lady we have mentioned, she gave needle-work to Mrs. B.,
And at such news could scarcely choose, but further needle work refuse.
Then Mrs. B., as you'll agree, quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track the scandal back to those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K. and Mrs. J. she got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why, with cruel lie, she painted her so deep a dye?
Said Mrs. A. in sore dismay, "I no such thing could ever say,
I said that you had stouter grew, on too much sugar—which you do!"

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class:

THE GOSSIP REBUKED.

Ministers sometimes wear clothing that is supposed to be the right costume for preachers of the gospel; a long cloak with wide white bands for collar and cuffs is used. A story is told of Dr. Gill, an English minister, who wore such a gown.

"A talkative old woman once called upon Dr. Gill to find fault with the extreme length of his white bands.

"Well, well," said the doctor, "what do you think is the right length? Make them as long or as short as you like."

The lady expressed her delight; she was sure her dear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her, and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly, snip, snip, and the thing was done, and the bands returned.

"Now," said the doctor, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also."

"Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate," said the woman. "What is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please."

"Come, then," said the pastor, "good sister, put out your tongue."

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

"When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "bring me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest

lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone, this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much. It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people! that fellow will set you turning grindstones."

Story: "How Johnny Was Cured." Page 89. To be told either by the teacher or a member of the class.

Questions:—What is exaggeration? (See dictionary.) Do you think it is possible for two people to tell the same story in the same words? What usually happens to a story that is repeated? What is a tattler? How would you feel towards a person who would tell tales about you? What bearing has the "Golden Rule" on this lesson? How did the scandal about Mrs. B. begin? How did it grow? How did it end? If the gossips had practised the Golden Rule would Mrs. B. have suffered any wrong? Why? What is the resemblance between the crow and the boy who ground the ax? etc.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 10.

Subject: Truth in Word.

Introductory Talk: Have you ever thought that each one of you is a ruler, and has a kingdom to rule over? That kingdom is yourself. It is not an easy one to govern, and often causes its ruler a great deal of trouble; but the one who can control this kindom is the greatest victor.

One way to become a good ruler, is to be true in all things; true to yourself and true to everyone else. Sometimes this is not easy, and it takes a great deal of courage: but the brave boy and girl will speak the truth, even if it is known that some punishment must follow. And what a comfort it is to be able to know that one speaks the truth in everything, even the smallest matters; for the smallest matters are often very important, and go to make the great ones.

"Whatso'er you find to do,
Do it, boys with all your might.
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man.
So in all things
Be as thorough as you can.

"Let no speck their surface dim,
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when we speak.
May deceive me;
But believe me
To himself he is a sneak."

One day a father was seated on the lawn, reading. Suddenly near him there was a crash, and a beautiful flower-pot, which had been placed on the window sill, lay on the ground in pieces.

"Oh, dear," said the mother, when she saw what had happened; "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse; I would rather the best tea set had been broken. That naughty child must have done it."

The father went on reading, and the nurse, who was very much afraid of the father, looked around hastily, and said: "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy; it was I."

"You? How could you be so careless. You knew how I prized it," said the mother.

"Don't tell fibs, Nursey," said a little voice, and a small boy came forward. "Don't scold nurse, mamma. I pushed the flower-pot out of the window."

"Hush!" said the nurse, more afraid than ever, and looking at the father, who was now listening to what was going on. "If he did break it, ma'am, it was an accident. He didn't mean it."

"Well," said the mother, "I suppose it was an accident. Take care in the future, my boy. I see you are sorry. There's a kiss; don't fret."

But the child drew back. "No, mamma, you mustn't kiss me. I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

Then the father walked up. "And why?" he asked.

"For fun," answered the child, hanging his head. That's the truth of it. Now whip me, papa, do whip me!"

The father threw down his book. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong: you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father thanked God for giving him a son who spoke the truth in spite of fear."

How glorious it would be if every boy and girl could be brave

enough to tell the truth always, no matter what the consequences might be.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks exploded, contrary to the master's express prohibition. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severly whipped for his obstinacy. When the boys were alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart was melted. Bonnie's moral courage subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said, "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they paired in the confession, the master walked down to where Christie sat, and said aloud, with some emotion, "Bonnie, Bonnie, lad, he and I beg your pardon; we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when anything true and noble is being done so still they might have heard Bonnie's big tear drop proudly on his copy-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest; and when for want of something else to say he gently cried, "Master forever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed his chair.—*Primer of Politeness*

Story: "Little Scotch Granite." Page 92.
Supplementary Story. "The Boy and the Robbers." Page 90.

Memory Gems.

"It takes two to tell a lie—one to speak, and another to listen."

"Never chase a lie; let it alone, and it will run itself to death."

"One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth."

"Error will slip through a crack, while truth will stick in the doorway."

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor.—*Zech.* 8: 16.

"If a lie ever got you into trouble, you surely do not need a preacher to tell you the value of the truth."

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 115.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest Exercise. Page 105.
Story: "Minnie." Page 91.
Questions:—Why was the father proud of the little boy who broke the flower-pot? What did Bonnie do? What did the teacher do to Bonnie? How did the other boy feel? When he was sorry what did he do? Review story of Minnie, etc.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 115.
Story: "Little Scotch Granite." Page 92.
Questions:—When does a boy or girl have to be brave to speak the truth? Why will no one trust one who is untruthful? How are they usually treated? Some boys and girls think there is no harm in telling an untruth just for fun, but it sometimes leads to telling falsehoods about bigger things. Why should they always speak the truth? Which is the nobler, to speak the truth, even if we have to be punished, or to tell a falsehood so that we will not be punished? Which should we be the more afraid of, to tell a falsehood or to be found out in it? How did Washington prove that he was truthful? Why was Bonnie Christie a very brave boy? When was his companion a coward? Why did the Scotch boy win the prize?
Memory Gems.

Supplementary Story: "On Trial." Page 412 Children's Friend, Vol. 5. (November number.)

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 115.
Recitation: by member of class:

HONEST AND TRUE.

"Not many can stand in the sunlight,
'Neath skies ever arching and blue,
The children of fame and of fortune.
But all can be honest and true.

To inherit the kingdom of beauty,
May not be for me or for you;
It is much to be born in the purple,
But 'tis more to be honest and true.

It is pleasant to stand with the highest,
If only to share in their view;
To be friends with the best and the wisest;
But 'tis more to be honest and true.

We may not be as wise as a Solon,
We may not be rich as the few;
Or grand as a king or a sultan,
But let us be honest and true."

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE A SILENT LIAR.

Frank Chase was a boy who had never had much chance to go to school; hence he was behind the other boys in all his studies, except writing. Frank was very ready with his pen.

There were prizes given in Frank's school, and he was anxious to merit one of them. As he had no hope of excelling in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the writing prize with all his might. He tried so hard, and succeeded so well, that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy of twice his age.

When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said:

"It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, were it not for one copy in Frank's, which is not only superior to Henry's, but to every other copy in the same book."

Frank's heart beat high with hope, which was not unmixed with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Frank glanced at the copy, and then, handing back the book, said:

"Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book instead of his own one day by mistake."

"Oh, ho!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case."

The two books went back to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Henry.

Frank was disappointed. The boys laughed at him. Said one very rude boy: "You were a greenhorn to say anything about that mistake!"

"I wouldn't have told!" cried another boy.

"Nor I," added a third boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it. I tell you, it don't pay, Frank, to be so good as that."

But, in spite of all they said, Frank felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told them who wrote the copy. I would rather never have a prize ,than to get it by claiming the work of someone else."

"Hurrah for Frank!" "Three cheers for Frank!" shouted most of the boys; and Frank went home to his work feeling happier than he could have done if, by means of a silent lie, he had won the prize.

You see how, if Frank had kept quiet, he would have told a silent lie. His silence would have given the committee a wrong impression, and he would have cheated Henry out of the prize.

A LIE STICKS.

A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sunday school. "Would you tell a lie for a nickel?" asked a

teacher of one of her boys. "No, ma'am," he answered very decidedly. "For ten cents?" No, ma'am." "For a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand?" Dick was staggered; a thousand dollars looked big. Wouldn't it buy a lot of things! While he was thinking, another boy behind him called out, "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because, when the thousand dollars are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. It is so; a lie sticks. Every thing else may be gone but that is left; and you will have to carry it with you whether you will or not."

MERCURY AND THE WOOD CHOPPER.

A chopper was felling a tree on a river's bank, when, accidentally, his axe slipped into the water. While bitterly bewailing the loss of his only axe, Mercury came to him and took compassion on him and dived to the bottom of the river and brought up a golden axe, and asked if that were his. The chopper denied it, and Mercury dived a second time and brought up a silver axe, and asked him if that were his. Again he denied it, and Mercury dived once more, and brought up the lost axe. "That's mine," the chopper delightedly cried. But Mercury was so pleased with the man's truth and honesty that he presented him with the gold and silver axes as a reward for integrity.

The companions of the chopper, hearing from him a recital of the wonderful occurrence, one of them, in his avaraciousness, determined to try his luck in the same way. So he secretly went to the same river-bank, and began to chop a tree, and let his axe fall into the river, and then sat down and began to weep over his loss. Mercury quickly appeared, and, taking compassion on him dived down and brought up a golden axe and asked him if that was what he lost. "Yes, that is mine," the man eagerly exclaimed in rapture; but Mercury—to punish him for his impudence and falsehood—refused to give it to him, and told him if he got back his own old axe, he must dive for it himself, and immediately disappeared.

Story: "Little Scotch Granite." Page 92. To be told either by the teacher or a member of the class.

Questions:—What kind of courage did Bonnie show, was it moral or physical? What kind of a man would you judge the master to be? Tell what you think of the two boys? If you knew that a man was in the habit of telling untruths why would you not trust him to do business for you? Why do you think that "Honesty is the best policy?" What was it in Little Scotch Granite that influenced the scholars in the school? (If the story of "The Boy and the Robbers" is told, ask questions about it.)

Memory Gems.

Lesson 11.

Subject: Truth in Deed.

Introductory Talk: Whenever anything is said or done with the desire to make someone believe something that is not true, to deceive some one, that is called a lie or a falsehood. When we try to make any one believe we are something we are not or that we have done something we have not done, we are not being true to ourselves nor to them. A boy or girl can be very untruthful without telling a falsehood, that is, without speaking or writing it. Can you tell how that can be? Some times they act a lie when they do not tell the whole truth. They just tell part of it, the part that sounds the best for them; and a falsehood that is acted is almost worse than one that is spoken. One who acts a lie is not trusted to speak the truth.

"'Who broke the vase on the lawn?' asked mamma, and Ted and Dorothy knew nothing about it. There it lay in pieces, and all the pretty geraniums and vines were fast wilting in the hot sun. Mrs. Niles picked up the poor plants and carried them to the shade, but she did not think they would live.

"'Jack broke it, mamma,' said Robert, coming in when the other children were carrying water to the drooping plants. 'Another dog came along the street, and they got fighting in the yard. The vase was upset, and they broke it before I could drive the strange dog away.'

"'I am sorry my plants are ruined, but glad to know that none of you children did the mischief. Jack is getting too frisky for this small place, and we will have to send him to the farm if he doesn't behave better.'

"'Oh, mamma, we couldn't get along without Jack!' cried the children. "We'll watch him all the time.'

"So Jack had only dry crusts for supper that night because of the broken vase, and his mistress scolded him until he sneaked away to his little house under the currant bushes.

"Robert was quiet and unhappy for some days. At last he could stand it no longer.

"'Mamma, I let Jack into the yard last week when he broke your vsae. I wanted him to fight the strange dog. I've felt mean ever since for letting Jack take the punishment. I want him to have my piece of meat at dinner, and everything, and I will have just bread and water, so I'll never forget,' said Robert.

"Jack never knew why he had such a fine dinner that day, but he licked his plate clean and wagged his tail gratefully at Robert."

Nothing is gained by being untruthful, either in word or deed. Even if it is not found out, we ourselves know we have not been true, and we lose respect for ourselves, and then our Heavenly Father also knows it. So you see we get the worst of it in the end.

"'Do you want to buy any berries today?' said a poor boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow, and saw that he was very shabbily clothed, gray pantaloons, very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and a miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress.

His feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of ripe, dewy raspberries, which were pretty, peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

"I told him I would like some; so taking the pail from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind whistling to my canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He was so engrossed with my pretty pets, that the berries seemed forgotten.

"'Why did you not come in and see if I measured your berries right?' said I. 'How do you know that I would not cheat you and take more than the three quarts I had agreed to take?' The boy looked up archly at me and smiled.

"'I am not afraid,' said he, 'for you would get the worst of it, ma'am.'

"'Get the worst of it?' I said. 'What do you mean?'

"'Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?'"

Our great men know how important it is to be true and honest, even in the smallest things; and because they are so true they are always trusted and honored by everyone.

The man who is truthful in his words and actions says and does the right thing in the right way, and at the right time.

Lord Wellington, one of England's greatest generals, would do nothing that was untrue; he would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one.

Lincoln, our great President, was true in word and deed, and so the country trusted him and he is honored today.

When he was a young man he was working in a store. He used to tell stories that made the people laugh, and everybody liked him. Once an old lady came to the store to buy some tea. Abraham gave her the tea, but after she had gone, he found he had not given her enough. When the store was closed that night, he walked over a mile to take the rest of the tea to the old lady.

At another time he sold some goods to a woman, amounting in value by the reckoning to two dollars, six and a quarter cents. He received the money, and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again, to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six cents too much. It was night, and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of the woman, and gave her the money that had so much troubled him, and went home satisfied. He earned the name of "Honest Abe."

Story: "The False Start." Page 95.

Supplementary Story: "The Voice from the Trees." Page 97.

Memory Gems.

"Listen, my boy, I've a word for you;
And this is the word: Be true, be true!
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true and stand for the right.

"And you, little girl, I've a word for you;
'Tis the very same: Be true! be true!
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night,
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right."

"Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

"They who deal truly are His delight."

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 121.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 105.
Supplementary Story: "The Voice from the Trees." Page 97.
Instead of questions, tell story, "The False Start." Page 95.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 121.
Story: "A False Start." Page 95.
Questions: In what other way can we be untruthful besides telling falsehoods? What is the difference between acting an untruth and telling one? When something happens that causes trouble, is it fair to tell only that part of the truth that sounds the best for us, and not tell the rest? Why is it not truthful? How was Robert untruthful when he told his mother that the dog broke the vase? Who always knows when we act a falsehood? Why do we get the worst of it? Tell how Lincoln was true in his dealings with people. Why did people trust him? By what name was he often known?

Memory Gems.

Supplementary Story: "A Voice from the Trees." Page 97.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 121.
Recitation by member of class.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

"Beautiful faces are those that wear,
It matters little if dark or fair,
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow.
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds.
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.
Moment, by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro,
Down humblest ways, if God will it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
The needful burdens of homely care.
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness.
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess."

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

TELL-TALE PUMPKIN-SEEDS.

"Be sure your sin will find you out" was never better illustrated than in this incident, related by an old man of himself, in the New York Sun:

"More than fifty years ago, my brother George and I were set to stick pumpkin-seeds between the hills of corn. We both wanted to go a-fishing. Our father told us we might go when we had stuck all the seeds we had.

"So we both worked as smart as we could. But the sun was sinking fast in the west, and we decided that our only chance to go a-fishing was to get rid of the pumpkin-seeds in a more expeditious manner. Near by was a big flat stone; so the stone was raised and the pumpkin-seeks put safely under it, and the stone let back again, to prevent all future exposure. Never, we thought, had two boys more safely buried their secret.

"A-fishing we went, and had good luck; brought home trout enough for all. Strange to say, when the seeds came up between the hills of corn, about one-third of the field had no vines. One Sunday afternoon we strolled with our good father past said field, and around said flat stone, on every side, was one mass of pumpkin-vines! We stood confounded. These seeds had all grown out from under the flat stone, and our fault was manifested! The thing was so ridiculous our kind-hearted father forgave us, on our owning up to the truth, and the whole truth, and asking his forgiveness. It was to us a warning never to try to conceal a fault."

WALKING UPRIGHTLY.

"He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverth his ways shall be known."

"A few years ago a lady entered a store in Boston, looked at some goods, and walked out without making a purchase.

"Why did not that lady purchase those goods?" inquired the proprietor of his clerk.

"Because, sir, she wanted Middlesex cloths," the clerk answered.

"And why did you not show her the next pile, and call them Middlesex?" continued the unprincipled trader.

"Because, sir, I knew they were not Middlesex," was the emphatic answer of an honest young man.

"Young man," said the merchant, "if you are so particular, and can't bend a little to circumstances, you will never do for me."

The clerk's response is worthy of a high place in history:

"Very well, sir, if I must tell falsehoods in order to keep my place, I must lose it, that is all."

He left the store, and that God who requires as strict honesty in the warehouse as in the church, led him forth to prosperity. He became a leading merchant in a western city, while his dishonest employer became a bankrupt, and died in poverty."

Stories: "The False Start." Page 95. "On Second Base." Page 93. To be told either by teacher or member of class.

Questions:—What did the boy, who sold berries, mean by saying that he would only lose berries, and the lady would get the worst of it? Give some reasons why Abraham Lincoln was called "Honset Abe." What do you think of athletic sports for boys and girls? To enjoy sports, what particular qualification is necessary, that all may enjoy the games? What is being fair to each other? Explain what you think Ray Davis got out of the race?

Memory Gems.

Lesson 12.

Subject: Keeping Promises.

Introductory Talk:

When we agree to do or not to do anything, we call it a promise, and truthful people always keep their promises. Before we make any such agreement, we must think just what it means, and whether we shall be able to keep it, and when once it is made, it must not be forgotten.

The Lord considers promises sacred; for He has made many to His people at different times, and He always keeps them. He promised the children of Israel that He would lead them to a chosen land, and He kept His promise. He has given us a commandment with a promise, the fifth of the Ten Commandments, and we can be sure He will keep it. Can you think of any other promises He has made?

During a great battle, Blucher, the general, with his army, was hurrying to help Wellington, the English general. He encouraged his soldiers by words and actions. "Forward, children—forward!" he cried. "It is impossible; it can't be done," was the answer. Again and again he urged them. "Children, we must get on; you may say it can't be done, but it *must* be done! I have promised my brother, Wellington—*promised,* do you hear? You wouldn't have me *break my word!*" and in spite of all the difficulties, it was done.

Sometimes it is hard to keep our word, but a promise is a promise just the same. What a happy world it would be if everyone kept his promises, if we only knew that when a promise is made it will be kept. We can help make our own little world brighter and happier by being so truthful that everyone will know we are to be trusted.

"John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge and they on the other.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," said one of them. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred," and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him I offered you another time as much more, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy;" that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff,"

was his comment. "He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

What a comfort it is to a mother to know her boys and her girls will always keep their word. She can give them so many more privileges and pleasures than she could otherwise, and she feels so grateful and happy for her truthful children.

"Alfred was missing one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely Alfred was with them.

"No," said his mother, "he promised me he would never go there without my leave, and he always keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Alfred's footsteps; but it was half-past eight before his shout and whistle were heard, when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess, now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eyes flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir; I promised my mother that I would never go there without her leave, and do you think I would tell a falsehood? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed in the woods, and didn't think I should stay so late."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother, as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you by him. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

Story: "Just Plain Fair." Page 100.

Supplementary Story: "An Old Story Re-enacted." Page 99.

Memory Gems.

Before you make a promise,
Consider well its importance,
But when made, engrave it upon your heart."

"Truth is a gem that is found at great depth, whilst on the surface of this world, all things are weighed by the false scales of custom."

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 125.

Songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest Exercise. Page 105.

Story: "Just Plain Fair." Page 100.

Questions:—What is keeping a promise? Do you like "Snips?" Do little boys and girls ever promise to do things? (Name over some of the little duties that very small children may do, and emphasize the point, that they may keep promises just as well as big people.)

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 125.

Story: "Just Plain Fair." Page 109.

Questions: What is a promise? How has the Lord shown that He thinks promises should be kept? When the Children of Israel were in bondage in Egypt, and suffering from all kinds of harsh treatment, the Lord promised Moses He would lead them to a beautiful land. (Ex. 3.) At times it seemed almost impossible to these people, for the king refused to let them go; at last he consented. Can you tell me why he let them go? (Ex. 12.) Then the king's army went to bring them back, and the Israelites thought they should be killed by the soldiers or drowned in the Red Sea; but the Lord was keeping His promise. How did He save them? (Ex. 14.) Then when they thought they must starve, He still cared for them. How did He feed them? (Ex. 16.) At last He brought them to the land He had promised them. Before we make a promise, what should we think of? How did Fred Fenton keep his promise? Why would it have been wrong for him to sell the racquet to Charlie? What is the Fifth Commandment? What does the Lord promise in it? How was Alfred a comfort to his mother?

Memory Gems.

Supplementary Story: "An Old Story Re-enacted." Page 99.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 125.

Song or Recitation by member of class: "O, say what is truth." (L. D. S. Hymn Book, page 71.)

Stories to be told from memory by members of class:

SACREDNESS OF A PROMISE.

An eminent British statesman is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when he was a boy. When home for the holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down.

"Oh," said the boy, "I should like to see a wall pulled down."

"Well, my boy, you shall," said the father.

The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boys absence a number of improvements were being made, and among them this wall was torn down and a new one built up in its place. When the boy came home and saw it, he said:

"Oh, father, you promised to let me see that wall torn down."

Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless about his plighted word.

"My boy," he said, "you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would, but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall."

And he actually ordered the masons up, and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be made good.

"It cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend, who was bantering him about it, "but," he said, "if it had cost a hundred I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing on my boy's mind as long as he lives the importance that a man of honor should attach to his plighted word."

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

Don't make a promise unless you intend to keep it. Don't say you will do a thing unless you mean to do it. The road to failure is paved with broken promises, and many a bright prospect in life has been ruined by failure to keep solemn engagements. Better not make promises than fail to keep them.

The man whose "word is as good as his bond," possesses something that is better than capital, and he who has acquired the reputation of doing exactly as he agreed to do, even in little things, will find no difficulty in inspiring confidence when he comes to make his own way in the world.

THE HIGHER DUTY.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage, and opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a true hero. A drummer-boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. The boy declined, saying, "I am a temperance boy, and do not touch drink." "But you must take some now," said the captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse; I inist upon it." But the boy stood firm. The captain then turned to the major, and said, "Our little drummer is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier." How is this?" said the major in a playful manner; "do you refuse to obey orders?" "Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey orders, and have tried to do my duty; but I must refuse to drink rum, for I know it would do me harm." "Then," said the major, in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink; and you know it is death to disobey orders!" The little hero, fixing his eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my mother I would not taste a drop of rum, and I

mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother, and break my pledge." Was not that boy a hero? He had learned when to say no. The officers could not help admiring the conduct of the boy, and ever afterwards treated him with great kindness."

Stories: "Just Plain Fair." Page 100. "The Old Story Re-enacted." Page 99, to be told either by the teacher or members of the class.

Questions:—Ask about some of the great promises, such as, the flood, the Children of Israel, and the Promised Land, the coming of the Messiah, the Restoration of the Gospel, etc. If God is so careful to keep His promises, how should we do? When would it be right to break a promise? Which is best, to think before or after the making of a promise?

Memory Gems.

BACKBONE STIFFENERS

TO HELP YOU WHEN DISCOURAGED.

"The one who is afraid to try, will lose his chances by and by.

Be sure that the letters in your "can't" do not spell "won't."

If you will not trust yourself, who, do you think, will trust you?

The only failure boys ought to fear is the failure to perform a duty.

If there is a right to be done, there is always a right way to do it.

In the world's tide, those who know not how to swim, go to the bottom.

If you have the "blues," remember you carry the cure in your own breast.

Let the thought that you are one of God's sons, thrill and tingle through your life as electricity does through the flesh, and you will see life as a glorious opportunity."

There's no price on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

No real duty ever presents itself without being accompanied by strength to perform it. To recognize a duty, then, is to be sure it can be done.

To do one's plain and obvious duty from day to day, to do it without shirking, whining, or frowning, is no vain acheievement, and this is the least we can do.

Try to think of yourself as living a charmed life. Give your at-

tention to the good things that come to you. "Glean the sunbeams and toss the clouds away."

To be faithful, to do one's honest best every day, to build up a character that is pure and strong, true to God and sweetened by love—that is to win the highest and truest success.

It is worth while to seek the truth in the new ideas and experiences, find how much is true and keep it, then reject the false as worthless. Distill the truth and use it for moral health's sake.

It's the boy that masters a duty and holds his tongue that will master men and win.

The grace to do small things may be greater than the gift of doing great things.

The man who fails and then succeeds is more fortunate than the man who succeeds and then fails.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—*George Eliot.*

HEROISM REWARDED.

Years ago a vessel was wrecked off the northwest coast of Ireland. Crowds gathered on the beach to witness the scene. A few brave men came forward and put out to the sinking vessel. As they came back to the shore with their burden of human lives, the watchers cried. "Have you got them all? Are they all saved?" "Yes," was the answer, "all but one; if we had stayed for him all would have been lost." Instantly a stalwart fellow stepped out from the crowd and called for vounteers. The mother begged the young man not to go, saying: "Your father was lost at sea, your brother William sailed away and we have never heard from him; if you go my all will be lost." Embracing her he said, "I must go." In a short time he was seen returning. "Have you got your man?" cried the watchers. "Yes," was the reply, "and tell mother it is brother William."—The Ram's Horn.

THE BRAVE FIREMAN.

At the midnight alarm, the sound we all dread,
Like a guardian angel he flies from his bed
And away to the fire, the direst of foes,
With a heart full of love for his neighbor he goes—
And there at the window, a child and a wife
Guide his steps up the ladder, at the risk of his life—
Like a man who has wings, like a man without fear—
In his arms he enfolds them, so precious and dear;
And down, down he goes till he reaches the ground;
While humanity's plaudits echo round and round,
He has done his plain duty, as only he can—
This prince of true valor, the brave fireman.

THE WONDERFUL CAP.

If you care to play a clever joke on your friends, here is one which will suit you, as it is really good and not one of those jokes that do harm or offend the persons you are trying to fool. In the first place, the more persons you fool the more fun it is for you, so get as many together as you can before you do the trick. The name of the trick is "The Wonderful Cap." All you need to have to do the trick is three caps or hats and three pieces of candy, sugar, crackers or anything you happen to have handy. You place the three pieces of candy, say, on a table, some little distance apart. Ask the people to notice that there are three pieces, and then place a cap over each piece. Remove the cap from the first piece of candy, and, asking the audience to watch you closely, take up the piece of candy and proceed to eat it. Don't forget to put the cap back on the table just as it was when the candy was under it. Now take up the second cap and eat the candy as before, and finally the third one in the same way. Having placed the caps again just as they were at the beginning, ask the audience which one of the caps they would like to see the three pieces of candy under. Whichever one they say, take up that cap, put it on your head, and ask them if they don't think the candy is under that cap.

A MIRACULOUS APPLE.

You can divide an apple into several parts without cutting the rind. Pass a needle and thread under the rind of the apple, which is easily done by putting the needle in again each time at the same hole it came out of, and so passing on until you have gone around the apple. Then take both ends of the thread in your hands and pull; by this means the apple will be divided into two parts. In the same way you can divide it into as many parts as you please, the rind remaining entire.

FUN WITH THE HOME-MADE TOP.

Take a large wooden button mold. Put a match through it, making a top. Sharpen the lower end. Spread a large sheet of smooth wrapping paper on the table, then dip the end of the top in ink and spin it on the paper. The curious and beautiful figures made will afford an endless source of amusement.

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A KING WHO CRIED.

A long time ago there was a boy who was a king. He had a tutor, which means having a schoolmaster at home to live with you. He had lots of servants, who wore yellow knickerbockers and bowed low and called him "Your Majesty." Also he lived in a palace and had more ponies than he could ride, and wore Sunday clothes on week-days. But he was not happy, and he got very tired of having every day and all day to be as proper as though he were out to tea.

One day he sat on his throne very lonely and crying and with his crown in his lap. An old serving-man who loved him was sorry to see him cry, and came near and bowed and said, "May it please Your Majesty." The king looked and said, "Speak, sirrah," which was his royal way of addressing servants. The old man did not mind but obeyed.

"Your Majesty," he said, "is unhappy. Is Your Majesty aware that there is an aged dame who lives in an old cave in the King's forest and who sells in bottles a liquid which if anyone drinks makes him happy at once?" "Nonsense, varlet," answered the King, "I mind me that once I drank six bottles of stone ginger beer in seven minutes, and I feel unhappy every time I remember it." "Your Majesty," answered the servant, "this is different."

"If you are sure," rejoined the King, "take my crown and put it in the cupboard, and bring a bagful of pennies and we will go and buy."

When they got to the cave of the aged dame she came out and said, "Good morning, little boy." "Little boy, indeed, old woman," said the king haughtily, "I am a king." "Oh, are you?" answered the aged dame; "if you are a king you must be polite and call me 'Madam' or I will have nothing to do with you."

"Madam," rejoined the King, "I want a large bottle of the elixir of happiness; I want to be a happy boy for a whole day. How much?" "Sir," replied the aged dame, "I do not sell, for no one can buy happiness. But here is a bottle. Go home and drink." And she gave him a funny black flask with wicker-work all around.

When they got home to the palace the King called for the Lord High Cork Puller, and he opened the bottle with a golden corkscrew.

They poured the liquid into a crystal goblet, and His Majesty drank. Then His Majesty made a face and said: "Ugh! how bitter! I must have got the wrong bottle." And he was more unhappy than ever. They fetched him cake to eat with it, but that made it no better, and he went into the palace garden a very miserable boy.

He walked about till he came to the great bronze gate where the soldiers were on guard. They all saluted; but he hardly noticed, for he had seen a poor boy in the road. There, sitting on the edge of the pavement, was such a ragged boy smiling away in the sun! The King went to him and said, "Good-morning; I am the King. You will please come into my palace and taste some of the elixir of happiness that I got this morning."

"Never heard of it, Mister," came the answer, "but if it's not medicine I'll come." When they got to the palace the King had two goblets brought, and the Lord High Pourer Out filled them.

They were both going to drink them, when the ragged boy felt in an inside pocket and pulled out a big piece of bread. "Here, King," he said, "this is my dinner. Halves, Mister. You drag one end and I will drag the other." The King stared and said, "I tried cake just now and it was no good." "Don't care," was the reply, "share's fair. You have half of my bread, or you can drink all your stuff yourself."

The King then pulled, and they divided the bread. Together they drank, and His Majesty was surprised, for at once he felt as glad as he possibly could be. And then the small boy began to smile more than ever and said to the King: "Here, King, bend down and give us a back," and before he knew what he was doing, they were playing leapfrog in spite of the astonished courtiers.

When they were out of breath they sat down again and began to talk, and the King said, "Let some one fetch my Tutor for me, to explain how it is that the elixir of happiness was so bitter before and it is so sweet now." The Tutor, who was an old man with a nice face and a long white beard, came and bowed low and said. "Your Majesty, the reason is very simple. We never have happiness as long as we keep things to ourselves, but the moment we share the best things that we have we are as glad as can be." And the King understood.—*Selected.*

OLD MISS KLINE'S GARDEN PARTY.

That is not my name for her—please remember—but all the neighbors called her "old Miss Kline." She was not really old, either, for she had not reached sixty, but her face was wrinkled and gray, and her hair as white as snow. She had passed through many sorrows and had been all alone in the world for over ten years. No one lived with her but Becky and Duncan—two servants. They were both older

than "old Miss Kline," but it was hard to believe it, for Becky was strong, had dark hair and a smooth face without wrinkles, with cheeks like an apple—just flushed with red.

Duncan had a young face, too, and "could hoe his own row" with the best of them, as he would have told you.

Old Miss Kline was rather delicate, but she accomplished considerable in her way. She cared more for her flowers than for anything else under the sun, although most of them were as old-fashioned as she was. There was a whole row of hollyhocks down by the back fence. Great towering sunflowers were their near neighbors. There were lilacs and syringas and marigolds. There was a bed of forget-me-nots. There were clumps of red and white peonies, and the yellow honeysuckle stretched nearly around the old Summer house. The sweetest old-fashioned roses and pinks bloomed there. There were sweet-scented shrubs and green grass and sunshine mingled with shade and soft breezes and birds' songs in old Miss Kline's garden.

But she was not happy. You see her burdens had been too heavy for her weak shoulders, and she had forgotten the great "Burden-Bearer" who would have helped her to carry them.

Old Miss Kline had very few friends. She might have had more if she cared for them, but she did not, at least so she thought.

One Summer the Forsyths, who lived next door to old Miss Kline, went abroad. They rented their house to a family from the city. There was a little golden-haired girl in the family—the youngest of the flock, who had never lived in the country before. She was charmed with everything she saw.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" said some one to old Miss Kline, as she was tying up a climbing rose to the trellis.

Old Miss Kline gave a start, for the voice was at her elbow and she had supposed she was alone. She saw a small girl with sunshiny face regarding her serenely.

"Well," she said, "who are you? And what are you doing here in my garden?"

"I came through the hedge to see you. You don't care, do you?"

Perhaps old Miss Kline did care, but she could not say so to the child who spoke so sweetly.

"I'm your next-door neighbor," announced the visitor.

"Ah!"

"I love flowers, don't you?"

"Yes, I love them more than anything else on earth."

Evelyn looked surprised.

"Not more than folks?" she questioned wonderingly.

"Yes."

"I don't—I love folks best of all, but I love flowers a great deal. Would you mind if I should look around a little? I'll not touch anything.

She received permission to look around, and wandered about slowly at her own sweet will. She knelt down beside the bed of blue forget-me-nots, looking at them wistfully, but she did not

touch them. She sniffed the fragrance of the roses, the pinks and the sweet-scented shrubs. She sat down on a rustic bench and listened to the birds singing in the old trees. She watched the fountain play. When she returned to old Miss Kline, her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, "it's the prettiest garden I ever saw. Are there any little girls living here?"

"No."

"Any little boys?"

"No."

"Oh," said she, with a little catch of regret in her voice.

"Do you know what I'd like to do if I lived here and had this beautiful garden?" she asked innocently.

"What would you like to do?"

"I'd like to have a party—a garden party. Wouldn't it be lovely? Did you ever have a garden party?"

"No, I never did."

"Fannie had one last Summer."

"Who is Fannie?"

"She's my sister. We didn't have such a garden as this—oh, no. It was a little bit of a place, just a tiny city backyard. There weren't any birds singing there and there wasn't any fountain or roses. But it had green grass and a mound of pansies and there was a vine running over the fence.

Old Miss Kline smiled grimly.

"Not much of a place for a garden party," she remarked.

"No, it wasn't," assented Evelyn, "but Fannie said it was the best she could do. It was cool and pleasant out there, and she thought they'd like it—the guests—you know."

"Did they like it?"

Old Miss Kline was interested in spite of herself. She was tired, too, so she sat down on a garden seat. The little golden-haired girl sat down beside her.

"Oh, I should think so. You see there wasn't even a blade of green grass where they lived, so Fannie said. I wish you could have seen them. They were poor children, you know. Fannie got them from the slums. She said she wanted them to have one good time in their lives if they should never have another. I helped wait on them. We had such nice things to eat—chicken sandwiches and Queen olives, great big ones, and the dearest little frosted-cakes. We had peaches, too, and lemonade. And, oh, they were so happy—these poor children."

"That was very kind of your sister," observed old Miss Kline.

"Was it? I didn't think about it. Well, it wouldn't be nice not to be kind to the poor, would it? And the Lord wouldn't like it."

"Evelyn ! Evelyn !"

Someone was calling from the other side of the hedge.

"That's mamma calling," said the little guest, "I must go. "Good by!" and she ran off.

The sun seemed to have gone down as the golden-head disap-

peared through the hedge that separated the two yards. Old Miss Kline watched the latter as long as it was in sight. There was a strange look on her face—something like the expression we see on a face just aroused from a deep sleep.

"It wouldn't be nice not to be kind to the poor—would it. And the Lord wouldn't like it."

Over and over the words rang in her soul. Was she kind to the poor? Oh, no, she had not thought of the poor. And the Lord did not like it—at least so the little guest had declared. Didn't He? Why hadn't she been kind to the poor? She did not know, only her heart had been sore and her burden heavy. But was her heart less sore, her burden less heavy, because she had refrained from helping others? Oh, no, not so, not so. There had been a time when she had wanted to make her life high and sweet, why had she not done so? Her reverie was interrupted by Becky who called her to dinner. She went in slowly, made herself ready, and sat down alone at the little table. There was a tender broiled steak, mashed potatoes, delicious peas, crisp lettuce, warm biscuit and other good things. She had the best of food always, and Becky was an excellent cook, but somehow she had not thought of expressing any gratitude that this was so. But she did so now—folding her hands and asking an audible blessing. After dinner, according to her usual custom, she took a nap. She dreamed she had a garden party. The lame and the halt and the blind were there, and a little golden-haired girl was waiting on the happy guests.

When she awoke she opened her Bible, which she had not read for sometime. Turning to the Gospel of Matthew she read:

"For I was an hungered, ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.

"Then shall they also answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, or a thirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee?

"Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

"It is plain enough that the Lord doesn't like it, because I have not been kind to the poor," cried old Miss Kline to herself.

But where were the poor in Brierly? In the city one would not be obliged to hunt for them. They swarmed in tenements. They were in damp basements and sweltering attics. They were playing in gutters and working their weary lives out in sweat-shops.

Old Miss Kline had not been further than her own garden for a long time, but she started for a walk now—Becky watching her wonderingly.

"There's a struggle for life everywhere," said she to herself, "and there must be poor folks here somewhere."

What she intended to do if she found this class of people she had not yet decided. She walked slowly, for it was a warm afternoon and

she hardly knew in which direction to go. Suddenly she turned about, retraced her steps and walked toward the canal. It had occurred to her that there were a number of little houses on the tow-path. Some sweaters used to live there, who worked in the city. Brierly was only six miles from the city, and was connected by trolley. She had not visited the locality for years, the two-path, and she found it much changed for the worse.

At the first house she was met by a pale-faced little woman who politely invited her in, but, evidently, felt ashamed of the looks of things. The house was redolent with the smell of cooking onions and the air was hot and stifling. The sun beat down upon the low roof. There was no garden, not even a blade of grass, the only outlook was upon the canal glaring in the intense light. The father sat on an old chair leaning back. His face was thin and worn, he had just recovered from a severe sickness, and life looked exceedingly dark to him. He had been employed in a sweater's den in the city previous to his sickness. There were six children. Two were of an age to work in a sweater's shop, where they were that day. They were dirty and barefooted, and scarcely clothes enough on to make them look decent.

"But how can they help it—poor things?" thought old Miss Kline, with a rapidly growing compassion.

She had talked with the father and mother and became much interested. She visited two or three others and then went home. She felt like another person. She was in another world. There were pain and sorrow and poverty, but she knew now that she could help lift up.

The next week she had a garden party, which, if not brilliant, was a most delightful affair. The families from the tow-path were there all the long Summer afternoon. The Harolds were all there helping. Sydney played on his violin. Fannie sang like a nightingale. Mrs. Harold assisted Becky in passing the abundant and delicious refreshments. Duncan swung the children. Everyone did something. As for the birds, they sang jubilantly for the edification of the "least of these." The flowers sent forth their fragrance for them—the balmy air fanned them.

Little Evelyn Harold's face was radiant, but it did not outshine "old Miss Kline's." It was an eventful day to the latter, for it was the beginning of better things. Her feet were on a ladder whose top round touched the city with golden streets.—*American Messenger.*

A TEST OF THE STRONG.

He was poking around in a huge dump heap with an old broom when George Temple first saw him. George had heard the boys speak of "Crazy Joe," for beyond the dump was some low land, through which ran a little creek, and next to that the field, where in summer

they played baseball, but he had never before seen him, being a comparative newcomer to Malden.

He stopped now with his fox terrier, Trip, at his heels, and gazed, half curiously, half in pity, at this lad to whom all normal duties and pleasures of boyhood and manhood were forever denied.

"Have you lost anything?" he ventured at last, when he had watched Joe's efforts for sometime in silence.

The lad raised his head and smiled, a smile which, alas, lent not one whit of intelligence to the vacant blue eyes, speaking in a low rapid undertone which George could not understand.

"Oh, it's only Crazy Joe," a boy who was passing said, rather contemptuously in a tone he did not take the trouble to lower. He's looking for some candy one of the fellows gave him about two months ago. He lost a piece of it in the dump, and has been searching for it ever since with that old broom."

At the word "dump" Joe looked up and began to chant, "Dandy dump, dandy dump," as though it were a song.

"He's always saying that," George's informant volunteered. "In the spring when lots of tin cans and ashes are dumped here he jumps up and down and claps his hands with delight."

And indeed, the dump had been Joe's only playground and playfellow from babyhood. The tenement in which his parents lived backed up to it. No miser ever welcomed added gold as did poor Joe the rubbish which was unloaded there.

"Trip" meanwhile, thinking this was pretty slow sport, was investigating the edge of the little creek, darting in and out along its sedgy bank, with pink tongue lolling out and high-strung body quivering. He now emitted a sharp bark and began to dig with all his might and main.

"It's a water rat!" George exclaimed excitedly, springing down toward him. "There he is! My, but he's a whopper!"

The two other boys followed, and the three stood watching eagerly while the terrier sent showers of soft earth flying out between his hind legs. Joe had dropped his broom, and, though he probably had no clear idea of what was going on, was so enchanted by the sight of Trip's burrowing that he fairly laughed aloud.

"Aw, he's no ratter, he makes too much noise," the boy who had joined George remarked with superior wisdom, and indeed, Tripp, when things seemed to go beyond him, paused to emit a series of sharp barks, enough to warn every rat within half a mile.

"He wasn't bred for ratting," George answered, as he called his dog off and turned away.

The wistful look which grew in Joe's eyes as he watched them depart made George hesitate a little. The boy did not go back to the dump, but sat down on an old bridge, which crossed the creek, and watched them out of sight. George looked back once and waved his hand, but Joe did not answer the signal. Indeed, he did not see it, his eyes being fixed on the last of Tripp's small, white body.

The road was a favorite walk with young Temple, leading as it did

to a pond where he and Trip had no end of fun. But it was nearly a week before he found himself on it again though he really had intended to come in a day or two, as he remembered now that he saw Joe sitting on the bridge watching the way by which he would appear.

"Hullo, Joe!" he called.

"Hullo," the boy answered, his face lighting up with childlike delight.

George always spoke to him just as he did to any of the other fellows, never asking him silly questions in order to elicit silly answers, as some of his companions did, and, from an innate sense of delicacy, refraining from ever mentioning the word "crazy" in his presence.

Today, either because there was no scent of water rats, or with a view to better sport farther on, Trip would have nothing to do with the creek beyond a few casual sniffs of investigation. At the blank look of disappointment which overspread Joe's face his master called the small dog back, and tried to rouse his curiosity by saying, "Rats, Trip! Rats, boy!" But Trip knew better, and deliberately forsook the scene of his former excitement.

"Couldn't you come with us?" George asked, turning to his new acquaintance.

For answer Joe ran to the back door of one of the tenement houses, where George heard him talking rapidly with some one inside. A pleasant faced looking Irish woman came out, with two smaller children clinging to her skirts.

"You must be the boy he's always talkin' about," she said.

"I'm George Temple," the latter answered, raising his cap.

"And the Lord bless ye for yer kindness to me poor lad!" She wiped the tears away from her eyes with one corner of her gingham apron as she spoke.

"If you'll let him come with us, I'll take care of him." George blushed a little for Joe was more than a year his senior. "He seems to like my dog."

"Like him!" The mother threw up her hands. "'Tis puttin' him in his prayers in place of the dump he do be. He'd always pray for that before, but he hasn't since he saw you an' the little dog. An,' sure, I'm glad of it, for the doctor I had to see him when he was sick said that pokin' round in the dump was the worst thing he could do, that it kept his poor mind down, like. 'If you could get him anything he'd become interested in, Mrs. McCarthy,' he says to me; an' this week past I've been wonderin' if I could find a little dog anywhere."

That was an afternoon of unalloyed delight to poor Joe. Perhaps his clouded brain, groping toward the light, vaguely realized that George treated him differently from what the other boys did. When Trip at a word from its master, plunged into the pond and capturing a stick swam with it to shore, his laugh rang out with a saner sound than it ever had before.

"Look at him! Doesn't he go like a little auto-launch?" George cried proudly as the dog's small forepaws cut the water, his brown

head held bravely aloft. Joe stooped and patted the wet, white body, as he stumbled up the bank to lay the stick at his master's feet.

For several days after this young Temple's mind was taken up in another direction. He had been saving up for some time to buy a pocket camera, and had already seen one which he could get for five dollars. He now had four dollars and sixty-five cents toward it, and his father, upon hearing this, added the remaining amount.

So George took his pocket full of dimes and nickles to the corner grocery, exchanged them for a crisp, new five dollar bill, and started down town, jubilant.

On the way he noticed some boys standing round a store window and drew near to see what the excitement might be. There, on a bed of sawdust, were four beautiful little fox terrier puppies. They were so cute that George fairly gasped. Two, sitting on their haunches, with fourpaws spread apart, regarded the onlookers with wondering eyes. Another lay sprawling on his back while a fourth—who, with a head like a tan-colored velvet and snow white body, was as like Trip as he could be—chewed contentedly on his brother's ear.

How well George remembered the day, nearly two years ago, when he had carried Trip home under his coat! He had been a birthday present from a younger brother of his father's, and though George would have loved the dog just as dearly had he been the veriest mongrel, he was, nevertheless, immensely proud of the fact that his grandfather was imported from one of the best kennels in England. It was the first live thing he had ever owned, and the joy of possession sent little thrills through his veins while he held the tiny, warm body close to his heart.

As he turned away a thought flashed through his mind—how Joe would love one of those little dogs! He stood still with a jerk. The color forsook his face a little. His lips twitched. The first great struggle of his life had him in its clutches ere he was aware.

To give up the camera? Why, he had been nearly a year saving for it! For the last six months he had been training Trip to "sit up" so that he might take his picture in that attitude. In fact the small dog had unconsciously undergone a system of education all tending to this end. No, he couldn't give it up! The store was only a few steps farther on; he would go right on and get it now.

But again he halted. Something seemed to be blocking the way. The Golden Text of last Sunday's lesson as he had seen it hanging on an illuminated card—"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Involuntarily, he doubled up his right arm. Once, when a lad of his age had been trying to irritate him as they came home from school, George had laughingly thrown both arms round him until the would-be tormentor cried out for release from what seemed like a band of iron. He was strong, he knew it, and was proud of the fact that he never used his strength brutally. A vision of Joe's bent shoulders, rounded from much digging in the dump, rose before him. With a quick swing he turned on his heel.

"How much are the pups?" he asked the storekeeper in a brisk, businesslike tone, which, however, hid a little huskiness.

"Five dollars apiece."

"Can I take my choice?"

"Sure." The man, after one keen glance at him, gathered the little dogs in his arms and deposited them in a heap on the counter.

It was characteristic of George that having abandoned one line of action he wasted no time in vain regrets about it, but immediately proceeded to get all the fun and pleasure there was to be had in the course he was pursuing. So now he turned over the puppies, examining their noses to see if they were black, the set of their ears, etc., while an admiring group of boys who had straggled in from the street stood around enviously.

But once with the one who looked so like Trip under his arm he could hardly get to Joe's house fast enough. He found him sitting on the bridge as usual, but his face fell when he saw that Trip was not at his master's heels.

To his dying day George would never forget how poor Joe looked when he opened his coat and showed him the tiny dog. Wonder, awe, ecstasy struggled in his face. Something hard rose in George's throat. He held out his gift.

"He's yours, Joe—your very own. I got him for you!"

Even when he laid the puppy against Joe's breast, and the latter's arms had closed instinctively round the small body, his expression did not change. But when the tiny terrier, wriggling, put up his head and licked Joe's face, as if acknowledging him as his master, a great sob broke in the boy's throat, and simultaneously the band of iron which always seemed to be pressing on his poor brain, loosened a little. The tension of his face melted in a look of unutterable love. He even forgot George, and George was well content to be forgotten.

That was the very happiest day of George Temple's life as he walked home. He took a running jump at a hydrant on the street just "to let off the steam," as he said for he was tasting that greatest of all joys—cheerful self-sacrifice for one less fortunate than himself.

As to Joe, "Sky," as he called the little dog—no one knew why, unless it was the farthest thing from the dump that he could imagine—became almost his other self. It ate with him, slept with him, and in his love for it, he became loving to every one about him. The violent fits of ungovernable passion to which he had been subject entirely disappeared. He grew so rational as to be able to attend the same Sunday school class as George, though the latter had some difficulty in persuading him that Sky would not be admitted. And, indeed, as the dog grew older, his intelligence was amazing. There seemed to be an understanding between him and his master which hardly needed speech.

Certain it is that Joe firmly believed the dog understood every word he said to him, and perhaps he did.—*Selected.*

HER TENTH.

Lovice James had just begun to study fractions, and so when the Bishop spoke often of "a tenth" in his sermon one Sunday morning Lovice listened with unusual attention. What he said about a tenth set the little girl to thinking. The next morning she sat in the hammock in the vine-covered corner of the porch, sheltered from the softly-falling rain. She had a book in her lap, but she was thinking, not reading. Lovice was ten years old, and every Monday morning her father gave her ten cents for her week's allowance, to be spent as she pleased. The James children all had been brought up on the plan of having for spending money as many pennies a week as they were years old. As each birthday came round they were very happy over the thought of their "raise" of one more penny a week.

Lovice's ten cents was usually gone by Saturday afternoon, and Mr. James always gave her a penny for Sunday school; but after what the Bishop had said about giving at least a tenth of our money to the Lord, she had decided that she ought to take her Sunday-school penny out of her ten cents, for that was a tenth. She had made up her mind to keep a nice little record of what she did with her money, so after thinking it over, she went and brought her little memorandum book and wrote four headings, each at the top of a new page. The first was "Sunday school;" the next "Saved;" then "Spent foolishly;" and last of all "Spent when you have to spend." The last heading was so long it took up two whole lines. She didn't know just how other people kept their accounts, so she had to make up a way. That night, just before bedtime, she showed Mr. James the book. "And father, I'm going to give a tenth to the Lord," she added, "and you will not need to give me my Sunday-school penny any more."

"That's right, daughter," answered her father; but he could not help smiling at the headings in her book.

The next Saturday afternoon Lovice sat once more in the hammock, this time with her account book in her hand. It did not rain now, but was clear and sunny, and the bright sunshine through the vines made a golden network on the floor of the porch. Lovice looked carefully over the record. The pages headed "Saved" and "Sunday school" were empty. On the last was written, "One cent for a sponge and one cent for a soapstone pencil." Lovice could have bought two slate pencils for a cent, but they were the scratchy kind, and she liked the soapstone best. The third page troubled her most. "Two cents for lickerish" and "One cent for lozinjers" six times! All her money was gone, and there wasn't any tenth left! Those lozenges were so tempting in the tiny window of the school store, each rolled in paper of different colors, and each with a different flavor. Lovice liked the sassafras best, all wrapped in pink. Each roll had a little printed slip

in it with your fortune on it. Lovice was considered quite a good speller in the schoolroom, but she never had had any such words as "lozenges" and "licorice" in her spelling lesson, and she had to spell them as best she could. It was a very sober-faced little girl who asked her father the next morning for a penny for Sunday school, and explained that her pennies were all gone. "You must lay aside your tenth first, Lovice," said her father, "or you never will do it at all."

On her way to school the next morning, Lovice stopped at the little school store and asked for an empty spool box. At noon when she reached home she wrote on it, "One Tenth," put a penny in it and hid it safely away in the top bureau drawer. All during the week, as one by one she handed the rest of her pennies over the school-store counter to the plump little German woman, she thought of the tenth laid away and it made her happy. When the next Sunday came, there it was in the spool box, waiting to be carried to Sunday school. "I'm glad I put it there first thing, father," she said. "It's a much better way."

When Lovice grew older and had more money, she kept on giving, but she changed the fraction to a ninth, and then an eigth, and kept on giving more and more, for she found it one of the very happiest things in all the world to give her money to the Lord. And she always felt glad that she began when such a little girl to lay aside the tenth first.—*Selected.*

JOHNNY'S RAGGED SHOES AND THE TITHING.

"Ma, I can't go to Sunday school tomorrow, nor to meeting either," said little Johnny Gray one Saturday evening.

"Why do you say you cannot go to Sunday school, Johnny?" asked his mother. "You know your lesson all right, don't you?"

"Yes, I have learned my lesson; it isn't that," said Johnny, "but just look at my shoes, ma! They are too ragged to wear to Sunday school once more, and they will not do to mend again. I shall have to stay home till something good happens for us, so that I can save some new shoes."

"Something good has happened for us, my son," answered the mother. "Sister Mack gave me five dollars that she was owing me altogether, when I finished her ironing this afternoon. It is too late to go to the store this evening, but next week you can have some new shoes, and Bessie's can be mended. And we can buy two sacks of flour. Only think how well off we shall be! Now brush and shine your old shoes, and make them do for this once more."

"Oh, I should think I will shine them up for this once more, ma!" said Johnny brightly. "I'll brush them, and brush them and make them look as well as ever I can. And next week when I go to Sunday

school with my new shoes on, likely all the folks will forget about the old, ragged ones that I shall have to wear tomorrow."

Sister Gray was a widow and worked very hard to support herself and her children. She was anxious to fulfill all her duties and to have her children do the same. So she would not encourage her little boy to stay away from Sabbath school because his shoes were poor and old. And Johnny was so interested in the lessons the next morning in Sunday school, that he scarcely gave one thought to his ragged shoes.

It was the time of year when the Saints are reminded that the settling of their tithes is in order. And in the evening meeting that very Sabbath, the Bishop of the ward requested all who possibly could do so, to call on him the next day and settle their tithing accounts.

This left a very serious question in Sister Gray's mind. She knew just what her work had brought her during the year, and that, with the price of a calf she was raising, made the tithing due in her accounts exactly five dollars.

She had the five dollars in money that had been paid her Saturday evening, but nothing more. She might settle her tithing account with it, but ought she to? Her children were needing shoes, and she was out of flour. They must have bread to eat. Yes, her children must be provided for. The temptation to let the paying of her tithing go, and to use the money for the comfort of her childen was very strong, but she overcame it through prayer and the exercise of faith.

On Monday morning, bright and early, as she left her home and went to work for some one, she called on the Bishop and paid her five dollars tithing.

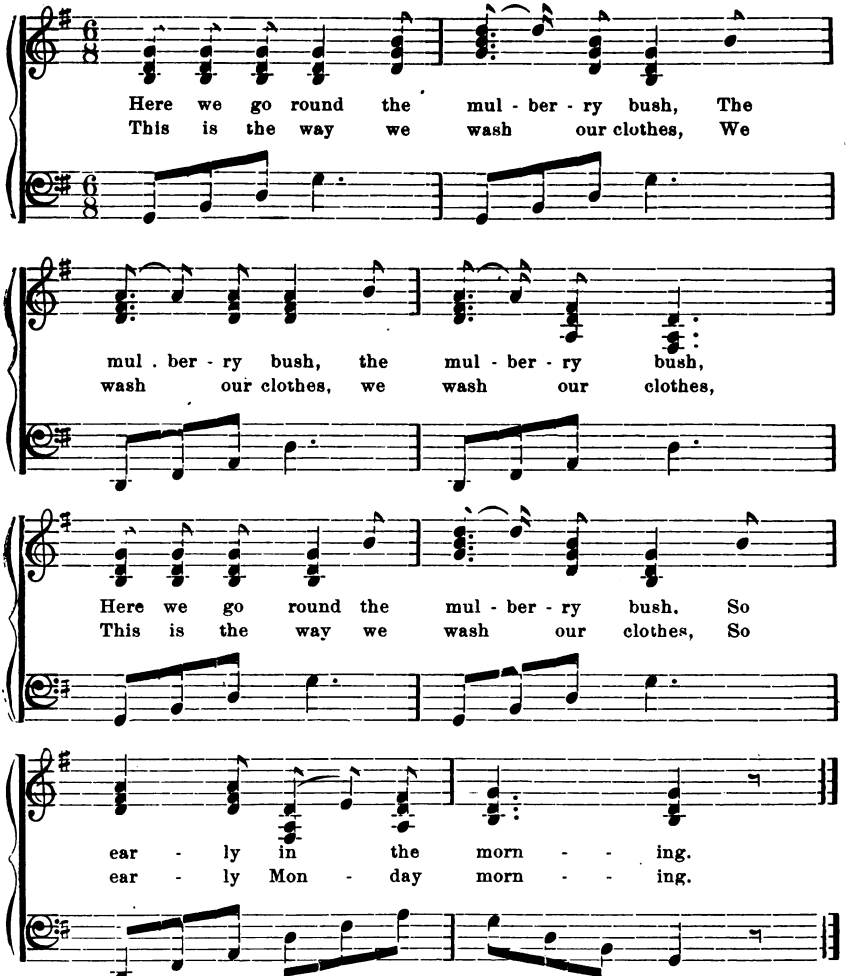
All that day as she worked, a feeling of peace and satisfaction was with her, which made her wonder at times.

In the evening, as she was returning home, she called at the post-office for her "Children's Friend," and an unexpected letter was handed to her. It was from her niece, who lived quite a long way from her.

Besides loving words of comfort and cheer, the letter contained a pretty, new ten-dollar greenback.

In answering her niece's letter, Sister Gray wrote the things that are told in this story. And closing, she said, "When I got home I opened your letter, and there was the ten dollars! Then I felt ashamed of having doubted that the Lord would provide."—*L. L. Greene Richards.*

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH.


Here we go round the mul - ber - ry bush, The
This is the way we wash our clothes, We
mul . ber - ry bush, the mul - ber - ry bush,
wash our clothes, we wash our clothes,
Here we go round the mul - ber - ry bush, So
This is the way we wash our clothes, So
ear - ly in the morn - - ing.
ear - ly Mon - day morn - - ing.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
We iron our clothes, we iron our clothe ,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,
We scrub the floor, we scrub the floor,
This is the way we scrub the floor,
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
We mend our clothes, we mend our clothes,
This is the way we mend our clothes,
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
We sweep the house, we sweep the house,
This is the way we sweep the house,
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
We bake our bread, we bake our bread,
This is the way we bake our bread,
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
We go to church, we go to church,
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

DIRECTIONS:—The game consists in simply suiting the actions to the words of the song, singing and circling to the first verse between the activities. It is especially attractive to little girls who love to go through the dumb show of washing, ironing, sweeping, etc.

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GIVE.

"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where waiting was o'er;
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took."

Subject for May:—Cleanliness.

All orders for The Children's Friend from now will have to commence with the current month, as the back numbers for this year are all sold, and will not be reprinted.

Subscribers are requested to send correct postal addresses. Where mail comes via the Rural Free Delivery be sure to send number of delivery and box as well as post office where the mail is received.

Subject for the month: Generosity.

DIVISIONS: *Lesson* 13, *Cheerfulness in Giving; Lesson* 14, *Blessing in Giving; Lesson* 15, *Self-Denial in Giving; Lesson* 16, *Tithing.*

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in Monthly Officers Meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

Cheerfulness in Giving: We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—*Seneca.*

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver, more than the gift itself.—*Lavater.*

God loveth a cheerful giver.—*2nd Corinthians, 9th chap. 7th verse.*

"As daylight can be seen through the very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, well and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits which form it. One of the most marked tests of character is the manner in which we conduct ourselves towards others. A graceful behavior towards superiors, inferiors, and equals, is a constant source of pleasure. It pleases others because it indicates respect for their personality; but it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves. Every man may, to a large extent, be a self-educator in good behavior, as in everything else; he can be civil and kind, if he will, though he have not a penny in his purse. Gentleness in society is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to all nature; it is far more powerful than loudness or force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way quietly and persistently, like the tiniest daffodil in spring, which raises the clod and thrusts it aside by the simple persistency of growing.

"Even a kind look will give pleasure and confer happiness. In one of Robertson of Brighton's letters, he tells of a lady who related to him "the delight, the tears of gratitude, which she had witnessed in a poor girl to whom, in passing, I gave a kind look on going out of church on Sunday. What a lesson! How cheaply happiness can be given! What opportunities we miss of doing an angel's work! I remember doing it, full of sad feelings, passing on, and thinking no more about it; and it gave an hour's sunshine to a human life, and lightened the load of life to a human heart for a time."

The blessing of Giving: "Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think."—*Longfellow.*

"Serving God with our little, is the way to make it more; and

we must never think that wasted with which God is honored, or men are blest."

"The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity."—*Balfour.*

In the Gospel according to St. Mark can be found these words:

And there came a certain poor widow and she threw in two mites, which made a farthing.

And Christ said of her:

Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.

Jesus knew to whom to give credit, and the story of the Widow's Mite will be told until the end of time.

In giving it is not the amount that speaks so loudly as the spirit in which it is given. To some a dollar is more than five dollars from others." The present that I gave a family when a very young man, that gave me more gratification than any other present that I ever gave, consisted of two cents' worth of peanut candy. The reason was that at the time it was such hard work to scrape together two cents."

Everyone can do something in the line of giving. A prayer offered for a good cause is a gift in the sight of God, provided nothing more can be offered. For He looks at the intention of the man or woman who thus prays.

The Bible widow had a liberal disposition—the kind that all of us should cultivate. It will be profitable to us if we read the story over and over. But you who have much must not claim your offerings to be widow's mites.

Meanness is not looked upon as one of the best characteristics of a man. There is nothing about meanness to commend it to anyone desirous of having the good opinion of his neighbors.

The saving of money is not a sin, but, on the contrary, is commendable. But to horde wealth at the expense of acts of charity and positive family wants is deplorable.

How and to whom to give is a science that few people understand. Indiscriminate giving is apt to pauperize those who receive it; and it is a serious question sometimes what is the best way to help those who do not seem to have the gift of helping themselves.

The poor and needy we have with us all the time, and my observation is that generally the poor get poorer as they get older and the needy still more needy.

What is needed in this world in dealing out what we can give for the good of others, is a soft heart and good judgment.

The power of knowing at a glance "who is who" is a gift to be thankful for.

As a rule it is best to make a mistake sometimes in our gifts to

others rather than to be too particular. God, who knows your motives, will bless you even when your gifts are handed to those who do not deserve them.

When a man or woman tells you he is hungry, give him or her food if you can; for it is awful in this land of plenty for one human being to suffer for want of proper nourishment.

Ask God to direct you and you will always come out right. "The times I have missed it were when I thought that my judgment was good enough."

The Blessing of Self Denial: "The worst education which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that."—*Sterling.*

"Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer."—*Walter Scott.*

"One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves."—*J. H. Newman.*

"Saving to give is the highest and noblest motive. He who saves all he can is alone able to give as he should. There appears to be this natural connection between saving and giving, the secret of it being found in the disposition. Hence, too, the genuine satisfaction found in the act,—satisfaction not only from giving, but, also, satisfaction of saving in order to give. It is the only way to enjoy money, and men who have it ought certainly to enjoy it as they enjoy other blessings. One of the last thoughts expressed by Peter C. Brooks, near the close of his life, was, "Of all the ways of disposing of money, giving it away is the most satisfactory." His experience confirmed the divine statement, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Read: Revelation on Tithing. Doc. & Cov., Alma 13-15. 3rd Nephi 24-8. Gen. 28-22. Lev. 27-30. Proverbs 3-9. Deut. 14-23. Heb. 7-5.

It is a fact, easily proven in the Church, that those who have been most punctual in paying their tithing have been greatly blessed. Not only have they been favored with the Spirit of God, but they have prospered in other directions. The words of Malachi are not vain words and without meaning where he says: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts." The children of Israel, when they strictly observed this law of tithing, were always prospered. When they neglected it, they suffered.

The liberal tithe payer binds himself and his family more firmly to the Church. This of itself is an extremely desirable result. Whatever a man or a family can do to bind themselves more closely to the work of God, is a great advantage in times of trial and temptation. Being thus bound by the interest they have taken in affairs, they are more likely to withstand temptation.

Lesson 13.

Subject: Cheerfulness in Giving.

Introductory Talk: "God loveth a cheerful giver." Little Peggy Peterkins said this text over and over to herself, and aloud to grandma, who was knitting by the open fire. "Don't make any difference if I give my nickel if I don't exactly want to, does it?" she asked. "I should think it did," was grandma's reply, "all the difference in the world." "Why, grandma, if I give it, I give it," and Peggy gave a decided jerk to her head, just as if she were giving the nickel and it went hard. "Oh, yes, Peggy, you give it, but we don't know how large the blessing is that goes with it; perhaps all the great blessings go with the willing, cheerful nickels; it always seemed so to me." But Peggy shook her head, and decided that God wouldn't care much if she only gave her nickel, notwithstanding the verse said, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Just then little Nathan came into the room with his hands and face pretty well covered with molasses and a number of sticks of molasses candy on a tiny plate. He held fast hold of the plate, and stood in the corner away from his sister.

"Please give sister some," Peggy said, in her most winning tones, "that's a good boy."

"No, Nathan's candy," said the little fellow, as well as he could with two sticks in his mouth.

"Just one stick, just one to sister?" going nearer and nearer to the plate.

Nathan shook his head and placed one sticky hand over his stock of candy. Some words folowed that were not so kind as they should have been, and then Nathan picked out the very smallest stick and gave it unwillingly to Peggy. She sat down by the fire and ate it; but somehow it did not taste so very good.

"Nathan gave you the candy, didn't he?" asked grandma.

"Yes," said Peggy, "but——"

"Is it nice?"

"Yes, grandma, pretty nice—not so very."

It was soon eaten, and then Peggy said her verse once more and shut up her little Bible.

In a few minutes her little sister Daisy came in, bringing on a piece of paper two sticks of candy. "I made 'em; it's all I made, and

it's all yours, Peggy." The loving smile, and the way she held out her treat, touched Peggy's heart.

"You are just a darling," she said, giving Daisy a kiss. "It's ever so nice eating the candy; there was no fun in eating Nathan's candy; he was so stingy."

"It's the same kind of candy, I suppose?" said grandma.

"Yes, but I like Daisy's best; it is real good."

"Do you know why? There is something in Daisy's that was not in Nathan's."

"No, they were just alike."

Grandma smiled and shook her head. "Yes, there is. Guess what it is."

They both guessed many things, all very wonderful things when thought of in connection with candy, and at last gave it up.

"Daisy put a great deal of heart in her candy. Nathan left all of his out. We all love a cheerful giver, don't we, Peggy?" asked grandma, looking at the earnest face before her. Then the little girl understood her verse, "God loveth a cheerful giver;" and if He sees your heart going with your nickel, He may pick out one of His large blessings to go with it."—*Little Helpers.*

Some of the best gifts are spoiled by not being given in a cheerful way. Even a crust of bread given with a smile and a blessing is worth more than the greatest feast with no kindness given with it. One of our poets has said:

"It is not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Can you tell what he meant?

Selfish people, if they give at all, do not give cheerfully, and what they give is spoiled by the way they give it. It is sad to have to say it, but selfishness is found almost everywhere, not only in our own land but in other lands, and among men who lived during the past ages as well as today. But it is also true that unselfish, large-hearted men and women and boys and girls have always lived also.

Many, many years ago there lived one of the unselfish men, named Abram. The people of the land where he lived worshiped idols, and the Lord told him to go to another land, which He would show him. Abram didn't know where the land was, but he left his home and his friends as he was told to do, for He believed the Lord would keep His promise. He took with him his wife and his brother's son, Lot.

It was a very long journey there; he had to cross over wide rivers and a desert where the country was lonely and wild. At last they reached the promised land in safety.

Abram was very rich; he had much gold and silver, and a great many cattle. Lot also had cattle—herds of cattle and many tents; for he and Abram did not live in houses, but in tents. They had men called herdsmen to take care of their cattle, and these men began to quarrel. When Abram heard this, he spoke to Lot about it. What do you think he said? Did he say, "This is my land; the Lord gave it to me, and you will have to go and find another place to live in?"

No, that was not Abram's way. He did not even choose a part of land and give it to Lot. But he said they would have no trouble about it, and that Lot could have any part of the land he chose to live in, and Abram would take the other part. He spoke so kindly and cheerfully about it and Lot, who was a very selfish man, chose the best part of the land, and took his cattle and went there to live. The Lord was pleased with Abram, and blessed him for his kindness.

The help we give to our fathers and mothers and teachers is worth so much more when it is given cheerfully. When asked to do anything, and the reply is, "Oh, I always have to do that," or something of that kind, what happiness does it bring? Even if it is done, the one for whom it is done would almost rather do it herself, if she could. It is the giving cheerfully and willingly that counts; for we are told that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Let us be careful not to spoil our gifts or kind acts by giving them grudgingly.

Here is a little story of boys who understood this:

"Philip," whispered Kenneth Brooks, "I have a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Philip.

"Yes," was the answer; "nice for me."

"Oh," said Philip, and his eyebrows fell. He followed Kenneth around behind the schoolhouse after school to hear the secret.

"My uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go and see the man that makes canary birds do comical tricks. Ever see them?"

"No," said Philip, hopelessly.

"Well, it's first-rate, and my ticket will take me in twice," said Kenneth, cutting a little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Philip.

"No, sir-ee, new tricks every time. I say, Philip," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I haven't any Uncle George."

"That's a fact. How about your mother?"

"Can't afford it," answered Philip with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Philip, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but after a few minutes' struggle, "Philip," cried he, "I wonder if the man won't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in one time?"

Philip's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face.

"Do you think he would?" he asked eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the two little boys started off for the office window.

"But, Kenneth," said Philip, stopping, "it isn't fair for me to take your ticket."

prepared for such an emergency; she had brought something to read. For nearly an hour she read aloud, and Hannah listened eagerly.

What a treat it was. She had not spent such a happy hour since she had become blind. Sophy was delighted; she would come again. This was but the beginning of a happy and useful winter. Day after day Sophy went to see Hannah and became more and more interested in the poor old friend. Besides reading for her, she often helped her in other ways. She brought her warm clothing, tidied up her room, and often brought her a plate of hot food.

One day after her Sunday-school teacher met her on the street, and said to her, "Sophy, I am glad to hear you have begun to build your orphan asylum!"

Sophy was puzzled.

"You are doing the good you can do, rather than dreaming of that which you could not. You are doing poor Hannah so much good, and is not that better than dreaming of impossible things?"

Sophy next interested the school-girls in Hannah and they raised a little sum among themselves to make her more comfortable. She now had good food, warm clothing, and coal for her fire.

The children took turns in reading an hour at a time to the poor blind woman; and before she died, she said, "My life has been so much happier since those dear children came to take care of me."

It did not cost them much, but they did what they could, and that is all God asks of any of us.

Sophy's Sunday-school teacher said to her one day, "I think that the great and good woman who built the orphan asylum must have begun work by doing all she could for others while she was a young girl, for the constantly doing of small things leads us in time to do greater things.—*Selected.*

THOUGHTFUL FOR OTHERS.

In the tribe of Naggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near; and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having vainly offered his camels and his whole wealth for it, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain his object; he stained his face with the juice of an herb, clothed himself in rags, and tied his legs and neck together so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he waited at a certain place for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber touched with his distress, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and

galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher; I have got your horse and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter; "since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell anyone how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," replied the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment; then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.—*Lamartine.*

DAILY BENEFICENCE.

"When you rise in the morning, say that you will make the day blessed to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the struggling—trifles in themselves, as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person away happy through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And, suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred persons happy—at all events, for a time."

JOHN TANNER'S GENEROSITY.

"Elder John Tanner, son of Joshua and Thankful Tanner, and grandfather of Apostle F. M. Lyman, was born August 15th, 1778, in the state of Rhode Island.

"In the fall of 1834, he sold two large farms and two thousand and two hunderd acres of timber land, preparatory to moving to Missouri in the coming spring. About the middle of December, he received an impression by dream or vision of the night, that he was needed and must go immediately to the Church in the west. He told his family of the instruction he had received and forthwith made preparation for the start, while his neighbors, with deep regret at what they considered as an insane purpose, tried their utmost to dissuade him; but he knew the will of God in the present crisis and nothing could deter him from doing it.

"On Christmas day he commenced his journey with all his earthly effects, and in the dead of winter traveled a distance of five hundred

miles, to Kirtland, where he arrived about the twentieth of January, 1835, on the Sabbath.

"On his arrival in Kirtland, he learned that at the time he received the impression that he must move immediately to the Church, the Prophet Joseph and some of the brethren had met in prayer-meeting and asked the Lord to send them a brother or some brethren with means to assist them to lift the mortgage on the farm upon which the Temple was being built.

"The day after his arrival in Kirtland, by invitation from the Prophet, he and his son Sydney, met with the High Council, and were informed that the mortgage of the before mentioned farm was about to be foreclosed. Whereupon, he loaned the Prophet two thousand dollars and took his note on interest, with which amount the farm was redeemed. He loaned to the Temple committee, Hyrum Smith, Reynolds Cahoon and Jared Carter, thirteen thousand dollars in merchandise at cost prices in New York, and took their note for the same. This amount and that loaned to the Prophet, were not included in his liberal donations to the building of the Temple, from time to time.

"The name of John Tanner was synonymous with benevolence, honesty and integrity."

Questions: Discuss what is meant by the following:

"Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Ask the members of the class to read Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," and continue discussion at the next meeting.

Story: "A King Who Cried. Page 133.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 14.

Subject: The Blessing of Giving.

Introductory Talk: Did you ever build a castle in the air? There are many boys and girls, yes, and many older people, too, who build castles, and dream day dreams about what they would do if they were rich. Some think, "What a great deal of good I could do if I had lots of money. I would give it to those who need it most, and then I should have the pleasure of knowing I had helped some one." Perhaps they have not remembered that they need not wait to be rich to do this. If they had thousands, the Lord would expect them to do a great deal, it might be more than they would want to do; but if they

have only a few cents, the Lord is just as pleased with it. You remember the story we read in the Bible:

Jesus was sitting near the door of the Temple where the boxes were placed for the people to put in money. Many rich people came and gave a great deal of money, and there came a poor widow, who gave only two mites, which would be less than a penny; but it was all she had. Jesus called his disciples to Him and told them what the poor widow put in the box seemed more to His Father than all the rich men had given; because they had so much left for themselves out of their riches, but she had nothing left, even to live upon, for she had given all she had.

It is not only the older people who can earn blessings, nor does it all come from giving money. Kind acts, sharing our blessings with others, all count, and even the smallest child can help. We can all share what we have with others, and as you know, often a big blessing goes with a small gift.

"A little man," I heard his mother call him one hot day in June. He was a little fellow, not quite four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building blocks and much interested in a store he was erecting. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy. "I'll dit him somefin to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch. The little fellow poured some water in it, and set it before the dog, who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don," said the boy, "I'll dit some more."

Five times the boy filled the saucepan; then the dog bobbed his head, waved his tail, and went off.

The little fellow laughed gleefully.

"He said 'Fank you,' didn't he, mamma? I dess he was glad to get some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," mamma answered.

That same day, a little later, two little children came along. Stopping outside the fence, they peered into the yard. They wore ragged clothes and were barefooted. They looked at the little boy within the gate, with an expression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he said; "maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may, if you wish," mamma answered smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?" questioned the waif longingly.

"One for each of us?" put in the other.

"You tan have your hands full," was the smiling answer. "I'se dot a whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the sweet flowers, violets and pinks and June roses, which his fair hands held out to them, and they thanked him with grateful voices and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother in a low, fervent voice. He did not hear her, but I am sure God will bless him.

Although we may not always see the blessing we receive for giving to others, we get it all the same. It may be in making us so much happier. Have you tried it? But sometimes, too, the blessing follows the giving so closely that we cannot help seeing it.

There was once a famine in the land of Israel. For three years no rain nor dew fell, and the grass and grain withered and died. The Prophet Elijah lived by a little stream in the valley, and was fed by the ravens for some time. Little by little even the stream dried, and the Lord told Elijah to go to another city.

When he reached the place, tired and hungry, he sat down outside the city gate. Soon he saw a poor widow picking up sticks. Elijah, whose clothes were faded, dusty, and worn, came to her and asked her for a drink. Then he looked up at her imploringly, and said:

"Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand."

"Alas, I have no bread at all," said the poor woman. "I have only a little meal and a little oil, which I am just going to bake. When that is gone, I don't know what my son and I shall do."

Although Elijah was a stranger and asked for what was so precious to her at that time, the woman looked at him and felt so sorry for him that she took him to her house, and generously shared with him the small amount of food which was all she had to keep herself and her son alive. In reward for this kind act the Lord caused that the meal and oil should never fail, and each day until the famine was over, the widow found she had just the same amount, although she and her son and Elijah had plenty to eat.

Some time after this the son of the widow took sick and died. When she told Elijah of it, he took the child in his arms and carried him to his own room. He asked the Lord to have mercy on the poor woman who had helped him so well and in whose house he stayed, and give her back her son. The Lord heard his prayer, and the child was restored to life again.

"People who give for Jesus' sake never lose what they give. They only put it into a very safe bank—the bank of heaven. The Lord Himself says that they are laying up treasures where it can never be stolen, but it will all be returned in joy and riches and glory in the wonderful future home."

Memory Gems.

"How blessed 'tis to give;
And they who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 158.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 146

Story: "Old Miss Kline's Garden Party." Page 134.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk: Page 158.

Stories: "Old Miss Kline's Garden Party." Page 134.

Tell the story of the Widow's Mite. Why did she give more than the rich men? Why do we not have to wait to be rich before we can do good? Although we do not try to do good just to get some blessing, we always get one. Can you tell what one of them is? Why do we feel happy when we have helped some one? What blessing came to the widow who helped Elijah?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 158.

Recitation by member of the class.

"SOMEBODY."

"'Somebody' came to see 'Nobody' once,—
'Nobody's poor, you know;
And 'Nobody's' old, and 'Nobody's' sad,
'So Somebody' came through the snow.
'Nobody's' days are a little dark,
Like Autumn days with rain;
When 'Somebody' came it was sunshine showers,
Which glistened and gleamed again.

'If 'Nobody' dies before 'Sombeody' dies,
And goes to the land of light,
The story of all that 'Somebody' did
Will be told in that region bright;
And then, when it's 'Somebody's' turn to go,
What music sweet there will be,
Of 'Welcome, welcome!' sounding from far,
Like church-bells over the sea.

"And oh! the gladness, and oh! the joy,
When 'Someone' and 'No-one' meet,
Where the pleasant paths of Paradise
Are, instead of the wintery street;
For the kindly deeds that are done on earth
Are remembered there, as we know;
And just such a story as angels love
Is 'Somebody's' walk through the snow."

Stories to be told from memory by the members of the class.

THE LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

A dispute arose among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hands. One sat by a stream, and dipped her hand into the water and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink; and a third gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old haggard woman, passing by, asked, "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers or perfume, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman. Then the woman asked them what was the subject of their dispute; and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed!" she exclaimed, as she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said: "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is colored with crimson; it is not the hand that is perfumed with fragrant flowers; but the hand that gives to the poor, that is the most beautiful hand." And as she said these words her wrinkles disappeared, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from Heaven, with authority to decide the question.

A LESSON IN BENEVOLENCE.

A young lad, a student in a university, took a walk one day with his professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to those whom he instructed. While they were walking together, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was employed in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them." "Nay," said the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves." The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer. The man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into his shoe but, feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his face; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Finally, he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread,

whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand, would save from perishing. The young student stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "Oh, sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. I feel now how true it is that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

WHAT CAME OF A KIND DEED.

The following incident is told of Madame Malibran, a famous singer, who lived some fifty years ago. She was sitting in her room in a London hotel, very weary, when word was brought that a boy wished to see her, and she allowed him to be admitted. A little flaxen-haired fellow of some ten years timidly entered the room, and, taking a roll of paper from his pocket, said, "Madame, everybody tells me that you are so good, so very good, to the poor. I do not come to beg, Madame, though we are so poor that my dear mother, who is very ill, has to do without both food and medicine. I thought, if you would sing my little song at one of your concerts, perhaps somebody would buy it, and I could get the wine and medicine the doctor has ordered." Tears stood in his eyes as he made his request, and, as Madame Malibran took the manuscript and rapidly hummed the lines over, they rolled slowly down his cheeks. "Did you write this music—a little child like you?" "Yes, Madame." The lady took from her purse a coin and a card, and pressed them into the boy's hand. "Run home as quickly as you can," she said, "and get for your mother all she needs, and this evening come to my concert, to which the ticket will admit you." Pierre did as he was told; and when evening came, he went to the concert, presented his ticket, and was taken to a seat down near the platform. The lights, the warmth, and the bright colors, to say nothing of the crowd of handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen, bewildered and dazzled him, and he could only think, "Oh, if mother were but here, I should be so happy!" Presently he glanced at the platform, and there stood his lovely lady. She began to sing, and little Pierre's heart throbbed as if it would burst, as the familiar notes of his own little song fell upon his ear. Its simple melody touched the audience too, and it was sung again, and at its close the house rang with applause. How the rest of the concert passed Pierre never knew. He stayed until it was all over, and then hurried home and told his wonderful news. Several days after, Madame Maliban called upon Pierre's mother, and told her that a London publisher had offered twelve hundred dollars for the song, which offer she accepted, and, pouring into the astonished woman's lap a pile of notes and gold, said: "Madame, your son will one day be a great composer. Thank God for the gift He has given him." Pierre and his sick mother mingled their tears and thanks to one who seemed to them like an angel sent from Heaven. With the money thus obtained Pierre was enabled to pursue his musical studies, and in after-years verified the great singer's prediction, and became one of the most talented composers of the day.

FAT PURSE: LEAN HEART.

Mr. Jacob Riis, in a recent address to a workingmen's club, praised generosity.

"I see a handful of children here," he said. "May they grow up generous. May none of them grow up into such a man as an old banker whom I know.

"He is a millionaire, and he lives in a palace, but his heart is as hard as steel and as cold as ice.

"One of his men completed, the other day, his twenty-fifth year of service. For twenty-five years this honest man had worked for the banker faithfully. He and his chief were both poor at the beginning, but where, in the quarter century, the banker had accumulated millions, the faithful middle-aged bookkeeper had only saved a few hundreds. His salary, you see, was only twenty-five dollars a week.

"He didn't think the banker would remember the twenty-fifth anniversary of his engagement, but the old man did. That morning he handed the bookkeeper a sealed envelope.

" 'George, he said, 'to-day ends the twenty-fifth year of your work with me, and you have worked steadily and well. In this envelope is a memento of the occasion.'

"The bookkeeper opened the envelope, trembling and eager. Within lay his employer's photograph. That was all.

In the face of a disappointment so bitter the poor fellow could say nothing.

" 'Well,' asked the banker, 'what do you think of it?'

" 'It's just like you,' said the bookkeeper, simply.'

Questions: In "The Vision of Sir Launfal," what is the most valuable lesson? Discuss why blessings given today are more valuable than those we plan to give when we are better able or richer or more ready.

Name over various kinds of gifts, particularly those that cost effort on the part of the giver. There is a quotation that says, "Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving." What is meant by the "sensitive nerves of receiving?" In giving why should we consider whether the gift is the kind that will give pleasure or pain? Who receives the greatest blessing, the giver or the receiver? Why?

Story: "Old Miss Kline's Garden Party. Page 134.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 15.

Subject: Self-Denial.

Introductory Talk: There are many kinds of giving; but that which costs us something, causes us to give up something ourselves, that is one of the greatest and best kinds. Give up something that you prize, something you want yourself, is self-denial; and although it may be hard at the time, it brings the greatest joy. It is said that sacrifice brings forth the blessings of Heaven.

A rich young man once went to Jesus to ask the way to gain eternal life. He had worshiped the Lord and loved and honored his parents. He had never stolen or lied or cheated. He had been very careful to do all the things the Lord had taught in his land; but he had one great fault. He loved his riches more than he loved his Heavenly Father, more than his poorer neighbors, and, as it seemed, more than anything else in the world. Jesus knew this, and when the young man asked how he could gain a home in heaven, He told him to go and sell all of his rich possessions and give to the poor.

The young man thought that was altogether too much to ask, and he went away very sad; because he had not the right spirit, which makes it a joy to help and bless and give to others.

You are not asked to give all you have; but you can share even the things you care for the most. Some of you can earn money; some can give up candy; some can give up to another some treat you have planned for yourselves. You can find so many ways. Just try it for a week, and see what happiness it brings.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers in the gutter, when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and, looking them carefully through, came at last upon a rose seemingly in a better condition than the rest. But as he tenderly picked it up, the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand.

He stood quite still and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy, who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's sick and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell, it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy, as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk, he held in his hand a beautiful half-opened rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "There," he said, "take that to your mother." He had meant to put that rosebud on his mother's grave, and yet he knew he had done the better thing. "She'll understand," he said to himself, "and I know this will please her most."—*Selected.*

Some boys and girls feel that if they are sorry for those who are in trouble, that is all that is necessary. But that is not enough. It says in the Bible:

"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?"

There is a story told of a man, who one morning prayed that God would help a poor neighobr who lived just across the street. The neighbor was in a great deal of distress that money could relieve. In his prayer the well-to-do brother told the Lord all about how badly off his poor neighbor was, and asked Him to do everything that was needed. He arose from his knees and wiped his moist eyes, feeling pretty well satisfied with himself; but he did not offer to give any real help to the poor neighbor. His little boy went up to him and said: "Give me your pocket book, papa, and I'll go over to Mr. Smith's and answer your prayer myself." The father then saw what was really needed, and felt that his son understood those things far better than he did. The poor neighbor received the help he needed.

Our smallest boys and girls often show a great deal of self-denial. This is what one little girl did:

Everybody was happy that morning at the breakfast table. Dear little Conrad was in his high chair close by his father's side for the first time in many days. He smiled sweetly as the children greeted him. When the dish of fruit was passed, the little hand reached and caught an orange.

"Dear baby," mother said, "that is not good for you this morning. I have a good breakfast all ready for you here." Baby's lip quivered and he held the orange close in both hands.

Little sister Helen sat next to Conrad. She looked longingly at the fruit on her plate, and at the pearl handled fruit knife that came the day before, for her birthday; but her loving heart must do something to comfort that sorrowful baby beside her. Putting her arm about him she said, "See, little brother; Helen is going to put her orange back on the plate close by yours, and you shall hold sister's new knife."

Smiles chased the tears away. The orange was given up, willingly; everybody was happy again, and Helen knew the joy that comes from self-denial. *M, A. W.*

Each time that you deny yourself and give something or do something for another, the easier it will be the next time; and the more the gift costs you, the more precious it is in the sight of our Heavenly Father.

Memory Gems.

"The more we deny ourselves, the more we shall obtain from God."

"The first lesson in Christ's school is self-denial."

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 165.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.

Rest Exercise. Page 146.
Stories: "A Test of the Strong." Page 138.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk: Page 165.
Story: "A Test of the Strong." Page 138.
Questions: What is one of the best ways of giving? What do we call self-denial? Why did the rich young man go to Jesus? What did Jesus tell him to do to gain a home in heaven? Why did the young man go away sad? What did the florist's boy do to show how unselfish he was? Why is it not enough to feel sorry for people in trouble? What should we do to help them? Tell how George Temple helped poor Joe.

Memory Gems.

Third Grade

Introductory Talk. Page 165
Recitation by members of the class.

It is doing the little "extras,"
The things we're not asked to do—
The favors that help one's brother
To trust in God and you.

It's doing, I say, the "extras,"
The things not looked for, you know,
That will bring us our King's kind notice
A "Well done" as on we go.
McMillan.

Stories to be told by members of the class:

A SAINT'S SELF-DENIAL.

The Kirtland Temple was built when the Saints were few in number and in great poverty, and though comparatively small in size, the erection of such a building by the tithes and voluntary donations of those who were faithful, was a very great undertaking. That it was finished in so short a time was remarkable, and this fact speaks volumes for the devotion of the Saints of that early day.

When the Nauvoo Temple was commenced, the Saints had increased considerably in numbers, but were, as a rule, even poorer than in the days of Kirtland. They had been persecuted by their enemies, driven from their homes and plundered of their property. Finding a temporary rest in a bend of the Mississippi river, a locality noted for its insalubrity, they had struggled in the midst of malarial sickness and severe privations to establish new homes, and had only just begun to gather a few comforts around them when they were required by revelation from the Lord to build a temple to His name.

The time allowed for building the house was limited, but the men worked with a will and determination that made success certain. Though they had to stand guard at night to prevent their enemies

from surprising the city during the darkness and slaying its defenseless inhabitants, they did not cease their exertions during the daytime to erect the house of God. Though they went on short rations till some of them actually fainted beside their work, from sheer hunger and exhaustion, still they persevered. Though the mechanics employed upon the temple had tempting offers of abundant work and ready pay if they would go outside of Nauvoo and labor, many of them preferred to remain and work without pecuniary reward in rearing that sacred structure.

The case of one of those workmen will serve to illustrate the self-sacrificing disposition manifested by many of those who labored upon that building, as well as the way their simple wants were sometimes supplied by the Almighty.

Brother L—— arrived in Nauvoo from England, his native country, in March, 1844. He was an excellent mechanic, had held good situations and been in good circumstances in the "old country," and his skill as a workman was such as to command ready employment and high wages in any of the large cities of America, had such been his object.

But he had embraced the Gospel and received a testimony of its truth, and afterwards the spirit of gathering with the Saints, which enabled him to brook the taunts and ridicule heaped upon him by friends and relatives for his unpopular faith, and resist the pleading of aged parents, who were loath to part with him.

His faith and zeal were such that he had left friends and property and all that he had formerly held dear, and come to America that he might be with the chosen people of God and assist in building up Zion.

He was ambitious to labor upon the temple, and applied for work immediately upon his arrival in Nauvoo. When informed that there was plenty of work but nothing to pay with, he replied that pay was no consideration.

He took hold with a determination, and worked with all the energy with which the young, strong and enthusiastic nature was capable from that day until the work upon the temple ceased, upwards of two years, and during that time only received in cash for his services the small amount of fifty cents.

Many a time he felt the pangs of hunger, and went to his work fasting rather than join with his family in eating the last ration of food in their possession, but the Lord sustained him by His Spirit, gave him joy in his labors and provided a way for more food to be obtained to sustain the lives of himself and family.

A FRENCH STORY.

"As Perette, an urchin of thirteen or fourteen, carrying his milk-can in his hand, and on his head a basket filled with eggs and butter, was coming back from market, and dreaming of anything but what he was doing, an ill-conditioned dog ran against him and made him

stumble. The basket rolled into the gutter, the butter mixing with the mud, and the eggs making a gigantic omelette on the pavement. The poor boy was struck dumb with dismay, and two streams of tears ran down his cheeks; he expected to be scolded, beaten, and perhaps dismissed by his master, and in any case he must make the loss good. A stout market-gardener had witnessed the accident, and he put a one-franc piece into the boy's hand, saying at the same time to the crowd which had assembled, "If every one here would give him a small sum, the mischief would be remedied. We are not worthy to be men, if we are not willing to help each other." His example and words had a good effect. Sous, and even fifty-centime pieces fell into the lad's lap, and when he reckoned it up there were 25 fr. 50 c. there. They expected that after thanking them he would go away quite happy, but they were mistaken. The boy took out of his pocket the bill of what he had bought. It amounted to 13 fr. 25 c., and he carefully put that sum aside. Then, seeing a very poor-looking woman in the crowd, with a child in her arms, and another holding on her dress, he went straight to her, and gave her the remaining 12 fr. 25 c., saying, "I am sure you want it more than I do." When he had done this, he hurried away, the crowd applauding him highly.—*"Noble Words and Noble Deeds."*

A YOUNG ROMAN'S SACRIFICE.

Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the Romans were braver and stronger than any one else, there lived a boy of thirteen whose name is still remembered. Lucius Valerius was fond of his lessons, but most of all did he love poetry; so, although he was only thirteen years old, he made up his mind that he would try to win the gold medal and ivory lyre which were given every five years to the boy who should write the best poem. Lucius not only tried, but he succeeded; and one day, before all the school and a number of visitors the prizes were presented to him. Now, besides the medal and lyre, which every one who gained them valued very much, there was something else which they thought far grander. A statue of the prize-winner was placed in the school and crowned with laurel. You may imagine how the boy's heart beat with joy as he saw the judge step forward to crown his statue; but just at that moment Lucius caught sight of a young man who had also tried for the prize, and who looked most down cast and miserable. Lucius sprang forward, seized the laurel crown, and put it on the head of the poor fellow who had been unsuccessful. "I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than as a reward." Then the people set up a great shout of joy, for they knew that a noble heart was worth more than all the poems in the world, and they gave a new name to Lucius Valerius in memory of that day. So Lucius was always called Pudens, which means "Modest;" and you may be sure he valued his

new title as much as he deserved it, for "kind hearts are more than coronets."

Qestions: Where did Molly Sorrel find the Lord? In what way did the Saints practice self-denial while they were building the Kirtland Temple? Had this kind of labor anything to do with giving the pioneers the characteristics of sturdiness, honesty, and generosity? In what way has self-denial contributed towards the building of temples, meetinghouses, schools, etc? How many people may be benefitted by a single act of self-denial?

Story: "A Test of Strength." Page 138.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 16.

Subject: Tithing.

Introductory Talk: Long ago, Jacob, the grandson of Abraham, was going on a long journey. There were no trains in those days and it took a long time to go from one place to another. Jacob had been traveling all day, and when night came, he took a stone for a pillow and lay down to sleep. While he was asleep he had a marvelous dream. He fancied he saw a great ladder extending from heaven to earth. On this ladder were angels of God, going up and coming down, and above it stood the Lord, who said that He was the God of Abraham and Isaac. Then the Lord promised that He would give the land to Jacob and his children and his chidren's children, and that He would go with Jacob and take care of him wherever he went.

When Jacob awoke, he was very much afraid. "Surely the Lord is in this place," he said, "and I knew it not. This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate to heaven."

He got up early in the morning and took the stone that he had used for a pillow and poured oil over it and called the place Bethel, which means the house of God.

Then Jacob made a promise to God that if He would go with him and watch over him and take him back to his father's home in safety, he would give one-tenth of all that he had to the Lord.

He promised to give one-tenth of all that was given to him—his flocks and his herds, and everything,—to the Lord. He could not give it to him directly, but he could take it to the Lord's servants to be used in helping the poor and all who needed help, and in other ways that the Lord might wish. Abraham also gave one-tenth of what he had to the Lord, who blesses those who give freely. Once our Heavenly Father told some of the people in olden times that they had robbed Him. They wondered how they could rob the Lord, and He

said they had robbed Him because they had not given one-tenth of what they had received, and had not paid their offerings.

We call one-tenth Tithing. The Lord told the Prophet Joseph Smith that He wanted all of His people to pay tithing. This did not mean just the grown-up people, it means the children, too. Sometimes boys and girls earn a penny or a nickel or even more. How many have remembered that one-tenth of it belongs to the Lord?

Some of you may say: "But I do not often earn money." Perhaps not, but many of you have gardens, where you raise many things. What part of what you raise belongs to the Lord?

Just think what a great privilege it is to be able to give one-tenth of what we receive to the Lord. How happy we are to give a present to our fathers or mothers, to show them how much we love them, and how grateful we are for what they do for us. But the Lord gives us all of our blessings, our comfortable homes, our food, our clothing, and all the good things we receive; and what can we give Him in return?

Elder Brigham Young once said at a meeting:

"I heard a man say in relation to tithing, 'I don't want to pay tithing, unless I can make a showing that will be a credit to me and really help to build up Zion. If I could put in ten thousand dollars, I would be glad to do it, but I have nothing. I could pay a little tithing but the idea seems ridiculous to me to step forward and pay a dollar tithing. It seems to me like I was making a mockery of this sacred principle.' But I take the other view of this, and I said to him: 'My friend, if you were a child and received five cents, I would caution you to remember the fact that you owe half a cent tithing, and when you had received another five cents, until they amounted to fifty cents, I would advise you to go and pay your tithing on that, not for the sake of the money, but for the sake of the principle.'"

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he whispered; "father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both kneeled down upon the tow-path (the path along which the horses which drew the canal boat walked); the dear old man prayed earnestly for William and then gave his advice: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as

well as any one; I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound; and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth; so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did; ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partners died, and William became the sole proprietor of the business.

He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever; then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths.

He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the story of Mr. William Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 170.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 146.
Stories: "Her Tenth." Page 143. "Johnny's Ragged Shoes and the Tithing." Page 144.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 170.
Story: "Her Tenth." Page 143.

Questions: What part of all that he had did Jacob promise to give to the Lord? What do we call one-tenth? How could Jacob give one-tenth to the Lord? What did the Lord tell the Prophet Joseph Smith the people should do about tithing? What part of the money we earn should we pay as tithing? If we do not earn money, but have gardens or something of that kind, how can we pay tithing? Where can we take it? How much tithing do we pay on ten cents? On fifty cents? On ten bushels of potatoes? On twenty water melons? Tell one way we can show the Lord that we are grateful for

all His blessings? Tell about William Colgate paying tithing. What was it that Lovice found brought her such happiness? How can people rob the Lord?

Memory Gems.

Supplementary Stories: "Johnny's Ragged Shoes and the Tithing." Page 144.

Third Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 170.
Dialogue by three members of the class.

ON TITHING.

(Orson, Lucius, and Aunt Laura.)

Orson. Lucius, where are you going?

Lucius. To the tithing office.

O. I would like to know what you want at the Tithing office.

L. I have carried coal for a lady, and she gave me a dollar—I am going to pay ten cents tithing on it; and my sister Lucy has a present of fifty cents and wants me to pay five cents for her.

O. I think that is ridiculous! If I was you, I would go to the store and buy candy with the ten cents, and enjoy myself. The idea of a boy paying tithing—It's all nonsense! Did your father or mother tell you to do it?

L. No; but they have taught me that the law of tithing is one of the laws of the Church, and that every member of the Church is in duty bound to keep every law which God has revealed; and when I have any money of my own I pay the tithing on it, just as though I was a man grown.

O. My father and mother have never said anything to me about it, and I don't know whether they pay tithing: anyhow I think it looks silly for you to give ten cents, when you have but one dollar.

L. One dollar is as much for me as one thousand would be for business men, and I think, if it is their duty to pay tithing on their one thousand, it is just as much my duty to pay it on my one dollar.

O. Well, this is all new to me, but really I don't see any sense in children doing like that. But here comes Aunt Laura—I wonder what she thinks of it. Aunt Laura, do you believe in paying tithing?

Aunt L. I believe that all members of the Church that own property, whether they are young children or old children, should pay tithing on what they have of their own, as well as to keep the Sabbath—attend meetings—partake of the sacrament, and honor all other general laws of the Church.

L. That is just what father and mother say.

Aunt L. I want to ask. Do you boys belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

Both Yes.

Aunt L. How did you become members?

Both By being baptized, and having hands laid on for the reception of the Holy Ghost.

Aunt L. Just the same as older persons become members; and if we are expected to begin to do the duties which belong to Saints, as soon as we become members, I think that you should begin in small ways to do every little duty, such as paying your small tithing, and everything that, as children, you can. By beginning in this small way while you are small, as you grow larger, your means and abilities will grow, and when you are men, you will be men of God.

O. I thank you, aunt Laura. If I had been taught as you teach, I should not ridicule Lucius or any other boy for paying tithing; I now feel very sorry for what I said. I have had money of my own, but never thought that one-tenth of it belonged to the Lord, till now.

Aunt L. Orson, do you belong to the Primary Association?

O. I do not, and haven't ever attended any of their meetings.

Aunt L. You miss very much by not attending. There the children are learning to pay tithing, and are assisting to build Temples, and are emigrating orphan children, and doing many other good works.

L. You must come and join; we have such good meetings, and I know God is pleased, for He pours out His Spirit, and makes us happy.

Aunt L. Yes, Orson, improve every opportunity—you are laying the foundation of your future character, and whatever will help to make you good and great, should start from the foundation. Lucius has made a good start—follow his example.—*Eliza R. Snow.*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class:

AN INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOS. F. SMITH RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I recollect most vividly a circumstance that occurred in the days of my childhood. My mother was a widow, with a large family to provide for. One spring when we opened our potatoe pits she had her boys get a load of the best potatoes, and she took them to the tithing office; potatoes were scarce that season. I was a little boy at the time, and drove the team. When we drove up to the steps of the tithing office, ready to unload the potatoes, one of the clerks came out and said to my mother, "Widow Smith, it's a shame that you should have to pay tithing." He said a number of other things that I remember well, but they are not necessary for me to repeat here. My mother turned upon him and said: "William, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Would you deny me a blessing? If I did not pay my tithing, I should expect the Lord to withhold His blessings

from me. I pay my tithing, not only because it is a law of God, but because I expect a blessing by doing it. By keeping this and other laws, I expect to prosper and to be able to provide for my family." Though she was a widow, you may turn to the records of the Church from the beginning unto the day of her death, and you will find that she never did receive a farthing from the Church to help her support herself and her family; but she paid in thousands of dollars in wheat, potatoes, corn, vegetables, meat, etc. The tithes of her sheep and cattle, the tenth pound of her butter, her tenth chicken, the tenth of her eggs, the tenth pig, the tenth calf, the tenth colt—a tenth of everything she raised was paid. Here sits my brother, who can bear testimony to the truth of what I say, as can others who knew her. She prospered because she obeyed the laws of God. She had abundance to sustain her family. We never lacked so much as many others did; for while we found nettle greens most acceptable when we first came to the valley; and while we enjoyed thistle roots, segoes and all that kind of thing, we were no worse off than thousands of others, and not so bad off as many, for we were never without cornmeal and milk or butter, to my knowledge. Then that widow had her name recorded in the book of the law of the Lord. That widow was entitled to the privileges of the house of God. No ordinance of the Gospel could be denied her, for she was obedient to the laws of God, and she would not fail in her duty though discouraged from observing a commandment of God by one who was in an official position.

THE SELFISH RICH MAN.

I will tell you about a rich man, who seemed to act and speak as if there was no world but this.

He had many beautiful fields. They were so very fruitful that his crops of wheat and other grain, were so abundant that he was in trouble to know where to store his great wealth; the barns he already had were too small, and he was at a loss to know what to do. At lenght he determined to pull down his storehouse and build larger, anticipating that after having accomplished the change, he should be perfectly happy. After having finished his design, he purposed saying to himself, "Soul, thou has much goods laid up in store for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Just as if corn and wine and oil and worldly goods were food and clothing for an immortal soul!

God knew all his plans for the future, and how that ungrateful man exulted over his prosperity, and how he promised himself long life in the selfish enjoyment of plenty, and He said to him, "Thou fool! this night shalt thy soul be required of thee."

That man's great wealth did not profit him. It did not profit him in his dying hour. It only made death terrible.

I too must die. I will ask God to give me grace to number my days, and to apply my heart unto wisdom, that I may lay up treasures in heaven while I live on the earth.

THE BLESSING OF TITHING.

"A number of years ago certain prominent merchants apostatized from the Church. There was one merchant who was approached by the others and solicited to join them in their attack upon President Young and the authorities of the Church, but he resisted their approaches. There was no apparent reason why he should not have yielded as much as they did to those influences that prevailed upon them. In speaking of this, President Young said he had had occasion to examine the tithing records of the merchants, and he had found that this man of whom we were speaking had paid more tithing than all the rest together. He attributed his escape from apostasy to this fact, and said that the Lord had blessed him with power to withstand temptation and remain true to Zion. This is an interesting fact, and one full of meaning and instruction. I think that the faithful tithe-payer will not be found among apostates!

Question: Explain what tithing is and how it should be paid. What kind of reward should we expect for doing our duty? What value is there in being careful and saving? If we get the habit of paying tithing, how will it help towards making us generous? How about helping to be saving in other ways?

Stories: "Her Tenth." Page 143. "Johnny's Ragged Shoes and the Tithing." Page 144.

Memory Gem.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without it.
And so for the smile and fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A life in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a heart for heaven.
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

—*From the Monitor Magazine, Cincinnati.*

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PEACE, GOOD WILL.

A kindly thought can never come in vain;
Yet thoughts soon die if suffered to remain
Unused, inactive, clogging heart and brain;
May I ne'er smother helpful impulse thus.

When Heavenly Father gives me generous thought,
Let me believe some blessing should be wrought,
For someone, somewhere, let the chance be sought,
And some poor, answered prayer made marvelous.

But should a thought un-Christ-like and unkind,
Enter my soul, disturbing heart and mind—
Envy, or selfishness, or both combined,
Such thought, or feeling, I would quickly kill.

It should not live to grow and to extend,
And make me injure or distress a friend;
I would not voice it, all my words must blend
With that blest angel chorus, Peace, Goodwill!

I love you, Dear Ones; let me say it now!
I think of you when before Heaven I bow,
And ask that God will all best things allow,
For each one's present and eternal good.

My Dear Ones! let us in sweet union live,
Nor thoughtless speak, hearts are so sensitive;
What seems unfair be ready to forgive,
And simply say, 'Twas but misunderstood.

And oh, my Friends, I prize your friendship now!
I will not wait death's touch on either brow—
If I have hurt you, kindly tell me how,
So I may prove that good was meant, not ill.

For sudden death, today, seems in the air,
A heart may cease its throbbings anywhere,
At any moment; oh, my soul, prepare!
With all the world and Heaven hold
Peace, Goodwill!

—*L. L. Greene Richards.*

A GOOD MACHINE.

"A splendid present," said Uncle Phil.

He was walking along the gravelled garden path when Felix came rushing by on his new bicycle. Uncle Phil made a jump to one side as if in mortal terror of being run over, but the boy proudly showed his skill by an abrupt halt just before reaching his uncle.

"You needn't get out of the way for me, Uncle Phil. I can stop in a minute, you see."

"I see you can," smiling at the air with which he sprang from his steed and now stood rubbing some dust from its shining wheel. "He's a fine fellow for a horse, isn't he? He never needs feeding, nor much grooming."

"No," said Felix, looking with much satisfaction at the bright finishings. "But, Uncle Phil, I'll tell you—though I wouldn't tell papa for anything, for he got me the thing he thought I'd like best, and I wouldn't make him feel bad, you see—"

"Of course not!" said Uncle Phil.

"Well, if there was one thing I wanted more than a bicycle, it was a box of tools."

"But you're rather small for a tool-chest yet, Felix, it seems to me."

"That's what mamma says, more's the pity for me," said Felix with a doleful shake of the head. "I talked to her about wanting one, but she thinks I'd cut myself with the knives, and put my eyes out with the gimlets, and saw my toes off with the saw, and do something else with something else. But I'm getting old enough to look out for myself."

"Why are you so anxious for tools?"

"Oh, there are lots of things I want to do. I want to make a kennel for Carlo, and a coop for the little chickens, and some frames for Aunt Mary's plants, and a thing for Jane to wind her clothes-line on, and a box for the kindling, and, oh—ever so many other things."

"I see you have plenty of work ahead," said Uncle Phil, with a sympathizing smile at the small would-be carpenter. "But you also have plenty of time before you yet. In another year, perhaps, you will have your tool-chest."

"But I'm afraid all these things will be made by that time."

"Then there will be other things to make, you may be sure. I knew a boy once who had a magnificent set of tools."

"Who gave them to him?" asked Felix, in great eagerness, seeming to forget his bicycle as he followed his uncle to a garden seat which stood near. "Was it his father?"

"Yes."

"How old was the boy?"

"Well, he was younger than you are."

"Ho!" Felix gave a half discontented grunt. "Was it full of

all sorts of tools? Was there a bit and a plane, and an adze, and a drawing-knife, and every kind of hammer and gimlets and things?"

"Well, this was really more like one complete implement made up of parts which could be put to a great many uses. Indeed, I don't know of a single thing which could not be done with one or another of the attachments if the proper use were made of them."

"Whittle and bore and screw and saw?" asked Felix, his face beaming with the enthusiasm, belonging to a born mechanic.

"Yes, all that and much more. With proper treatment and practice it could be made to construct anything, from the greatest machine down to the simplest thing you see. There was an arrangement to the machine, too, by which its owner could get over the ground much more cleverly even than you can with your bicycle. You have to keep on smooth ground with that, but with this machine any boy could go over any kind of rough places, leap over high places, or make the most sudden turns and twists."

"I'd like to see it! Tell me some more about it, Uncle Phil."

"There was one part of the machine which helped its owner in getting instruction from different sources. Another which showed him the exact shape and color of anything near him. And there was one part which governed all the other parts, directing them what to do."

"Did they wind it up with a key?" asked Felix.

"Not exactly with any key such as you have ever seen. But it had to be wound up every day with things ordered for it. At the very center of its power was a little organ which kept up a constant ticking."

"Just like a watch?"

"Yes, and as with a watch, the usefulness of the whole thing depended upon whether this ticking kept on regularly. If it was out of order the tick went slowly or irregularly. It could be tinkered a good deal and set to rights if out of order. But if the ticking once stopped there was an end of the whole thing—it never could be set going again."

"Well," said Felix, with a sober look. "If I had such a machine I'd take good care of it, I know."

"You would think anyone would. But many people treat them as if they did not value them at all, so that while they would do good work for seventy or eighty years, if well cared for, they are worn out and useless in a third or half of that time. Some work them without proper seasons of rest until they give out from over work. Some instead of giving them the proper things to keep them going, pour into the delicate machinery a number of things which they themselves know will injure and in time destroy it."

"They must be crazy," said Felix. "Why, one day somebody knocked over a little vase of water that was on the piano with some flowers. And you ought to have seen the fuss that sister Nellie made. She said 'twould ruin the piano and she 'most cried. Why, when papa shows me the wheels of his watch he makes me shut my mouth tight so I won't breath on 'em. He says 'twould make rust."

"Just so. It is a dreadful thing to put into the most beautiful of all machines what will be sure to rust and dim and dull its perfection."

"Uncle Phil, did you ever see one of them?"

"Yes," said Uncle Phil, taking the boy's hand, as in eagerness he pressed closer to him, "I see one now."

"Oh—where?"

"You might go a long way, I think, ere you would find anything to get you over the ground more satisfactorily than those active feet or any tool which could be put to so many uses as this small hand. The seeing part of your machine is good, so these bright eyes tell me, and these ears are good for helping you to learn all you may want to know. Your brain does its part in directing hands and feet, and your heart will keep the whole thing running for a long time—if you treat it well."

"Oh, Uncle Phil! You mean me!" Felix laughed, as he straightened out his limbs, opened and shut his hand, and took a few jumps, as if to make sure that his machine was in good working order.

"Yes, I don't know of any better machine than your Father made when He gave you this perfect body of yours. It will take a good deal of care to keep it in good running order."

"Yes, lots," said Felix. "Bread and meat and water and milk and good things—and—keeping it clean, and going to sleep."

"I hope you will keep your beautiful tool-chest as it should be kept, my boy. There are other things to think of. Be careful not only about what you give it, but about what you do not give it. Some men pour into it the liquor which stupefies the brain, making it unfit to rule the other members; which dulls the sight and the hearing, weakens hands and feet, in short, renders the whole of the beautiful machine unable to perform its work. They help the evil on by another poison called tobacco. The two together do their deadly work of ruin until the poor heart gives up in despair and stops beating.

"But how grand it is to see one of these instruments kept in the perfect order intended by its great Maker when He made it as the crowning glory of His creation! Make the best of your good machine, my boy. Train it with the best and highest education you can get. Polish it with the best habits. Keep your hands and your heart and your mouth clean. And then this body of yours will, for years of happy life, bring its services to those about you and honor to the Lord who has blessed you with His choicest gifts."—*Sideny Dayre.*

THE HOME THAT WAS WAITING TO BE FOUND.

"Say, say! Miss Manners, what d'ye think?"

The tall young woman in the college settlement turned toward the child who had timidly plucked at her skirt.

"Think about what?"

"'Bout—'bout one uv them homes ye've——"

The pause was so long that the young woman bent over to ask, "Well, one of the homes? What do I think? What do you want me to think about it?"

"Couldn't yer—couldn't yer git me one uv 'em for me an' daddy?"

At this Miss Manners sat down and questioned the child. She found that her own little talk to the children that morning had already sent out a rootlet.

Hetty had become interested and was soon won by the pictures which Miss Manners had described in glowing color, of a clean, orderly home, one that was so sweet and bright that all who belonged in it would want to stay, and whenever they had to go away they would keep a little memory of it in their hearts and come back to it as quickly as possible.

So she had asked the rather queer question of the bright-faced young woman, who had come into their neighborhood with the college settlement.

Of course, Hetty didn't know just what Miss Manners meant in all the things she had said; but enough of the meaning caught her attention to make her feel that there was a possible brightness in life which she had failed to receive.

Miss Manners's few minutes' talk with the little girl resulted in their setting off together without any delay along the noisy, dirty street.

When they had reached a most uninviting stairway, about which dirty, half-clad children swarmed, and upon which were seated two unkempt women nursing dirtier babies, Hetty took a little pinch of Miss Manners's skirt between her thumb and fingers and went before her up the uninviting stairs.

Up and up they went together, stopping at last before a door against which the child paused to put her ear and listen for a minute before she drew a key from her bosom, by means of a twine string, and unlocked it.

They entered a most dreary and dismal place. Hetty closed the door, then went to stand before Miss Manners and look into her face.

"Could—could yer git one uv them homes an'—an' bring it in here, fur me 'n' daddy?"

The heart of the young woman sank. Transplanting the sweet home spirit into such a forsaken place seemed most hopeless. Still, she answered brightly:

"I'm sure that if we go to work we can find one already here."

"Here? now?" asked the child, wonderingly. Then she shook her head. Her face fell. Faith in the bright-faced young woman of the college settlement began to grow faint.

"Yes, I think that if we try very hard we shall find one. It's just hiding. It's waiting for us to find it. But we'll have to do a good bit of hard work and planning. Let's look about and see what we'd better do first.

It was a sorry looking about. The few pieces of furniture were

rickety. The window was dingy with dirt. A cot stood in one corner, upon which the ragged bed-clothes lay exactly as they had been left by the sleeper who had crawled from them that morning.

"That's daddy's bed," said Hetty. Her eyes ran over to a heap of rags in another corner, which Miss Manners understood to be the child's own sleeping place.

"We'll find lots to do," said the bright voice. Indeed, it was the very brightness of this voice which had caught Hetty's interest and set her to thinking. "Where does this door lead to?"

The young woman tugged at a half-closed door that sagged upon the floor. When it was opened she discovered, underneath the coal, broken sticks and torn papers which were almost covered with dirt and with more rags, a bath-tub. She was delighted over her find.

"Why, however did this come here?" she asked.

"Men brung it," said the child.

"Why, how fortunate we are!" she cried. "We'll surely find the little home. I'm beginning to see it already."

The child shook her head. "'Tain't under them," she said.

"But a good big part is inside of it," Miss Manners answered. "Now, we'll go back to the settlement and make our plans. Some one must help us; but it will be done, sure!"

The face of the child did not brighten. If the tall young woman had proposed to buy a home and have it brought there in a big delivery wagon it might have seemed possible. But to go to work and hunt one out of its hiding place? She knew better. She had been over every inch of the ground and had turned over, at one time or another, every old chair and soap box, every torn paper and dirty, ill-smelling garment. No; it couldn't be done.

Still, she tramped back with Miss Manners and answered the questions that were put to her. She told that her mother had gone to the work-house, and that daddy came home "most nights." "Sometimes she wished he hadn't come, 'cause he hurt" her. Other times he brought things to eat and didn't swear at her. Just the two were together now. Her big brothers had both gone off to sea, stoking. Thev didn't come back any time. Anyhow, they wouldn't know where to come, because she and daddy had moved since the boys went away.

Miss Manners talked with the committee and, accompanied by a stout woman bearing several large bundles, the two went back and began work. It was a sorry job, but patience and hard labor will do a lot. Before night came the little place was as clean as clean could be. Powder and fluid had been sprinkled about, to get rid of cockroaches, and the whole place had a different look and odor.

Many things had to be cast out utterly. Hetty objected to parting with some, but yielded when better ones were promised in their place. When all was clean, even to the smallest old dish and dingy kettle, fresh bedding was brought in, along with other supplies which helped to brighten. A cot was put in place of the bundle of rags

where Hetty had slept, and she was instructed how to spread the covers.

Then Miss Manners explained the use of the bath-tub, and stood by while the stout woman gave Hetty a brisk bath and afterward dressed her in the clean plain clothes they had brought over in one mysterious bundle. The soiled garments—all that promised any further usefulness—were packed in a great basket to be taken back to the settlement for laundering.

"Persuade your daddy to do the same," said Miss Manners, "so as to keep his bed nice and clean. We'll send him over some fresh underclothes and socks this evening, and we'll teach you how to keep them clean and neat. Every day you will come to the settlement, and every day I'll come here to see how you are getting on. It will be hard work, sometimes, but you'll like it, I'm sure. And every week that you do well we'll give you a picture to hang on the wall, or a pot of flowers, or some pretty bit to brighten it all.

"You are to learn to cook, you know, dear. And soon your daddy will have such a dear little housekeeper that he'll be very glad and proud. We've found the little home, Hetty, and we must not let it get lost again."

Hetty took up a little fold of Miss Manner's gown and held it very tightly.

The days went by. Sometimes Hetty worked well and seemed full of courage. Sometimes the old slovenly habits in which she had been reared took possession of her and she spent her time in the streets and ran to hide whenever she caught sight of one of the settlement folk.

But this did not last long. Miss Manners was patient and, best of all, cheery. "Hetty's surely 'one of these little ones' of whom Christ spoke," she used to say to herself. "I must not lose hold of her, and she must not lose her home."

So the work went on. Miss Manners was constantly thinking of particular reasons for Hetty's very best efforts. Any holiday or feast day was made an excuse for certain improvements. But best of all was the daddy's own birthday, when the little girl surprised him with a neatly spread table and delicious dinner all cooked by her own small hands.

The poor man was so surprised and delighted that at first he could hardly eat. He sat gazing at the dish of steaming soup set before him. Later on, when the fricasseed chicken had been served, and a plain sponge cake with a candle beside it—to bring good luck for the opening year, to be sure—he looked at his little girl's bright face. Tears came into his eyes.

"It's time I made a bit change myself," he said. Then he called her to get on her hat, and he took her hand and went with her over to the settlement and asked to sign the pledge.

Miss Manners stood beside Hetty and held both little hands in hers while the big hand of the father took the pen and signed his name.

"Say, say!" whispered the child, "we did find it, didn't we—the home fur daddy 'n' me? An' 'twas right there, jest as you said. Only we hadn't seen it, for the dirt an' th' clutter. I'm so glad you found it for us."

And Miss Manners? Well, she was glad, too.

MAMMA'S SCRUBBING CURE.

It was such a sweet little mouth! No one would ever dream that naughty words could come out of it. But somehow or other they did; and they kept coming faster and faster, until Garry's poor mamma was in despair. She had talked and talked, and scolded and scolded, and even spanked, and not a single bit of good did it do.

Finally she hit upon a brand-new plan, and made up her mind that the very next time she heard her little boy say anything wrong she'd try it, and I'm sorry to say that she didn't have very long to wait; in fact, it was only until the next morning. He was out in the yard playing "horse" with Jimmy Burling. Suddenly mamma saw him throw back his head, and heard him say something that made her feel just dreadful. Jimmy Burling picked up a stone. It was a great big one, and he was aiming straight for Garry's head.

"Garry!" called mamma.

Jimmy dropped his missile and ran toward the gate as fast as his legs would carry him, and up marched Garry, his lips stuck out until you could almost have hung a teakettle on them.

"Well, Jimmy he went an' said my papa wasn't never goin' to have a horse an' his papa was, an' he was goin' to have a team an' buy him a pony; an' he's just an old—"

Mamma's hand went clap over his mouth before there was a chance for the wicked word to pop out.

"Garry," she said, speaking very slowly, "I don't like to have my little boy running around with such words hiding under his tongue. Just think how dirty your mouth must be! I really think I'll have to give it a good cleaning out."

Garry's eyes opened very wide as mamma laid out a cake of yellow soap, a brand-new toothbrush, and some clean rags. Before he knew just what was happening he was held very tightly, and the nasty-tasting suds were all around his teeth and on his tongue, and ever beginning to slip down his throat. How he sputtered and spit and cried and pulled and kicked! But it wasn't a bit of use. Mamma kept right on until she had everything scrubbed all nice and sweet. Then she rinsed the soap out with fresh, cool water and clean rags, and her little boy's mouth was all ready to be kissed—that is, when he felt that he wanted to be. And he didn't for quite a while. He just sulked and scowled, and wouldn't play with the baby or Jimmy Burling or anybody.

By and by mamma called him to luncheon, and the very first thing Garry saw was corn muffins. If there was anything he loved, excepting turkey and ice cream and candy, it was corn muffins. A wee bit of a smile commenced creeping around his "pouty" lips. It got broader and broader, and when mamma took the very biggest one and laid it on his plate it began to look very much like a grin. He even ventured to give somebody's arm a shy little pat. Then he felt something that was very much like mamma's cheek pressed close to his own. Up went both his arms, and how he did squeeze her!

"I won't ever say bad things again—never, never, never!" he declared.

"I hope not. I don't like to have to put soap in my little boy's mouth. It wasn't a bit nice, I know. Now eat your muffin. It ought to taste finely with such a nice, clean tongue. Just think of mixing those dreadful words up with it! Ough!"

And Garry himself shivered and said, "Ough!" and he didn't say wicked things nearly so often after that, and by and by he didn't say them at all, because, you see, his mamma scoured his mouth every time he forgot, and it helped his memory just beautifully.—*Laura Gilbert Gunther.*

PURE BREATH AND CLEAN HANDS.

Miss Burk had taught school for a number of years, and she loved children more than anything else. So, when she concluded to take a much-needed rest, and went to Bunney's Burrow for a few weeks, she was delighted to find two dear little girls there.

Mildred, the eldest, was old enough to be interested in conversation, especially in the pleasant stories with which Miss Burk seemed to be so filled. The little girl was Mrs. Carter's sister, and was proud of being aunt to baby Dottie, who was just old enough to be learning very rapidly the two wonderful arts of walking and talking.

One day Miss Burk accompanied Julia, Mrs. Carter's serving maid, with the two children, for a lovely walk over a hill and down through a green, shady path which led to a beautiful little lake.

Baby Dottie talked so much and asked so many questions about everything she saw, that it worried Julia, her nurse. And very impatiently, the nurse said:

"Now Dottie, if I have to scold you, I am going to send you back to the house all by yourself! You will have to go all alone through those dark places where the bushes are so thick, and maybe you will get lost there, and no one will ever find you. Now, will you be still?"

Poor baby Dottie opened her eyes very wide when her nurse said that, and she was very, very quiet for a long time afterwards.

But she had heard Julia talk before, and perhaps she was not so much pained and surprised at that unwise and cruel speech as was Miss Burk.

The next day Miss Burk and Mildred were sitting in a pleasant grape-vine arbor that belonged to the gardens at Bunney's Burrow Miss Burk was fond of needlework and was stitching away on a pretty piece of embroidery. And Mildred thought herself quite a young lady now, for she, too had her needle and thread and a dainty piece of muslin, and Miss Burk was kindly teaching her to sew.

"Here comes Baby Dottie, but I don't want her here to bother me now!" said Mildred, in an ill-natured voice. But whether she was wanted or not, Dottie came running right along and laughing with gladness at finding Mildred, she threw her loving little arms with all her baby force across her young aunt's lap.

"Now see here, Dottie!" cried Mildred, holding her work up so baby should not touch it; "you have been pulling up and eating those young onions again. If your nurse is going to keep on letting you do that, she can just take care of you herself; you can't stay with me. It makes your breath horrid, and I can't stand it, that's all!"

Baby Dottie, still laughing, straightened up and made another dive into her auntie's lap. She did not understand the scolding she was getting, and paid no attention to it.

Mildred was determined to be rid of her. She knew Dottie was a great coward, and could be easily frightened into doing as she was told.

So she said, pointing to a bunch of willows on a spring bank not far from the arbor:

"See, Dottie! Oh, see that dark bunch of willows! There are big, black cats in there, and they come out to get babies! Run to mamma quick, so they won't come and get you!"

Poor Baby Dottie looked very frightened at these strange words from her aunt, and with a little whimpering sound, as if she did not dare to cry aloud, she ran back to the house as fast as her tiny feet could carry her.

Mildred looked at Miss Burk, who had not said anything for a long time. The young woman was looking away off as if trying hard to see something, and Mildred thought she looked very sorry.

"You were going to tell me a story, Miss Burk," Mildred said after a pause.

"So I was!" replied the young woman ."I believe I have thought of the right one now. It is entitled

CLEAN HANDS.

Two little boys, Arthur and Paul, were standing by a gate. It was evening, and Paul was on his way home from work. He was chore-boy for a gentleman, and took care of cows and horses, and cut the lawn. Arthur lived in the fine home at the gate of which he stood as Paul came along.

A son of the gentleman for whom Paul worked, had given him a pair of beautiful white pigeons, and Paul was carrying them home.

Arthur had seen him and called to him, and as the two stood by the gate they were talking about the birds.

"The young man who gave them to me, said this pair were easily worth two dollars," said Paul. "And he told me I could raise at least nine or ten pairs from them in a year. Just think, Arthur, what that would mean to me!"

"Oh, I don't believe any such thing, Paul!" said Arthur. "Anyhow, you have no good place for them; they'll fly off and you'll lose them. Our barn is just the place to fix them a house on. See here, Paul, what a splendid pair of cuff buttons I have. They are genuine, too. They'll last forever, and with a little polishing, my, how they'll shine! I don't know how much they are really worth, but ever so much more than two dollars. I'll give you these for your pigeons, and then you'll have something sure. Will you do it, Paul?"

Paul hesitated, and did not like to part with his pigeons, but after some more fine talk from Arthur, he concluded it might be best to make the trade, and he did so.

Arthur took the pretty, white birds to the house, and felt very proud in showing them. He said to his Uncle Isaac who was sitting at his home: "I should hate to have to do chores as Paul does: he has such dirty, grimy hands."

"His hands are not so dirty as yours are, Arthur," said Uncle Isaac very gravely.

"Why Uncle! What do you mean?" said Arthur, looking at his hands, which he prided himself on keeping very white and smooth.

"I mean this, Arthur," said his uncle. "I was under the tree by the gate, and you did not see me, but I saw and heard you when you fooled that poor boy out of his pigeons, and took from him a pair of birds worth two dollars, for a pair of cuff buttons not worth forty cents. Paul does honest work, and if his hands do get soiled, it is with honest dirt, which he can wash off with soap and water. But when anyone has dealt dishonestly, talked in a way to deceive some one else, and got for almost nothing something that is worth a great deal more, the hands that have taken anything in that way are unclean with dishonest dirt; they bear stains that soap and water will not touch."

"Oh, Uncle Isaac!" cried Arthur, deeply moved. "I am very thankful to you for showing me this great mistake of mine. I hear men talk as I did to Paul, when they are dealing in business affairs, and I never thought of its being so bad. I will do right by Paul. He really has no good place for a pigeon-house, and he has no time to look after them either. I will have a nice home fixed for them in our barn, and I shall give Paul a true half of all I ever make on them. My hands shall be clean!"

Arthur was faithful to this promise, and he grew up to be an honest and good man.

As Miss Burk finished her story, she looked rather meaningly at Mildred.

"Ahem! Ahem!" coughed that little maiden drily. "My throat

and mouth feel sort of stuffed up," she said. "I think I will go to the house and get a drink. Shall I bring you a glass of water, Miss Burk?"

"If you please, dear," replied Miss Burk; and Mildred started off. She looked back to say:

"That story was a good one; thank you for it, Miss Burk."

Presently the little girl returned, bringing the glass of water, and also Baby Dottie.

"We don't mind her breath, if she has been eating onions, do we, Miss Burk? There are worse things, are there not?" asked Mildred with rather a knowing, shame-faced look.

"Indeed, I do not mind! Her baby breath is pure, anyhow," said Miss Burk with a happy smile. She had made the impression she hoped she might. *L. L. Greene Richards.*

HOME.

What is home? Not merely a collection of individuals, consisting of father, mother, and children. That would only be a small mob. Not a building or suite of rooms where a family is simply fed and sheltered. Not a place where one in authority rules because he or she has the legal right; nor is it a combination of individuals (small or large) to see how much money can be made by the united efforts of the whole.

Home is a place, above all others, where love reigns supreme. The place to which each member of the family loves to hasten after the toils of the day to receive sweet greetings. Where the dirt and dust incident to labor is washed from the face and hands, and all cares banished by the sunshine of happy hearts and contented minds.

To the man or woman who loves to be everywhere but at home, life will have no charms. To these, "the dearest spot on earth" is a howling wilderness. The joy of domestic tranquility might as well be poured on the back of a rhinoceros as on them.

The home-life is one of the most important of our institutions, for without it the people will forget God, and lose all love of liberty and righteousness.

What is required to make home what it should be?

First. A belief in God as the great Head of the family, and His Word as the guide to govern all action.

Second. There must be discipline in the family. A home without a head, or, what is worse, one with two heads, will always be a breeding-pen of contention. Not that father should be sole monarch and mother nothing to say; but a joint firm, so to speak, where both parents act in harmony, with a single eye to the general good. No discipline, no happiness. Even should both father and mother love Christ, the home will soon become anything but a paradise if discipline be lacking.

Third. Contentment must reign in a home where happiness is desired. How can father be happy if mother is constantly complaining of her hard lot in life? How can mother be happy if father is repeatedly hinting about the superior qualities of other women as economists or household prizes? All these matters should have been thought of before "hitching-day." Now it is too late, with the exception of a few private talks that should take place away from the family, and about once every ten years. Men and women generally get married when they are young, and they do not know many things which might be helpful to them. Nevertheless early marriages as a rule turn out better than those late in life. I hardly know of a contented couple who got married for the first time after they were forty years of age. The reason is they both had their own way too long. Contentment is a grace acquired by years of training. Take a poor young man, who dearly loves his wife, every week he hands her over his last dollar. It did not feel good at first; but now, after years of so doing, he is content to forego the pleasure of a few jingling silver dollars in his pocket, holds up both hands while she whom he loves best rifles both pockets, and in full payment takes a smile and a kiss. It is only an exchange of values, and the man has the best of it.

Fourth. Forbearance is an excellent quality to be liberally sprinkled around the home. We are all poor mortals, liable to mistakes. Prone to get "our backs up" occasionally at something; oftener at nothing. When father looks glum that is just the time when mother should look her prettiest. When mother has the appearance of a dish-cloth hung out to dry that's the moment for father to brush up and look like a frisky colt. "Forbearing one another in love" are good words to often read over. Children are a good deal like monkeys, quick to imitate. While in Massachusetts, I became acquainted with a father and mother who appeared to delight in finding fault with each other, and they continually kept appealing to me if such and such a thing was not so. I soon told them I was a printer and not an umpire. After a while the children were called in to supper, and—such young ones! They beat anything I had ever laid eyes on for quarreling. A decent cat-and-dog fight was religious alongside of their behavior. The mother asked me after supper how I could account for it. I pointed to a patch of potatoes and asked her how it was that it was not a watermelon patch. She took in the situation and acknowledged the corn by saying, "I see."

Fifth. In every household there should be plenty of fun, and of the right kind. A home where there is nothing but book-reading and a continual effort to improve the minds of the family, is a place I like to stay in about three seconds. Father looks as wise as an owl; mother has the appearance of a school-marm; and the boys? they look like Daniel Websters—"sawed-off and hammered down." Such a home is awful. The blinds are half-closed; no noise is permitted; the dog slinks in and goes immediately out with his tail between his legs; the cat flies out with its helm broader than when it entered. A kind of philosophical atmosphere abounds. Good enough, perhaps, for those

who can stand it; but killing to the rosy-cheeked natural boys who don't want to be Platos, but rather desire to be every inch boys. Fun in the house is what will keep boys away from the saloons. A good romp with mother and father puts the fat on, and helps to lighten the burdens of life. A parent who cannot play with his or her offspring ought to give them away to the first decent people willing to take them. I always did and always shall love fun. It's so good! "Pile it on me" is my daily song. Is it not strange that the funniest people are at times the most thoughtful? They can endure more hardships than anybody else, go with less sleep, and generally put on fewer airs than their neighbors.

A good home generally means Hope on earth and Heaven hereafter. To you who read this I say with all the kindness I can command: "Look well to your homes, for your own sakes; for the love you bear to those whom God has given you; for the sake of your country; and above all, for Christ's sake.

THE TRAVELER'S PSALM.

There are two ways of doing when you travel. I will tell you of a boy who did each way.

The first one kept thinking of every little discomfort all along the trip—and there are always plenty of these on every journey. He thought of how untidy the car looked, strewn with the peanut shells which the last occupant of the seats had left behind him. He thought how dusty the car cushions were, and how hot the day was. He thought how tired he was, and how the smoke blew in at the windows. When he reached his journey's end, he thought how rough the road was, and how the bus jolted, what a poor supper he had had at the hotel, and how hard the bed was. He did not get one bit of pleasure out of the journey. "Traveling is horrid," he said, fretfully.

The other boy sat in the same car and saw the same things; but he did not stop to think of those. There was too much to think of that was pleasant. He hardly glanced at the untidy floor, and the dusty seats, for his eyes were taken up with seeing what was out of the car window. It was a beautiful country through which they were passing, with wooded hills on each side of them rising into mountains in the distance. "The sky is as blue as sapphires, and the sunshine is as yellow as gold," thought the boy, taking a long breath of pure delight. "How many things I can see that I never could get an idea of at home! How beautiful it is to travel!" Every minute of his journey was a joy to him. He did not stop to think of the rough roads, nor the jolting, nor even what he had to eat, so long as it satisfied his hunger. His mind was full of the beauty round him.

This Psalm, which is called the Traveler's Psalm, has that in it

which will make all travel pleasant, and all our everyday life as well, if we follow its directions. How does it begin?

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." That was what the second boy traveler did. He did not stop to look at, and fret over, the petty annoyances of the way. He looked up at the hills. The hills stand, I think, for all beautiful things. God wants us to see beauty wherever we go.

How much easier you can see a person coming over a hill than coming in a valley. Perhaps the Psalmist remembered some time when he was a litle boy in trouble and his father came striding over the hills to help him. God will always help us. Day and night He watches over us.

Would it not be a good thing for us when we go about, abroad or at home, to take the Traveler's Psalm for a talisman?

—*Selected.*

PURE AIR NECESSARY TO HEALTH

There are a great many people who on the first approach of cold weather fasten up the windows and close the doors and by every means possible shut out the faintest breath of pure outside air. They seem to be afraid of the air because it is cold. They think the hot indoor air that they have breathed over and over until it is laden with poison, is better than the crisp, frosty air of the outdoor world.

It seems hard to understand why people are so afraid of cold air or night air. They simply haven't got gumption enough to know that their very life depends on air, fresh, pure, vitalizing oxygen. They don't seem to know that when this air is breathed over and over in a shut-up house that it is robbed of its life-giving qualities and cannot help but injure the lungs, devitalize the blood and make the whole body sick.

They don't know that their headaches, their colds, their sore throats, their pneumonia, and so on are caused by this way of living. Shutting themselves up in an overheated house, with rank, impure air, it is no wonder as soon as they step outside they take cold.

Dress warm but sensibly in the winter time, get out doors every day, walk, run, jump, do anything to get the blood circulating, breathe in deep long breaths of the refreshing cold air, breathe through the nose, and when you go in the house you will want some fresh outdoor air indoors, too.

Keep the house warm, of course, but not stuffy hot. Arrange it some way so the air can circulate in the rooms. Open the windows a little while at least once a day, and at night no matter how cold the weather may be, let the window be open both top and bottom.

You will not freeze, you will not get sick. But you will have stronger lungs, purer blood, and healthier body. You will be better natured, vivacious, full of life, and a more wholesome person in every way.—*E. P., in Medical.*

HOW TO TREAT YOUR BOY.

A boy's mother should remember that if she treats her boy as a gentleman she will do much toward making him one.

She should not treat her boy to perpetual frowns, scoldings and fault-findings. "Sugar attracts more flies than vinegar." Love wins her boy to a noble manhood.

She should never be so busy or hard pressed for time that she cannot listen to him. If he lives to be a man he will all too soon leave her. She should make the most of him while she has him.

She should not deny her boy any opportunity to enjoy out-door exercise or sports, and she should not forget to train him with a proper regard for his personal appearance.

She should never allow him to form such habits as coming to table in his shirt sleeves, neglecting his nails or teeth, or carrying soiled handkerchiefs.

She should not try to break her boy's will, but be thankful that he is manly enough to have a mind of his own, and devote herself to training it to the noblest uses.

She should not fail to instill in him a distaste for all that is vulgar. She should teach him good manners, which will be of the greatest benefit to him all through his life, and see to it that he is always polite and courteous to girls and women, and never forgets to raise his hat to them or let them enter a room first.

LISTENING TO THE GUIDES.

The climber who wishes to reach the top of Mont Blanc listens to the advice of those that have climbed it before him, and takes one experienced guide, at least, along with him. The man that would start to climb the great snow peak today without studying the methods of former mountaineers, would be a sheer madman. So the boy or girl who wants to reach the summits of life must listen to the advice of the old and experienced. No boy knows better, all by himself, than those who have climbed before he was born, and can tell him the landmarks of the way.—*Selected.*

A bareheaded, barefooted little boy astonished a worshiping congregation in a Massachusetts town on a recent Sunday, by rushing into church and exclaiming: "Where's my father? The pigs are out.—*The Children's Visitor.*

Officers' Department.

COMMON THINGS.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see!
It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.
Bring love and justice home; and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a command:
Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, aid fancy Him concealed,
But in earth's common things He stands revealed.
While grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright,
That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies.
Earths' deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.

—*Selected.*

Subject for June: Reverence.

The January number of the Friend contained the general instruction for the lessons of 1907. There are no more copies of that number to be had and so it is considered advisable to repeat in this issue said instructions with one or two additions.

Remember! Preparation is the watch-word for 1907.

You cannot do good work unless you have all the help that it is possible for you to get; each officer *must* have her own Friend. It is not fair to borrow; you may have the book just when the owner needs it most.

In the lesson work for 1907, one aim will be developed each month each week's lesson being a subdivision of the same.

It is a generally recognized fact that the more knowledge a teacher has of her subject and the more enthusiasm she feels for it, the greater is her ability to impart it to her class; for this reason it is expected that in each month's issue of the Children's Friend some material will

be furnished for study by officers in the Monthly Officers Meeting; also suggestive readings for home use. This home reading is optional with officers.

The introductory talk, memory gem, and story for each lesson is for the three grades. The memory gem should be taught in each grade, and when the grades re-assemble, recited in concert.

The introductory talks and stories must be so well studied by the teacher that she will be able to present the matter to the class in her own words. Care must be taken to modify the talks and the stories to fit the grade.

More than one memory gem will be given for each lesson, so that a choice may be made. It is suggested that each teacher keep a little book in which to enter memory gems, and if one is found that is more appropriate, it may be used.

The songs for each month should be chosen at the officers' meeting and should be as appropriate to the thought of the month as possible.

Where any preparation is necessary on the part of the members, especially in the Third Grade, the appointments must be made and the matter given out at least one week ahead.

The officers are requested to read over all the matter for the lessons, the paper to be discussed at the Officers' Meeting and all the lessons for each grade. Each teacher should be so full of the subject that she will not only have all the points given, but will be so full of the spirit of it, that it will have the effect on her that she desires to create in the chidren.

Where little selections in poetry are given in the introductory talks, it will make the lesson much more effective if the teacher is able to repeat them from memory.

The questions given at the end of the grade lessons are only suggestive, and may be used either at the close of the lesson, interspersed throughout the lesson, or wherever they may be most effective.

Subject for the month: Cleanliness.

Divisions: Lesson 17, Cleanliness of the Body; Lesson 18, Cleanliness in the Home; Lesson 19, Cleanliness in Speech; Lesson 20, Cleanliness in Thought and Deed.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in Monthly Officers Meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

For Home Reading:

The Holy Grail, Tennyson. The 24th Psalm. Chapter on Home Power in Character by Samuel Smiles. Cleanliness a Part of Our Religion, The Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 29, page 409.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." There are not many who think of this quotation as having a direct bearing on all that pertains to the development of a perfect condition of humanity. The command "to remember and be sure, our hearts and hands are clean and pure," means moral, physical and spiritual cleanliness, and the degree of cleanliness measures the standard of perfection reached. The ambition of the Latter-day Saint is to attain to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, and therefore, the subject of cleanliness should be one of great importance to all engaged in struggling towards this condition of perfection. The subject for this month is one of great value to teachers and children as the matter contained in the division of the lessons covers, in a way, all the morals of a good life.

Cleanliness of the body is the first division and the children should be helped to realize that a clean body means a healthy body and one better fitted to meet and overcome the difficulties of life. A clean body dressed in clean clothing is in a comfortable condition physically, while the mental condition is affected by the ease and satisfaction which comes with a good personal appearance.

"Cleanliness may be recommended as a mark of politeness, as it produces affection, and as it bears analogy to purity of mind, as it renders us agreeable, so it makes us easy to ourselves. It is an excellent preservative of health; and several vices, destructive both to body and mind, are inconsistent with the habit of it."

Cleanliness in the home: "The home is more than the family dwelling; it is the seat of the family life; and the family life stands to the life of the nation in the same relation as the index to the volume, or the expression of the countenance to the feeling of the heart. The homes of any people are the very beginnings of its progress, the very centers of its law and order, and of its social and political prosperity. We recognize art and science, agriculture and industry, politics and morality; but do we realize, as we should, that, beneath all these, as the great foundation rock upon which they all must rest, lies the home. Or, to change the figure, the homes of our people are the springs out of which flow our national life and character."

"There is a tract called 'In Search of the Beautiful." It sets a person before us who resolved to seek and find the beautiful; and he bethought himself of the mountains of Switzerland, and the sunny plains of Italy and the forests of America, and ever so many of the wonders of the world. But, before he completed his arrangements, a little bird whispered, 'Begin at home.' The little bird was wiser than the man. The beautiful is always with us. 'Oh, my friend,' says one writer, 'make the place where God has put us beautiful. If it be but a tent in the desert, make it beautiful. If it be only a cottage in a lonely place, or an attic-room in a cottage, or a fireside, or a bench in a workshop, or a berth in a ship, or a seat in a school, or a place on your mother's knee, or a place in her heart, make it beautiful. And the sadder, the darker, the poorer the place is, be the more eager to make it beautiful.

"In one of his poems, Lowell tells the story of an ancient prophet who made a pilgrimage far into the wilderness until he reached the holy hill Mount Sinai. He had been conscious that for some reason God's presence had deserted him, and he had set out for the sacred mountain, confident that there, if anywhere, he should find it again. And so he stood on the hillside, and prayed to God to give him a sign. He bowed his head, and waited for the answer to his prayer. He expected something wonderful, perhaps a loud peal of thunder. He heard nothing; not even a breath of wind stirred the air. But suddenly, while his eyes were cast on the ground at his feet, the tuft of a moss before him burst open, and a little violet sprang through! In a moment it flashed upon him how blind he had been; he remembered that just before he left home his little daughter had come running to him, to give him a nosegay of precisely the same flowers. These flowers grew at his own door; he saw them every day; he had no need to come so far for them. He had been careless of the little things which put together, made up the sun of his life from day to day, and he was now taught that these should have been his first care. He acknowledged his blindness of heart, saying:

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou Thyself would'st then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings."

Cleanliness is beauty, and home should be the most beautiful place to the children; a home of order, peace and happiness, where each inhabitant shares in the responsibility of keeping and preserving within its domain all that goes toward making it the great civilizer of the world.

Cleanliness in speech: Perhaps there is no fault more common than uncleanness of speech: exaggeration, flattery, slang, profanity. Nothing could be more useless than unnecessary and profane language; nothing is gained by it; it is mere habit without any motive. A person who is guilty of any of these faults of speech is no happier for its use; feels no better towards his or her neighbor; receives no recompense in either money or honor; it does not improve character; it is no mark of wisdom or wit; any imbecile or idiot can use such language with the greatest ease.

"You can unlock a man's whole life if you watch what words he uses most. We have each a small set of words which, though we are scarcely aware of it, we always work with, and which really express all that we mean by life or have found out of it."

Cleanliness in Thought and Deed:

"It is your thoughts that are working out in your character, in your destiny, and in the character and destiny of others. Yet you go on thinking soul-and-body-destroying thoughts and wonder why things go on wrong.

This is not a sermon, only a serious thought which we might

together follow out for a few moments. You know the good Book says, "As a man thinketh . . . .so is he." Would you like to have all your thoughts for any one day of your life written and brought for your reading? Yet not one of these has failed to write itself on your character, on your physical being, on your destiny.

You are a person of average good qualities, but you are human and in the course of the day some thought of impatience, vanity, spite or other selfishness comes up for expression. You entertain it, express it. What is some of its certain fruits? Trace them to the selfhood, then to your actions, then to the actions of others. It would astonish you to see how awry is your point of view in every consideration with which you have to deal. It would alarm you to trace its effects out to the secretions of the various organs of your body, to the character of life-blood your veins carry. It would startle you to know that at your door lies the responsibility in part for the ill-thought and ill-conduct of every brother who has been reached by your selfishness.

But to go back. Suppose the thought of impatience, vanity, spite, or other selfishness when it rises receives no recognition, is rebuked as it deserves. What then? Does it persist? Maybe, but if the will (and, thank God, He has given us free will, has put that stamp of His Fatherhood upon us) stands firm for the right, the evil thought drops away from the mind as if it had not been, and the would-be vacuum is filled with the rush of life that is ever flowing upward, and our day is a perfect peace, the glory shines round about, and everyone near feels the warmth and glow of it—the inspiration to rise to higher levels. Is it worth while to guard the very thought? Try it just for one day."

Lesson 17.

Subject: Cleanliness of the Body.

Introductory Talk: "Boys and girls are often reminded to be sure to have clean hands. The Bible, too, speaks of clean hands, for we read in the twenty-fourth Psalm that in order to stand in God's holy place, we must have clean hands and a pure heart.

"Now when papa or mamma asks you, 'Are your hands clean?' you look to see if there are any marks of dirt on them. But when the Bible speaks of having clean hands, what do you suppose it means? Why it means that we must have hands that are not soiled by wrong doing. Every time your hands do a naughty act, it is just as if you stained them with some ugly mark. You cannot see the mark with your eyes, but God can, and it grieves Him."

A good Quaker once met, it is said, a little boy with very dirty hands. He said to the boy, "Would you like to try a beautiful chemical experiment?" The boy answered "Yes." The Quaker then told him to get some nice clean water, and some good soap, to rub a little

soap on his hands and then to rub them in the water. "After you wipe them," he said, "you will find they are changed from homely, dirty hands, to beautiful, white ones."

How many will try the good Quaker's "beautiful chemical experiment" often?

Little princes are much like other children. The son of the Crown Prince of Prussia did not like to be washed in the morning, and he often made a great fuss about it.

One day his governor reported him to his father. "Very well," said the Crown Prince, "after this let him go unwashed."

So the next morning the prince did not have his face washed, or his hands, and he went out to walk with his governor, feeling very proud to think that he had got his own way.

Around the palace of the prince there were many soldiers, who watched to see that no harm came to the royal family. These soldiers always saluted the children whenever they went by. This time, however, the first soldier the little prince passed stood stiff and straight and did not salute. The prince looked displeased but said nothing Presently, he came to another soldier, but he also stood still and did not salute. When the walk was finished, and they had passed many soldiers, none of whom paid any attention to the prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father exclaiming:

"Papa, papa—you must whip all your soldiers! They refuse to salute me when I pass!"

"Ah, my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that he took a shower-bath every morning.

We should all keep our bodies very clean; a clean body means a healthy, strong body. It is much easier to keep well and avoid disease if we are careful about being clean. The clothing, too, should be clean, free from dust and dirt of any kind. Sometimes it makes a great difference in our lives if we are found to be clean and neat in our person and clothing. Let me tell you what a clean apron did once. "A lady wanted a trusty little maid to help her take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of girl. One day she was passing along the street, and saw a little girl with a clean apron holding a baby in the door-way of a small house.

"That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked the girl for her mother.

"Mother has gone out to work," was the reply. "Father is dead and now mother has to do everything."

"Should you like to come and live with me?" asked the lady.

"I should like to help mother, somehow."

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the girl called to see her mother; and the end of it was, she took the maid to live with her, and found—what she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat orderly bent of her mind. She

had no careless habits; she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron."

Memory Gems.

"Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it."
"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

First Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 197.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise:

FINGER PLAY.

Thumbkins says, "be brave,"
Pointer says, "behave;"
Tallman says, "be kind,"
Ringman says, "and mind;"
Baby finger says, "that's right"—
And they all dance with delight.

Recitation by member of the class.

WHICH?

Here are two little hands,
  What can they do—
Good things or bad things
  The whole day through?
Helping or hindering—
  Which of the two?

Here are two little feet,
  Where have they run—
Into the shadow or
  Into the sun?
Helping or hindering—
Which have they done?

Here are two little lips,
  What can they say—
Glad words or cross words
  Through the whole day?
Helping or hindering—
  Now, which are they?

Story: "A Good Machine." Page 178.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade:

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 197.

Story: "A Good Machine." Page 178.

Questions: In what two ways can you keep your hands clean? How did the Crown Prince of Prussia learn to keep clean? How should your clothes be kept? When people want work done, why do they choose boys and girls who are neat and clean? How should the hair be cared for? The teeth? How is your body like a good machine? How can you care for it? Why is smoking a dirty habit? How does care help your body?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade

Introductory Talk. Page 197.

Recitation: By member of class.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it.
That it speak no wrong,
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thy eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.
Guard, while thou art young,
Ears, and eyes, and tongue.

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

HOW TO SELECT A BOY.

A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves in answer. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that old man, showing that he was thoughtful and kindly. He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly, show-

ing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed and his hair in order; when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me." Little things show character, and frequently determine a boy's whole career."

JUDGED BY THE HANDS

The boy in search of a job turned up at supper time at his sister's house, looking rather disconsolate.

"I didn't get nothing to do," he said, shortly.

"I don't wonder if you used that kind of grammar," said his sister.

"That wasn't it; I had my company grammar on all right; 'twas something else, and I'll tell Jim about it after supper. You'd spring the 'I-told-you-so' game on me, and make me tired."

Jim was his brother-in-law, and had been a job-hunting boy himself not many years before. He was beckoned into the sitting room immediately after rising from the table, and once there the door was shut by his wife's youthful brother, who turned and said, "I went to fourteen places today, Jim, and was turned down at every shot. I've read about such things in the Sunday school books and in the funny papers, but I thought it was all a gab. The guy I applied to didn't ask me if I lived with my mother; they didn't ask me if I wrote a good hand; they didnt' ask me if I knew the city, and they didn't ask me nothing at all that I expected them to ask me. The first thing four of them says was, 'Hold up your mitts,' while the others said, 'Please let us look at your hands.' There was one look, and four of them says 'Git,' and the rest says, politely: 'We don't think we require your services.' "

"What was the matter?" asked the sister's husband.

The boy held up the forefinger of his left hand, along the inner side of which a yellow stain showed as far as the second knuckle "That," he said simply.

"H'm," said the brother-in-law, "the boss in our shop won't allow cigarette smoking, either; but I didn't know things had gone as far as this. Why don't you quit?"

"I have. I quit last night. One of the guys that said, 'Git,' called me back just as I got to the elevator, and says, 'What makes you smoke cigarettes?' 'I don't,' I says. 'There's some things worse than cigarette smokin',' he says.

" 'I quit last night,' I told him. Then he grinned a little, and said I might not be such a liar as he thought after all, but it was a fact that Chicago men had quit hiring cigarette kids. Then he says: 'You're

sure you quit last night, are you? Well, you come back again in a week and show me your mitt.'

"The stain'll wear off by that time, Jim, and I kinder think that feller'll give me a job."

Quotations from the Bible, to be memorized and repeated by members of the class.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."—*Psalms, 24.*

"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes."—*Isaiah,* 1:16.

"Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."—*2 Corinthians, 7*:1.

Discuss the following:

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, thy clothes, and thy habitation."—*Herbert.*

"Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied—like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, which we look upon with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust.—*Addison.*

Story: "A Good Machine." Page 178.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 18.

Subject: Cleanliness in the Home.
Introductory talk:

"The House where Everything's in Place
Just round the corner stands;
Where Merry Heart and Smiling Face
Keep house with Busy Hands;
And where the news of every day
Is always something kind to say."

"Jeffy stopped whistling to scowl; the two things somehow didn't fit each other. You either had to stop whistling or go without scowling, and you couldn't do that very well when you were in a dreadful

hurry and couldn't find your cap and jacket. So Jeffy stopped whistling a minute.

"Where could I have put my jacket this time?" he scolded. "I never saw such slipperly old things as jackets an' hats, anyway!"

That made the second pair of them Jeffy had lost since morning. The first time it wasn't so bad, for there had been his best coat and cap to fall back upon. Of course he had gone upstairs after those when he hadn't been able to find the everyday ones. But this time; what was he going to do this time? The best ones were lost, too!

Just then Jeffy heard his special "call" on the telephone. Uncle Geof was calling him. He came back from the front hall in a whirl of excitement. Goody! Oh, goody! Uncle Geof had invited him to go riding in his automobile with him; he was to call in about fifteen minutes.

"Goody!" shouted Jeffy. "How about that, mother? Isn't Uncle Geof a dear? But I can't wear my last year's coat, of course—why, that's gone, too! They're all gone, every single one of 'em! Oh, mother, don't you know where some of my jackets and caps are? I've got to find one before Uncle Geof comes!"

"Why, yes, I know where they all are," smiled mother, pleasantly. "They're in the pound."

"In the—what?" cried Jeffy. His eyes widened with astonishment.

"The pound. Haven't you ever heard of a pound, dear? It's a place where caps and jackets that boys leave lying round in the wrong places are all put away; that's what my pound is, anyway! In olden times pounds were public inclosures where all stray animals were driven and kept until their owners claimed them; and, Jeffy, the owners had to pay something to get them out, you know. That was the way they were taught to keep their property where it belonged. Perhaps the boy who has to redeem his caps and jackets very many times from his mother's pound will conclude by and by"—

"Yes'm—yes'm," stammered red-faced Jeffy. "P'r'haps he'll hang 'em up in the hall closet. But, mother"—

"But, Jeffy?"

"I hope it—it doesn't cost so very much to get things out o' pounds, because—because"—

"Because, Jeffy?"

"I haven't much of my spending money left. I—I'm 'fraid I haven't any. I spent the last of it buying salted peanuts, yesterday."

There was an embarrasing little silence. Jeffy watched mother's face with both anxious eyes and listened for Uncle Geof with both his anxious ears. He knew he could never go riding bareheaded and without a jacket—not in a beautiful, new automobile! And his spending money was all eaten up.

"Oh, I wish folks had never thought to pound things!" he groaned inside; "or else I wish I'd thought to hang 'em up."

"If—you'd lend me some money, mother."

Mother crossed the room and took him right into her two arms.

"Dear, I can't. It's a rule, you know. And I'm afraid it's a pound rule not to let anything go until it is lawfully redeemed. I'm sorry, Jeffy" —

"Yes'm, so'm I." But Jeffy straightened up, and looked as if he were trying to smile. It wasn't quite a success, but mother was satisfied. She smiled, too, though as sure as you live she had to try as hard as Jeffy! What she wanted to do was to cry. It was terribly hard, oh, terribly! keeping a pound.

"You tell him—you tell Uncle Geof I can't go today 'cause I have to earn some money," Jeffy said steadily. "I'm going out in the back yard and pile that wood up." And he strode away, whistling a shaky little tune. Mother looked after him mournfully.

"I feel as if I'd pounded him!" she told Aunt Louie a minute later, as she stood by the window looking out meditatively.

Aunt Louie rocked slowly back and forth in her chair.

"Well, you have, the poor little man!" she smiled; "but he's good for it. Wait and see if it doesn't teach him to hang his things up, dear. Just wait and see!"

And mother waited and saw.

Jeffy's mother was a woman of order, and there can be no order where there is dirt. "There should be a place for everything, and everything in its own place." And dirt is, after all, things out of place. Unkind words and acts are like dirt, just things out of place."

"Papa," said Katy, sitting on her father's knee, "what is the reason that some days are so lucky and other days are so unlucky? Today began all wrong, and everything that has happened today has been wrong; while on other days I begin right, and all goes right all day.

"If Aunt Anna had not kept me in the morning, I should not have been marked at school, and then I should not have been cross, and I should not have had so many disagreeable things the rest of the time."

"But what did Aunt Anna keep you for, child?"

"To sew on the string of my hat, papa."

"How did it happen to be off?"

"Well," said Katy, slowly, "that I suppose was my fault, for it came off on Tuesday, and I didn't fasten it on."

"So, you see, we must go back of Aunt Anna for the beginning of this unlucky day of yours. Did you ever hear the old saying, "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost'?"

"Tell me," cried Katy, who liked stories much. So her father repeated:

"For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For the want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
For the want of a horse, the rider was lost;
For the want of a rider, the battle was lost;
For the want of the battle, the kingdom was lost—
And all for the want of a horseshoe-nail."

"O papa!" cried the little girl, "I see what you mean." Who would have thought that such a little thing as not sewing on my string at the right time could make a difference for a whole day? Whenever I feel like neglecting little things, I will say, 'For want of a nail, the shoe was lost.'"

Memory Gems.

"The sweetest type of heaven is home."

"To make men out of boys, and women out of girls, there is no place like home.

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 202.
Songs chosen by teachers and children.
Rest exercise. Page 199.
Story: "The Home that Was Waiting to Be Found." Page 180.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 202.
Story: "The Home that Was Waiting to Be Found." Page 180.
Questions: How will a "place for everything and everything in its place" help mother? How can girls help make home beautiful? How can the boys? Which is more beautiful and useful, weeds or flowers? Tell how you can make your garden useful as well as beautiful. Mother needs the help of all her boys and girls in the home. Why?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 202.
Recitation: By member of class:

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

"He who would build a house for all to see,
In honesty should dig the foundation ways,
And lay the corner-stone of love, and raise
The walls of steadfastness; and then should he
Bedeck the walls with song and poesy
And keep the fires of sweet content ablaze;
The windows hope, the ascending gables praise,
And over all the roof of charity.
Then let the tempest rage, the fires consume,
Time's self is impotent to seal the doom
Of such a house, where wanderers may find
Graven in gold above the open portal:
'Who enters here leaves hopelessness behind.'
The true home is the heart, and so immortal."

—*Richard Nixon.*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

WHAT THEY SAW.

Two children— a boy of twelve and a girl a year or two older— moved with their father and mother into a pretty little home in the suburbs. There was a wide stretch of neglected lawn in front of the house. Some building had been reared, and a heap of stones that had not been used was left, to keep company with other unsightly waste that had collected. In a trampled, weed-grown bed, a few discouraged plants were feebly trying to assert themselves and do a little growing. One had even unfurled a small, ragged, red blossom.

The boy and girl surveyed the yard with disapproving eyes. They had been assigned the job of clearing it up and setting it in order, and scarcely knew where to begin. Suddenly, as they looked, the little red blossom caught the eye of the girl. In a minute her face brightened.

"Oh, look; there's a flower! There must have been a flower bed here before the workmen tore things up so," she cried. "Let's fix it up, first of all."

The boy looked about with newly-observant eyes.

"We can use these stones for a border, or make a low rockery of them," he began. "And we can fill in with that heap of earth over there, it looks good and rich. We will take up the best of these flowers carefully, and set them back when we have it ready. Come along."

The girl "came along" as eager over the prospect as he. In fancy they saw at once, not the unsightly piles of earth and stones, the few ragged flowers, and the torn grass, but a pretty rockery, filled with trailing vines and blossoming plants. The work went on vigorously and easily with that vision to urge them along. And in time their dream was fulfilled; they had a beautiful, flower-filled mound, set in the midst of a smooth, well-kept lawn.—*Cora S. Day.*

PURE AIR.

A man who was much interested in trying to help others wanted to find out why so many people were fond of intoxicating drink, so he tried an experiment. He went to a place in a large city where poor people lived in tenements. Tenements are a great number of houses built so closely together that there is very little ventilation, no pure air, no green grass or trees, and very little chance to see the sky. The people are huddled up together, sometimes whole families living in one room. This good man rented a room in one of these tenements and slept there; the first morning he awakened with a violent headache, and with every nerve crying out for drink. The second morning he woke with a sore throat.

Then he went into the country until he felt better. A day or two of pure air soon made him well, and he returned to the tenement; the

first morning he awakened with the violent headache and intense thirst, the second morning with the sore throat.

To make the test a thorough one he went back and forth a half dozen times and every time he slept in the tenement room where the air was so impure he wakened with the pain in his head and throat, and the intense desire to drink something stronger than water. And he said that he was sure that pure air and cleanliness in the home would not only keep people in a more healthy condition, but would remove desire to do things which are wicked and wrong.

INDEPENDENTLY POOR.

She always had a good time, the other girls said of Jesse—said it half enviously, some of them. Her home was an old-fashioned, rather shabby house where the furnishing and the style of life were of the plainest, but she welcomed her friends there cordially, and shared with them what she had without pretense or apology. She wore her plain clothes in the same way—prettily and daintily made, but inexpensive always—and made the most of whatever pleasures came in her way without regard to appearing in costly array.

"You seem to get as much satisfaction out of everything as if you were independently rich," said a discontented acquaintance one day. "I don't see how you can."

"Well, if I am not independently rich, I am independently poor, and I suppose that's the next best thing," laughed Jessie.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without sham or pretense, lifts a burden of fret and anxiety, and leaves the spirit free.—*Selected.*

Discuss the following:

"When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.—*Spurgeon.*

"A cottage, if God be there, will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—*Hamilton.*

Story: "The Home that Was Waiting to Be Found." Page 180.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 19.

Subject: Cleanliness in Speech.
Introductory talk:

You may keep your feet from slipping,
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue!

"You may feel inclined to quarrel
With the doctrine that I preach,
But the soundness of the moral
Sad experience will teach:
Be it said or be it sung
Everywhere,
Oh, beware
Of the tittle-tattle tongue!"

The tongue needs guarding against so many things. It must be kept from saying unkind and untrue words, and it must also be kept from saying bad, wicked words. Sometimes when going down the street one can hear so much bad language from men and women and boys and girls, even quite small ones

A father was having a serious talk with his son:

"'Learn to talk like a gentleman, my boy. I am sorry to hear you talk street talk. Do quit it.'

"'What is street, talk, papa?'

"'What did you say just now to sister?'

"'I told her to be quiet.'

"'But you said "Hush up," and said it very loud and rudely. What did you, ten minutes ago, say to Martha?'

"'I told her to get out of my way.'

"'But you did not say it half so nicely as that. You said, "Get out of this." And I think you called her some name.'

Harry looked ashamed, but he answered:

"'I called her a dirty sneak.'

"'Just so. That is what I mean by street talk. All such coarse, vulgar words, especially the rough tone and manner, you hear on the street. They belong to those boys who have never been taught any better, and to those men, who, though knowing better, yet do not care anything about the better way. But my boy should never use street talk.'"

This "street talk," or slang is used by many boys and girls, and in

a short time it grows into a habit, and is done without thinking, until it seems as if some cannot talk without using it.

Nor is "street talk" the worst part of bad language we hear. We sometimes hear the name of our Heavenly Father spoken in a very improper way. This must be very displeasing; for we have been taught that even in praying we should not use the name of the Deity often; so how much worse it is to speak that name in anger or without thinking at all, as we often hear people do.

One of the first commandments given to the Children of Israel was: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

It seems strange that one would dare to disobey such a commandment. It must be that some of those who do it must have forgotten this, or they would certainly be more careful.

Swearing is silly as well as wicked. It does not make our conversation any stronger and certianly no more beautiful. Some boys use it because they think it makes them look manly, or that it gives force to their sayings, and seem proud of it. But it does not show courage or manliness at all. Usually the worse cowards are the ones who use the worst language.

Our boys and girls can do a great deal in helping others to break themselves of this wicked habit. Here is a true story of a boy who did his part.

Carl Hastings stood waiting at the station. His train had been delayed. A party of trainmen were on the platform. One brakeman, vexed over the delay, gave vent to oaths. Carl stood near him, so that he could say quietly, as the others moved away: "You wouldn't use your mother's name in that way, would you?"

The young man looked up surprised. "No, I wouldn't," he admitted. "Well, how much more careful we should be about the name of God."

The man made no reply. Carl Hastings felt a little fearful lest he might be offended. The brakeman belonged to the crew going out on the train. He might yet show his displeasure. Still it was not necessary to worry over what had been a sudden impulse of duty.

Some time after Carl was again traveling over the road. A brakeman came and sat down beside him, saying:

"I don't believe you remember me, but I have never forgotten what you said that day on the platform. I thought you might like to know that I have not since been guilty of swearing."

Carl's word had not been in vain.—*Selected.*

Example is even better in helping others than all the talking we can do; because when bad language is heard, it is so often repeated. Smaller children learn it from older ones, although they do not know what they are saying; they learn just as parrots do, by repeating what they hear.

"Mike is the name of a poll parrot that occupies a cage in a modest home in one of the suburban houses in a Maryland village.

" 'It is just an ordinary parrot,' remarked a neighbor of the owner;' but as a reformer the bird has no equal.

"When the neighbor spoke to his wife about getting such a bird she was simply horrified. She had seen and heard other birds of the parrot family, and she wanted no profane bird about her house. The man of the house was addicted to the use of words which would not bear repetition everywhere, and the wife feared the parrot might follow his example.

"Just imagine a person calling at the house and being greeted by the bird with a name that has caused many a man to be imprisoned by the police court judges! Such conduct on the part of the bird would not only prove shocking, but might be productive of other trouble.

"Having made a solemn promise never to use language which could in any way offend those who heard it, the husband was told that he might bring home a parrot, and that the bird would be cared for.

"The bird soon appeared in the house, and has been there ever since. And the owner of the pet has never set the green bird a bad example. The bird, instead of using cuss words, has been taught just the reverse, and has brought about such a change in the house that no money could induce its mistress to part with him."

Boys and girls can help in another way—and it is a great thing to be able to help others keep commandments—and that is by having nothing at all to do, either at school or in play, with those who soil their lips by saying improper things and using bad language. Always shun profane companions, and never mind if they do laugh at first; they will respect and honor you afterwards, just as the brakeman respected Carl.

What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to a boy.

"He doesn't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap—to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to pain your friends, and all good people, and to risk losing your own soul, and all for nothing—you certainly do work cheap—very cheap, indeed!"—*Selected.*

Memory Gems.

"To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

"If wisdom's ways you widely seek, five things observe with care; of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how, and when, and where."

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 208.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.

Recitation to be given by one of the children.

THE LITTLE WORD THAT WAS LOST.

I lost a very little word,
Only the other day;
Only a very naughty word
I had not meant to say.

But then it was not really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up
And now he says it too.

Mamma is sad, papa looks grieved—
Johnny has said it twice;
Of course it is no use for me
To tell him it's not nice.

Lose other things, you never seem
To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming back!

—*Selected.*

Rest exercise. Page 199.
Story: "Mamma's Scrubbing Cure." Page 184.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 208.
Story: "Mamma's Scrubbing Cure." Page 184.

Questions: How can you guard your tongue? Against what should it be guarded? What is meant by "street talk?" Why should it not be used? What commandment about swearing was given to the Children of Israel? What is meant by taking the name of the Lord in vain? Tell some ways boys and girls can help others give up swearing? How did Carl Hastings help. How did the parrot help? What is a "scrubbing cure?"

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 208.
Recitation by member of the class.

THREE GATES.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

These narrow gates—First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" in your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.
—*Selected.*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

IN GOD'S SIGHT.

"A gentleman once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company, when he dared not do so by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or at any place. "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the church-yard at twelve o'clock tonight, and swear the same oaths you have uttered here, when you are alone with your God." "Agreed," said the man; "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars." "Well, you come to me tomorrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours." The time passed on; midnight came; the man went to the graveyard. It was a night of thick darkness. As he entered the place, not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words "alone with God," came to him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness he had committed, and had come there to repeat, darted through his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and, instead of the dreadful oaths he had come to utter, the earnest cry went up, "Oh, Father forgive me." The next day he went to the gentleman, thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved never to swear again."

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

Dr. J. G. Paton, missionary, was on the S. S. Hero, Capt. Logan, for New Zealand. Fast men and gamblers returning from Melbourne races were on. Their language was extremely profane. The second day at dinner, Dr. Paton said:

"Gentlemen, will you bear with me a moment. I am sure no man at this table wishes to wound the feleings of another or to give needless pain."

Every eye stared at him as to what was meant.

"Gentlemen, we are fellow passengers for a week or more. Now I am cut and wounded to my very heart to hear you cursing the name of my Heavenly Father and taking in vain the name of my blessed Savior. It is God in whom we live and move, and it is Jesus who tried to save us, and I would rather ten times over you would abuse me,

which no gentleman here would think of doing, than profanely use those Holy Names so dear to me."

There was silence and faces crimsoned with anger or shame. A consumptive banker replied with oaths and wrath. Dr. Paton, calmly, kindly eyed him and responded:

"Dear sir, you and I are strangers. I pity you in your heavy trouble and hacking cough. You ought to be the last to curse that blessed name, as you may soon have to appear in His presence. If the Savior was as dear to your heart as He is to mine you would better understand me." Little was said that meal. An hour later Capt. Logan said in his room: "I am a Christian, sir. My hour with my Bible is more than all the pleasure of the world. You did your duty, now leave it to their consciences and to God."

He heard not another oath on that ship. The banker met Dr. Paton in New Zealand and took him to his house. Better pray than swear.

WATCH YOUR TONGUE.

"It belongs to you, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbor's tongue may need care, also, but it is his business and not yours to see to it.

Watch your tongue. It needs watching. It is the helm which guides the vessel. Let the helmsman keep awake. It can bless or curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts or blight hopes; it can sow discord or separate friends.

Watch your tongue. No one but you can take care of it. Your neighbors may wish to bridle it, but they cannot do it."

Discuss the following:

"The tongue is the best part of man, and his worst; with good government, none is more useful; without it none is more mischievous."

"There are but ten precepts of the law of God, and two of them, so far as concerns the outward organ and vent of the sins there forbidden, are bestowed on the tongue, as though it was ready to fly out both against God and man, if not thus bridled."

"Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser, for it. It commends no one to any society.

It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless. and injurious to society."

Story: "Mamma's Scrubbing Cure." Page 184.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 20.

Subject: Cleanliness in Thought and Deed.

Introductory talk: We all want our bodies to be clean, our homes to be clean, and our words to be clean, pure, and true. But this is not all. Our actions should be clean, good and noble. What do you think is meant by clean actions? There is one way of making our deeds so pure and clean that they are good enough for any one to follow as examples. You know that

"Our hearts are the gardens,
Our thoughts are the roots,
Our words are the blossoms,
Our deeds are the fruits."

Have you ever noticed a gardener when he prepares the ground for a choice plant, one from which he expects to get a rare blossom? He is so careful to have it contain only that which will be the best for it. The tender roots must not touch anything that will harm them in any way. Are we as careful with our gardens? Yet how much more precious they are; for the roots that are planted in those gardens will grow into blossoms and fruit, words and actions, which will help or hinder not only ourselves, but those we meet; for everything we do has an effect upon others: we either help or hinder them in doing right. Even when we think no one is seeing us, we may be helping or hurting some one.

"'Ho, hum!' sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard, and stood looking at the wood which had been drawn into the yard. 'That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an elder brother.' And he shrugged his shoulders as he started towards the shed for the saw.

"Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed he noticed that Luke Stafford and Jim Brent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them a few minutes.

Jim was busy piling the wood he had already sawed and split, and made it an even, regular pile that any boy might have been proud of.

"That's the way Jim always works," Roy thought, with an admiring glance at the result of his friends' labor.

Just then the minister passed by the Brent's front gate. "All done but sandpapering, Jim?" he inquired with a smile.

Jim blushed at the implied compliment, and answered: "Pretty nearly, sir."

Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stafford, across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week,

but none of it was piled, and only a few sticks lying in a heap beside him had been sawed. Now he called out, in drawling tones: "Mother! how many sticks do you need today?"

The sharp contrast between the two boys he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his own load of wood, and laughed. Then he picked up the saw, and went to work with a will.

"I may not be able to rival Jim," he said to himself as he sawed, "but I'm bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw at night."

When Mrs. Miller came to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order. "Why, Roy, how much you have done!" she said. "I am glad to see you have taken hold of your work so heartily and well."

"Oh," replied Roy. "I didn't relish the undertaking when I began, but I had an object lesson."

"What was that?" asked his mother, looking interested.

"It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood," replied Roy, pointing as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys, looked and laughed, and then she said: "I like the choice you made of patterns."

And the pattern proved to be one that lasted with Roy. If he were tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones, as he asked: "How many sticks do you need?"

The Bible says: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." So if our hearts are filled with good, pure, beautiful thoughts, our words will be good and kind, and our actions will be such as will make the world better because we have lived.

Some think that because others cannot see or hear our thoughts, it does not matter what they are. But there is One who sees. Our Heavenly Father sees even our thoughts. He knows just what we are, whether they are good or evil, and in time others will learn also; for our words and actions will prove what the thoughts have been.

A little girl one day said to her mother: "Papa calls me good, auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said the child, 'but I have got a very naughty 'think.' "

"A naughty what?"

"My think is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother's inquiring what she meant, she said: "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry, or say anything, but when you were gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good."

Should we like to have our parents hear what we are thinking all the time? If bad thoughts come to you, just think of your parents, and the bad thoughts will leave. If we feel we would not like anyone to hear our thoughts, then there must be something wrong with them,

and we must send them away as soon as we can to give room for something that is good; for they cannot both be there together.

"A homeless Bad Thought went a-searching one day
For a spot where it snugly could settle and stay;
It hung round Fred's door for three hours by the clock,
But never found courage to step up and knock.

The place was too busy and crowded, you see;
There was really no spot that seemed to be free;
There were thoughts of his home, lessons, books to be read,
And no time to be idle from breakfast to bed.

'I might push my way in,' said the Bad Thought, 'but then
Every corner is filled; I'd be turned out again.
It's no use to hang round; this is no place for me!'
And it went off as downcast as downcast could be.

But Jim's door stood open, not far down the road;
No crowd was about it, no bustle it showed;
The hall was deserted, the study was bare,
And the Bad Thought stepped in with a satisfied air.

'Ah,' here's what I want,' it remarked with a grin,
I can settle in peace, and grow into a sin.
Jim's life is so idle, no good thoughts I see,
That's just the right home for an inmate like me"

So it stayed and it grew till it filled the whole place,
And owned Jim in the bargain, and brought him disgrace.
Poor Jim! Other boys, too, should keep a look-out,
For many a bad thought goes searching about."

Doing anything for the purpose of deceiving, or taking advantage of anyone, is not a clean, noble deed, and those who act so can not be trusted.

The Duke of Wellington was quite above such things, and would not let any of his agents do any mean thing in his name. One of his servants once bought some land adjoining his country estate, and was boasting of making a fine bargain, because the man who had owned the land was badly in need of money.

"What did you pay for it?" asked the duke.

"Eight hundred pounds," the agent answered.

"And how much was it worth?"

"Eleven hundred pounds," was the answer, and the man rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of the good bargain.

"Then take three hundred pounds to the man, with my compliments, and never venture to talk of good bargains to me again."

Memory Gems.

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Is the thing He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say."

"With watchfulness thy heart possess,
For there thou findest blessedness.
Think noble thoughts, and thence shall spring
Sweet buds and beauteous blossoming.
Thought is the seed; the fruit appears
With process of the circling years."

"Let all our thoughts be sweet and pure,
And all the world shall bow
In homage, and they may endure
Ten thousand years from now."

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 214.
Singing of songs chosen by teacher and children.
Recitation for four little girls, one verse each.

"The first little girl is very gay,
She smiles at work, and she smiles at play,
And just is sunny the livelong day.

The next little girl is very neat,
And whether at home, or on the street,
She is stylish and trim from head to feet.

The third little girl is very good;
She wipes the dishes, and brings the wood,
And minds her mother just as she should.

The fourth little girl is sweet and true.
She says, "There's little that I can do
But love, so I love you the whole day through."

Rest exercise. Page 199.
Story: "Pure Breath and Clean Hands." Page 185.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 214.
Story: "Pure Breath and Clean Hands." Page 185.
Questions: What are clean actions? Tell how our hearts are like gardens. How did Roy Miller keep his actions clean? What is meant by the verse from the Bible: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh?" As our companions cannot see our thoughts, why should we always be careful to keep them clean and pure? How can we keep our thoughts clean? Tell the story of the Bad Thought. There are two kinds of clean hands. Can you tell what they are?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 214.
Recitation by member of the class.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—*Charles Mackay,*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

A lady was walking along the city street not long ago, when the door of a house flew open, and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement, he danced a sort of double-shuffle all around the curb-stone, and raced down the street in great haste; for it was evident, by the books under his arm, that he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys always are, when, just a few yards before her, she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer, she fancied it was a fine shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing, and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he did—and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again. It was a little thing to do; but that one glance of the boy's clear gray eyes, and the simple, earnest sentence, made the lady's heart very warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger—and, when

one is in a hurry, it is a great bother, to go twice over the same ground —but the "somebody else" might slip, and so, for the sake of this unknown somebody, the hurrying boy came back, and, it may be, saved the life or limbs of a feeble old man or a tender little child. He might have said, "I can't wait to go back, it is none of my doing, and so it is none of my business," but he made it his business, and in this showed a trait of character which promised well for the future. There is nothing nobler on earth than this taking care that "somebody else" shall not suffer needlessly. The child who grows up with such a spirit always active in him may make his home like a heaven upon earth; and he will never know what it is to be unloved or friendless."

YER CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

A little incident which I read not long ago, brings forcibly to mind a great truth. A wealthy young fellow was standing before a costly plate-glass window, idly scratching upon it with a diamond which he wore on his finger. A small street urchin, after watching him for a while with evident signs of displeasure, finally said to the older boy, who was disfiguring the window:

"Don't yer do that no more; what yer doin' it for?"

"Why shan't I do it?" said the other. "Guess I shall do it if I want to. Why not?"

"Because," said the younger boy, and his voice became earnest, "because yer can't rub it out."

Human character is the window, clear, flawless, glistening, smooth, upon which every thought, word and action is leaving its certain trace. That unholy thought which brought a flush to the cheek and caused a start of guilt lest another should suspect it, cut its way through the clear crystal, leaving an unsightly scratch behind. That unkind word to some one else brought not alone the heartache to the one thus unkindly treated, but it also left a mark on your own character.

And the worst of it is that none of these unsightly scratches will rub out. Try as we will, we cannot rub out the marks which our daily lives are leaving upon our personal characters.

But if it be true that sin leaves its indelible mark, it is equally true that purity and kindness and unselfishness leave their trace upon the window of character. That aspiration after the good, the true, the holy, also cuts its way across the clear crystal.

THE PRIZE OF LIFE.

Among the fascinating stories of the Orientals is one which describes an enchanted hill, whose summit concealed an object of incomparable worth. It was offered as a prize to him who should ascend the hill without looking behind him. But whoever ventured to secure this treasure was told that, if he did look backwards, he should be instantly turned into a stone. Many a princely youth, allured by the tempting prize, had ventured up that fatal hill; and as many had been

changed to stones. For the adjacent groves were filled with most melodious voices, and with birds of sweetest song, whose bewitching strains and enticements followed each youth as he ascended, until he suffered his curiosity to control his hopes and fears, turned his head, and instantly became a stone. Hence, said the story, the hillside was covered with stones. To every young person life is such an enchanted hill, with its thousands of alluring voices, and its unnumbered victims, who, prompted from within themselves, have listened to some fatal charmer of the senses, and have perished. Yet no one of them ever fell of necessity. Had they repressed the inward desire of evil, by directing the energy of their souls after the great prizes of religion and virture they would have become conquerors; for outward things have power only in proportion to the disposition of the mind to be affected by them."

Discuss the following:

"Spiritual force is stronger than material; thoughts rule the world. —*Emerson.*

"We should believe only in deeds; words go for nothing everywhere."

Story: "Pure Breath and Clean Hands." Page 185.

Memory Gems.

"What's the true test of living?
A life that's spent in giving.
Give talent, thought and voice,
To make God's world rejoice;
Give work and love and will;
Give golden time and skill;
And as thou givest, thy store
Shall grow not less, but more.

When all our hopes are gone,
'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on
For others' sake;
For strength to bear is found in duty done;
And he is blest indeed who learns to make
The joy of others cure his own heartache.
—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

LITTLE THINGS AGAIN.

A great merchant, talking lately on modern business, asserted that profits nowadays turned on the half and quarter cents, and yet were larger than ever before in the history of trade. "The man who looks out for the half cent," was his dictum, "is the man who succeeds." The boy who dreams of millions, and doesn't know how his pennies go, should study this sentence. Small things count, whether in trade, life, or in character, and he that neglects them prepares his own failure.

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THE OLD COOKY WOMAN.

Bert Macdonald and Archie Adams were talking together on the Academy campus at Millboro. Ellis Saunders had just gone past with his books under his arm. They watched his straight, well set-up figure down the elm-shaded street.

"What does Ellis mean to do when he graduates?" asked Bert. "Go to college?"

"No. He is going right to work if he can find anything to do." answered Archie. "He has applied for that position in the Steel Manufacturing Company that Jack Wallace had."

"He hasn't much chance there. Neil Blair is almost sure of that. His father has a 'pull,' he says."

"Well, I'm not so sure about that as Neil is. Mr. Burgess is the man who has most to say in the matter, and I've been given to understand that he doesn't altogether favor Neil. Thinks his Academy record isn't just what such a responsible employee's ought to be, I imagine. But there are other applicants, all of them with some influence at their backs, and some of them just as competent as Ellis. He hasn't anyone to push his claims."

"Well, Ellis is a fine fellow," said Bert, heartily, "and I hope he'll get something else if this goes against him. Burgess is an odd ticket, anyway. They say you never can tell what he's going to do till he does it; but they have great faith in his judgment. I must be off. A fellow mustn't waste time with exams only two weeks off."

Meanwhile, Ellis Saunders had gone to his boarding-house in a brown study. He had been talking to Allan Burgess, the captain of the Academy football team, and Burgess had told him that a match had been arranged between the "Invincibles" and the Sheffield High School "Wayfarers," to be played at Sheffield, fifty miles distant, in a week's time.

"Dr. Whidden has given us a holiday for it, and all the Academy boys must go for the honor of Millboro. We'll have a regular celebration—especially if we wipe the 'Wayfarers' out of existence, as we fondly hope to do," he concluded with a laugh.

Ellis did not respond as enthusiastically as usual. His face had flushed slightly at the mention of Sheffield, and he listened rather

absently to Burgess' details. Just before they parted the latter said:

"You've applied for the position in the steel works, haven't you, Saunders?"

Ellis nodded.

"Thought as much from the questions father has been asking me about you. Was glad my answer could be favorable. Hope you'll get it."

"I don't expect it in the least," said Ellis, rather curtly.

Burgess shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you never can tell. Father's as close as a steel trap. Neil Blair has lots of 'pull,' and there's a Stanton fellow from Shattuck that father likes. Still, I think you've got a good fighting chance, Saunders."

At first Ellis wondered if he could escape going to the football match. He decided that he could not, and then told himself firmly that he was a cad to want to.

Ellis belonged to Sheffield. Allen Burgess did not know that; not many of the Academy boys knew it. Indeed, it was surprising how little they did know about Ellis Saunders, in spite of the fact that he had many friends and was one of the most popular boys in school. They could not even have told if he were poor or well off. He dressed neatly, belonged to two or three societies, and always contributed his share to any Academy project.

On the day of the football match the train that left Millboro in the morning was crowded with very hilarious boys. Every academician who could stand on his legs went down to Sheffield, and one or two unfortunate lads who were sick and could not go thought that there was really nothing worth living for.

Ellis Saunders was, perhaps, the only one who did not enjoy himself. He was very quiet and abstracted. His chums concluded he was not feeling well and left him to himself.

When the train reached Sheffield the High School boys were down to receive the "Invincibles" in state. The two teams greeted each other frantically and then all hurried to the football grounds, for it was almost time for the game to begin.

Sheffield was a small village, but there were a great many people in it, judging from the crowd around the grounds. Everywhere Ellis encountered faces he knew. He nodded pleasantly and sometimes stopped to speak, but his eyes roved over the scene as if seeking for something else. Presently he gave a little sigh of relief.

"She can't have come," he thought. "I suppose I'm a cad to feel relieved. Still—before all those fellows—and Allan Burgess and Nelson Evans, too! I'll go up and see her after the game is over, of course."

When the match was fairly on even Ellis forgot everything else. The Millboro boys ranged themselves on one side and cheered and shouted themselves hoarse. The Sheffield lads did the same on the other side. The contest was long and stubborn, for the "Invincibles" found the "Wayfarers" foemen worthy of their steel. But in the

end they vindicated their name and the game was theirs with a score of 8 to 5.

When conquerors and conquered left the grounds the excitement rapidly subsided. Ellis found himself next to Mr. Burgess, who had come down to see the game at Allan's request. He shook hands with Ellis in a friendly fashion, looking keenly at the lad from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Pretty well-played game, eh?" he said, good humoredly.

Ellis nodded enthusiastically.

"The 'Invincibles' would look out for that," he said proudly.

"Well, I'm ravenously hungry," interjected Nelson Evans, the son of a Millboro millionaire and the "biggest swell," as the boys said, at the Academy. "Wonder where a humble fellow like myself can get a bite. The 'Invincibles' are to be lunched by their friends, the enemy, but we rag-tag and bob-tail must forage for ourselves."

'Here comes Mother Bunch," exclaimed Bert Macdonald with a laugh. "She's got a big basket, and I'll warrant there's something to eat in it. Hurrah!"

Ellis looked in the direction indicated with a face suddenly grown crimson. He knew what he would see—a little, stout old woman in an old fashioned bonnet and shawl, selling cookies to the crowd as she plodded through it.

For a minute he turned away. All his cronies were there, as well as Allan Burgess, who had come up to speak to his father. For one brief instant Ellis was tempted to walk swiftly away. The "old cooky woman," as the boys were calling her, had not yet seen him.

"I believe I'll go and invest in some of those cookies myself," said Mr. Burgess. "They look good—like the ones my mother use to make when I was a little shaver."

Suddenly Ellis stepped forward and elbowed his way through the crowd. A flush of shame was on his face, but this time it was of shame at himself. His voice was clear and steady when he reached the cooky woman's side.

"That basket is too heavy for you, mother," he said gently. "Here, let me take it."

He turned and faced the boys squarely.

"Come on, boys, I'm running this thing now. Mother you must go and sit down over there by the fountain. I'll sell your cakes for you."

The old woman, whose tired, lined face had lighted up with love and pride, tried to protest, but Ellis put her aside with a tender smile.

"You're tired out as it is. This is my place. I won't let them cheat you," he assured her laughingly.

For a minute there had been an amazed silence around them. Then Neil Blair laughed aloud. Ellis heard and lifted his head a little higher. He did not see the furious look that Allan Burgess flashed at Neil Blair before he turned to him and said:

"Give me half a dozen cookies, Saunders, there's a good fellow. I'm so ravenous I can't wait until I get to the spread the 'Wayfarers' have for us. Thank you."

As Allan moved away, munching his purchase, the other boys crowded around again and bought their cookies. Ellis passed out cakes and changed quarters with his usual easy manner. In a few minutes the basket was empty, and he turned to the little woman by the fountain.

"Come now, mother, we'll go home. I want to spend the rest of my time here with you. You'll excuse me, won't you, boys?"

"Oh, certainly," said Neil Blair, with a faint sneer in his tones. But Nelson Evans walked up to Mrs. Saunders and held out his hand.

"I want to shake hands with the mother of the smartest boy at Millboro Academy," he said heartily. "He's going to carry off all the honors, and we're proud of him for it, Mrs. Saunders. He's my especial crony, and I'm glad to meet his mother."

Mrs. Saunders' face flushed with pride.

"Thank you," she said. "Ellis is a good boy, and always was. I'm glad to think he's a bit clever, too, and that his classmates like him."

When Ellis and his mother had gone the other boys hurried off in various directions, and Mr. Burgess, who had been a spectator of the whole affair, found himself alone. He nodded his head several times in a peculiar way. Any one of his business acquaintances, seeing that would have said:

"Burgess has made up his mind about something."

The Millboro boys on the train that evening were even more hilarious than in the morning, if that were possible. One or two of Ellis Saunders' former friends avoided him significantly, but the others made no difference, and Ellis understood that most of his friends were worth having. For the first time since he had left the little bakery in Sheffield two years before he was rid of a vague feeling that he was sailing under false colors. He had never before been able to quite free himself of the belief, snobbish though he knew it to be, that if the Academy boys knew of that bakery and the queer, plain, little woman who tended it, they would look down upon him.

A week later Ellis Saunders was notified that the Steel Manufacturing Company had accepted his application for the vacant position and would expect him to begin work immediately after his graduation. Allan Burgess met him the same afternoon on the campus.

"Congratulations, Saunders. Father has informed me that they've taken you in Wallace's place. Good for you!"

"It is good for me," said Ellis, frankly. "But I don't understand how I came to get it. That man from Shattuck now—and Neil Blair."

"Neil Blair's chances fizzled out finally the football day," answered Burgess, with his characteristic shrug, "and by the same token yours went up. Father took a fancy to you that day—said you

were a man after his own heart. When he came home from Sheffield you had as good as got the place then. And look here, Ellis, will you ask your mother for her recipe for those cookies? I never tasted such delicious ones, and father says so, too. My mother never can make good cookies, bless her, but she says she'll try to learn if yours will give the recipe."

"I can give it to you myself," said Ellis, with a laugh, "for I've helped mother make them hundreds of times."—*Selected.*

THEIR SUNDAY CRUISE.

"Come, Jimmie, it's time you were ready for Sunday School."

"Aw, ma, lemme stay at home this afternoon, won't you please?"

Mrs. Drake looked stern.

"Indeed, I will not, sir; you have no excuse whatever for staying at home. Are your shoes polished nicely, and is your hat brushed?"

Jimmie shuffled over to the table, took the whisk-broom and listlessly swept it down over his clothes.

"It's no wonder you're always dusty if that's the way you brush. Here, let me have it."

Mrs. Drake grabbed the brush, took hold of her son's shoulders and energetically removed every visible speck. Then she clapped his hat firmly on his head and led him to the door. "Now, hurry or you'll be late."

Jimmy started down the road, kicking up the thick yellow dust and thinking how much he wanted to go out into the woods and look for chestnuts. He could hear the Sunday School bell ringing and every step brought it nearer.

"I know it's wicked," he reflected, "but I declare I don't want to be indoors this afternoon."

"Hullo, Jim," suddenly sounded in his ear, and, on turning, Dick Baldwin was discovered directly behind him. His clothes, too, were spotless and speckless, and the shine on his shoes was not to be rivaled by any in town.

"Hullo," responded Jimmie. "Say, we'd better hurry; it's two minutes to ten. My, but I hate to go in."

"So do I," said Dickie, as they strolled along together.

The bell suddenly stopped ringing. "That means we're late," said Jimmie. "I remember a teacher in school once telling me she'd almost rather not have us come at all than be late."

This put an idea into both their heads. "Yes, I know," said Dickie. "It's awful rude to be late. Maybe we'd better not——" he paused and dug at the dust sheepishly.

"Maybe we'd better not," said Jimmie thoughtfully. "I hate to be rude, don't you?"

"Like anything. Let's sit down here a minute and think it over."

The boys went around to the back of the church and seated themselves on a horse block.

"Well," began Jimmie, looking at the ground, "if we don't go in where could we go?"

"Chestnutting," said Dickie promptly. Jimmie's conscience smote him.

"Oh, I wouldn't dare," he replied. "It's wicked to do that on Sunday."

"Well, then, there's nothing to do round here," said Dickie; "we might as well go inside."

Just then Jimmie's eyes fell on the open cellar door. It was warm sitting in the sun in spite of the fact that the month was October, and the dark cellar looked cool and inviting.

"Say," he said suddenly, "let's go down there and explore. I've never been."

All right," cried Dick, and together they cautiously descended the steps. The place proved very attractive. It was full of mysterious little passageways and sub-cellars that the boys never dreamed of, and they had a royal time first exploring one and then the other. No sounds reached them from above, for the church was a big one, built with thick walls and floors, and soon all thoughts of Sunday School fled from their minds.

"Say, what do you s'pose is in there?" said Jimmie, suddenly pausing before a closed door.

"I dunno, let's open it and find out." The boys accordingly turned the knob, and with a little pulling the door creaked open on its rusty hinges.

There was nothing in the room at all, except one broken chair and a wooden wheel in one corner was built into a stout wooden stand. There was a rope attached to this wheel which went up to the ceiling, passed through a hole in it and then disappeared. The place was lighted by one small, round window.

"Looks like a port hole," said Dickie.

"Just exactly. Say, I have a fine idea," exclaimed Jimmie. "Let's play boat. This can be the pilot house and one of us can be pilot and the other be watch and keep lookout through the port hole."

"Great," said Dick, entering right into the spirit of the game.

No watch that ever sailed the deep seas kept a sharper lookout than did Dick.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried, peering out into the back yard, "bring her up on the starboard tack," and Jimmie obediently threw his weight on the rusty old wheel, turning it whichever way was the easiest.

"Shiver my timbers," went on Dick, airing his nautical vocabulary, "but it's a dirty night. There's a stiff northeaster a blowin', and it's a question whether we make port. What do you say, mate?"

The pilot, with another wrench at the wheel, shook his head dubiously, at the same time studying an imaginary compass.

"Pretty doubtful, my hearty," he replied in a deep bass voice.

All of a sudden the watch turned around.

"Say," said he, "I thought I heard the church bell ring. What do you s'pose that's for?"

Jimmie stopped turning the wheel and listened intently.

"Don't hear a thing," he said; "Come, keep a lookout there; the harbor's full of ships."

Dick returned to his labors, and the game progressed finely.

Again he stopped.

"There, Jimmie, I know I heard that bell ring. Maybe it's a fire."

Jimmie went to the window and both looked out. People were seen gathering in the churchyard, looks of amazement on their faces, and all eyes were directed to the belfry.

"Jimmie," said Dick suddenly in an awful voice, "do you know what we have been doing? We have been ringing the church bell every time I turned that wheel! It's the way Mr. Claxton used to toll it, before they had all the new machinery put in upstairs."

"Gee whiz, you're right. What'll we do?"

"Run like lightning," responded his partner in the crime, suiting the action to the word. In less time than it takes to tell the boys were out of the cellar, and leisurely sauntered round to the front of the church. An excited group met their eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked Jimmie, indifferently, of Bennie Gray.

"Matter?" exclaimed Benny, his eyes like two blue saucers. "Why, that church bell's been ringin' for the last ten minutes, and nobody can tell what's doin' it."

"Gee, but that's queer," said Dick, all interest.

"My friends," at that moment began Deacon Smith to the assemblage, "I am now going down to the cellar to search for a cause of this strange occurrence. If any of you care to accompany me I should be glad of your presence."

Three men volunteered, and the party went below. Ten minutes later they reappeared.

"We found nothing," said the deacon. "The old wheel room, used prior to the introduction of the machinery, was undisturbed, save for the fact that some of the dust on the wheel seemed to have been recently brushed off. I fear, however, that this offers no explanation of this unnatural event." The deacon paused, feeling very important.

"If," he went on, "anybody cares to give any opinion on the matter we shall be delighted to hear it."

During the remarks Dick and Jimmie stood somewhat apart from the others, apparently in deep conversation. Suddenly Dick stepped out.

"Deacon," said he, "I rang that bell. I came late for Sunday School, was ashamed to go in, and went down cellar looking for something to do, and, first thing I knew, got fussing with the wheel."

"He wasn't alone," Jimmie hastened to add. "I did it, too, and was just as bad as he was."

Everybody looked sternly at the two culprits, and especially the deacon; then a twinkle came into his old gray eyes. Both boys were blushing furiously, and the crowd made remarks about them—very uncomplimentary ones. too.

This conversation was faithfully repeated at home, and you can imagine what happened the following Sunday.—*Selected.*

UP QUALITY HILL.

"Be sure to fasten the gate, Chatty; I don't want Mrs. Hooligan's pigs to root up the pansy-bed," and Aunt Charity's gentle face peered for an instant from among the morning-glories framing the cottage window.

"All right, ma'am!" the little girl's voice floated back in a tone of sweet obedience, and, with a smile, Aunt Charity settled down amid the billows of sewing work surrounding her.

Her little niece and namesake went demurely down the garden path leading to the gate; a basket covered by a spotless white apron was on her arm, a couple of magazines tucked in the hollow of her dimpled elbow; nevertheless, laden as she was, she stopped now and then to gather a bouquet of flowers from the pansy-bed, royal in its purple and gold, and from the pale-green border where sweet peas nodded in pink and white profusion.

When the little girl's hands were well filled, she turned away from the dear old fashioned garden into the highway, but, ere she had gone many rods, she stopped and stared in sudden amazement.

It was not at Mrs. Hooligan's fat pigs rooting away among the dust-powdered plantains by the roadside that she looked, but at a big red shiny something—a sort of chariot-looking thing—standing under the elm near the little bridge—something that thumped and snorted and went "Chug-chug-chug!" just as though it were tired or angry or out of breath!

"Why-ee! it must be—yes, it is an automobile!" Chatty exclaimed to herself with a little gasp of surprise and delight, for it was the first "machine" that had ever been seen on that quiet Dewberry turn-pike.

A man with a long coat and a funny sort of cap crawled out from beneath the automobile, some part of which he had evidently just been examining, shook the dust from his clothes with a mutter of impatience, and then, turning to Chatty, said in a tone that was not exactly stern, but decidedly commanding:

"Little girl, can you tell me what road this is—that is, does it lead to Quality Hill?"

"Yes, sir, but Quality Hill is some distance from here; you pass

two cross roads and then take the second—no, the third right hand turn," came the prompt reply.

Chatty's voice sounded so like the cheery chirp of a little robin that the gentleman looked at her more closely, his features relaxed by a smile.

For she was sweet and winsome to see, in her fresh pink gown and white bonnet, her rose-bloom face and innocent eyes; the great bunch of flowers in her arms seemed a part of her very self.

And with childish grace and quaint politeness, she continued, "Please, sir, I am going to Quality Hill myself and I can show you the way—only—" with a glance of uncertainty toward the automobile; "only I suppose that—that machine goes faster than I can walk."

The gentleman laughed.

"Well, rather!" he replied; and he gave the huge rubber tire a little slap. "I don't think that your small feet could keep up with its pace, my little girl. How would it be if you were to get up on the seat there and ride along with me; then you can show me the way."

Chatty still gazed soberly at the automobile. It was so big and powerful-looking! And what did make it thump and rumble so inside, as though there were some mighty power trying to break loose! Suppose she should get up there on the seat and the machine should take a notion to run away with her? That was an awful thought! But as her eyes turned toward the owner of the automobile, her confidence was restored; he was big and strong and there was a look on his face as of one who could manage men, machines, and almost everything else. No, surely she needn't be afraid to take a ride with him.

So she allowed the gentleman to lift her up on the green leather seat, then after he had gotten in himself, he turned a crank or something and the "chug, chug" grew louder, the machine began to quiver and the next thing, away it went, smoothly and swiftly, and Chatty felt as though she were being carried along by some great, red bird. The motion was so novel and so pleasing that she forgot all fear; besides the gentleman began talking to her, asking questions in a friendly fatherly way.

"This is a very pleasant road," he said, "and what a fine lot of grand old poplar trees there are up on the hill yonder—they have such a quaint, old-fashioned look. Oh, that's Quality Hill, you say? Wonder how it got its name. Ever heard, little girl?"

And with an air of shy importance, Chatty replied:

"I have heard my Uncle John say that ever so many years ago—a hundred, I guess—rich folks—real aristocratic folks—used to live up here; you can see old mossy brick piers where their big gate-ways were and the stones of their cellar-walls. But their houses are all gone—burnt up or torn down; there isn't much left but the little, old stone church."

The gentleman looked much interested.

"Ah, the Quality Hill Church," he said, "that's the place I want

to see. So that's it over there to the right, eh? Hump! pretty shabby looking, isn't it—good for nothing but to be torn down!"

"Well, it does look pretty old, sir," she said ruefully, "but then Uncle John says there's good material in it; if the roofs were fixed and some other things, why it'd be a very comfortable building. But you see it's sort of run down because nobody wanted to take hold and fix it. Somehow—I don't just know the law part of it—somehow, the building and the land on which it stands has lately become the property of some rich man away off in the city, and, what do you suppose"—here Chatty's dark eyes were wide and solemn with disapproval—"what do you suppose they say about this man?"

"O, something dreadful, I dare say! It seems the fashion to pitch into rich folks nowadays," the gentleman replied with a short laugh.

"Well," Chatty went on impressively, "they say that this man intends to tear down this dear, old church! Or, if he doesn't really tear it down, he means to change it into another building—a Golf Club House. Maybe you know what golf is—I don't"—and the little girl looked up inquiringly into the face of her companion.

"Yes, I do," came his prompt response. "Golf is a fine, old game—older even than the Quality Hill Church. And"—as his keen eyes took a swift survey of the green acres from the road-edge to a far away stretch of woodland, "and, I should say that this strip of land here would be an ideal place for golf links. That low bridge yonder would make a fine 'bunker' and there are enough level places for 'putting-greens.'"

Chatty still looked mystified.

"I'm sure I don't know about those things; all I do know, is just that folks around here hate to think of the old church being removed—that is, the real old people like Mr. Tremaine and Miss Serena Pease, and many others who can't walk the five miles to Dewberry Center."

"Why don't they ride, then?" a little gruffly.

"Because they have no horses—nor any carriages, sir," simply. "I guess most everybody is poor."

"O," said the gentleman, and his chin dropped a little lower on his satin necktie.

But they are nice folks for all that, sir," Chatty went on earnestly. "Miss Serena is a real sweet old lady, and she feels very badly about the church being torn down. She was over to see my auntie about it yesterday, and she cried!"

"Cried, did she?" said the gentleman gravely.

"Yes sir. You see the church is especially dear to her; her father preached in it for over thirty years and her great grandfather did a lot toward building it. He was a judge and one of the top-most folks of Quality Hill. There's his old cellar-wall now," and Chatty's pink forefinger pointed to a line of crumbling stones overgrown by wild briar-roses and "traveler's-joy."

"Yes, it used to be a big, fine mansion once, but now everything is gone, and Miss Serena is awfully poor and she has said that all the

comfort she has is in her flowers and chickens, and the dear, old church."

The gentleman gave a husky little cough.

"And there are other people besides this Miss Serena who would miss the church, you say?"

"Lots of 'em!"

"Well," rejoined the gentleman a little impatiently, as he put on more speed to the machine, "Well, I'm sure I can't see why folks'd care for that little old building! It's dilapidated outside and I dare say it's mouldy and musty within! Come now, isn't it?"

"Yes sir," was the honest reply, somewhat sadly given. "But we've been hoping that somehow it could be fixed up—that is, if we'd be allowed to do it. Mr. Tremaine—he's an old soldier with a wooden leg—he's saving up some of his pension money; Miss Serena makes holders and sell 'em," and, with modest pride, "Uncle John's letting me raise a calf. But now," here the fair little brow clouded again, "now I suppose it'll all be of no use if that city man who owns the property is going to do what folks say."

"Pshaw! maybe he'll change his mind!" briskly. "I guess if he knew how the people feel—that is, I don't believe he's such a bad-hearted fellow—but ah, here we are at the place you want to stop!"

"Yes sir, this is Miss Serena's," and Chatty waved her hand toward a tiny weatherworn cottage embowered in trees and vines—"yes, this is Miss Serena's. I'm taking her some fresh rolls Auntie made, and a little pat of butter. These sweet peas are for her, too, but," with a winsome smile, "I'd like to divide them and give you some, sir—that is, if you'd like them, sir."

"Sure!" was the hearty reply, "and thank you for them, my little lady! Enjoyed your first automobile ride, eh? I'm very glad! Glad, too, that I met you. Good-bye, my dear."

* * *

The next afternoon, Miss Serena Pease was seen coming up the flowered-border path leading to Aunt Charity Burgoyne's cottage. Her delicate face was flushed with excitement, her little silver-gray curls fluttered in the wind and she was evidently in too great a hurry to stop along the way, as was her wont, to admire the bright-hued flower beds.

"O, what do you think," she called out to Aunt Charity, who sat on the porch; "what do you think! Our old church isn't to be torn down or changed into anything else! Mr. Ainslie, the gentleman who owns the property has decided to build his Golf Club House down on the little knoll west of the creek. And better still"—here Miss Serena was so excited that she had to drop down on the porch steps and fan herself with her apron—"better still, Mr. Ainslie said he would be pleased to repair the church—fix the roof, mend the windows, and paint and paper inside. All at his own expense! Isn't that splendid in him! Folks say he was up to Quality Hill this week, looking around at things. Come in one of those things—automobiles." Here

little Chatty, who was cutting out paper doll costumes, pricked up her ears.

"An automobile, you say, Miss Serena?"

"Yes dear; didn't you see him go by? Though it's no wonder if you didn't, for they say those things go recklessly fast. But Lennie Thompson saw him—a big, nice looking man with ruddy cheeks and a bushy gray mustache, and a square coat and cap, and a big bunch of sweet peas in his buttonhole."

Chatty drew a long breath and her cheeks flushed while her eyes shone like stars, as she exclaimed:

"O Auntie! O Miss Serena! I did see him I—I rode with him up Quality Hill, and I—why—ee! I told him all about the dear old church!"

Whereupon the two ladies stared, gasped and finally managed to say in a breath—"You dear child!"—*Selected.*

THE NEPHITES RECEIVE THE SACRAMENT.

While Jesus was teaching the people in Palestine, many people in this land were watching for His coming. They had waited and watched for a long time, and they knew by signs that had been given them by the prophets that He would soon appear.

After Jesus had been put to death and had said good bye to His disciples in that far-off land, He visited these people in this land, and many beautiful things He taught them as they sat around Him. He blessed their children here just as in the other land, and when He was through blessing them, angels came down from heaven and ministered to them.

There was a deep silence over all, the children sitting in the center, their parents kneeling around them. No one spoke a word; everything was forgotten except the wonders they had just seen. The been blessed by the Saviour and that angels had come to them.

Jesus quietly spoke to His apostles, asking them to bring Him bread and wine. While they were gone, He told the people to sit down upon the ground.

Just a short time before He had eaten the Last supper with His apostles in Jerusalem, and had told them to do it always in remembrance of Him.

Soon the disciples came back, bringing the bread and the wine. Jesus took it; He broke the bread and blessed it and gave it to His apostles to eat. When they had done so, He told them to give it to all the people. Again they obeyed, and Jesus told them that He would give one power and authority to break bread and bless it, just as He had done, and to give it to all the people of the Church,—to all who should repent and be baptized. That they could all eat it in remem-

brance of His body, and by doing that they would show to His Father that they remembered Him and His Spirit should be with them.

Then He took the wine and blessed it, and gave it to His apostles to drink, and then told them to give it to all the people to drink. This was to be taken in remembrance of His blood, which had been shed for them. The apostles obeyed. Jesus was pleased with them because they had done just as He told them.

"Blessed are ye," He said, "for this thing which ye have done, for this is fulfilling the commandments, and this doth witness unto the Father that ye are willing to do that which I have commanded you."

But He told them they must all pray, and pray often, pray in their families that their wives and children might be blessed; and whatever they asked their Heavenly Father, if it was right that they should have it, and if they believed they would get it, the Father would give it to them.

If anyone did anything wrong, He told the people not to be angry with them, but to pray for them and help them all they possibly could, and try to make them do better.

But there was still another commandment that He must give them, He told them, and that was that no one who was not worthy should have the privilege of taking the bread and wine in remembrance of the body and blood of the Saviour. If they had done anything that was wrong, they should not take the Sacrament until they had repented and made things right; for it was very displeasing to Him for them to take it when they were not worthy, and they should be punished if they did so. He again asked the people to help all those who had not done right, and try to get them to repent and be worthy of taking the Sacrament.

Soon after this Jesus touched all his disciples with His hand, and then a cloud came over the people and hid Him from their sight, and when it was gone, He had ascended to heaven.

The next day, while the disciples were being baptized by Nephi, Jesus came to earth again and prayed with them.

Again He took bread, broke it, and blessed it, and gave it to them to eat, telling them to break and bless it and give it to all the people. Then He took wine and blessed it and gave it to His disciples; and they blessed wine and gave it to the people. He told them over again that it was in remembrance of His body and blood that this was done.

This time Jesus was showing His power in another way. None of the disciples had brought bread and wine, neither had any of the people. Jesus had not brought any with Him, nor had He sent His disciples for any; but as He had power to feed the multitude with the few loaves and fishes in that far off land, so He had power to give the Sacrament to the great crowds of Nephites, although none of them had brought either bread or wine.

After they had again taken the Sacrament, He again taught them very kindly and plainly, and asked them to keep His commandments, for they now knew them.

EDGAR'S DECISION.

The large doors of the bakery swung open, the proprietor, a short fat, rosy-cheeked man, entered with a fussy, consequential air, and looked around sharply.

"Goymer, I shall be glad of a few minutes' conversation with you," he said, addressing his chief baker. "Ahem—now please," he added abruptly.

Edgar Goymer looked up inquiringly, and an expression of surprise was visible on his face as he followed his employer into his private room.

"The fact is," began Mr. Richards, "at the request of several of my best customers, I have decided to commence baking Sunday dinners, therefore after the first of the month I shall require your services every Sunday from ten to two o'clock."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but——"

"Don't attempt to give me an answer now," interrupted his master. "We're only in the first week in July, so I can allow you a fortnight to think the matter over. You see, I must make this arrangement, for, of course, if I refuse to oblige my customers, I shall lose them. I'll give you two dollars a week extra. I think that will make it worth your while."

Edgar shook his head; Mr. Richards gave him a searching look, then rose and brought the interview to a close.

"Of course, if you will not oblige me, Goymer, I must find someone who will," he said, in an independent tone. "However," he added pleasantly, "I should be sorry to dismiss you, for I must say I never had one in my employ who suited me so well in every respect as yourself."

Edgar's face flushed with pleasure, for the compliment had fallen like balm upon his troubled heart, troubled because that unexpected communication and request had dealt a shattering blow to his fondly cherished wish to remain in Mr. Richards' employ until able to commence business on his own account.

He had become greatly attached to his little abode; for he had lived in that little town long enough to form pleasant connections, to leave which would be a sore trial, and he feared he would have to do so if dismissed from Mr. Richards' service, because he felt sure of being unable to obtain a similar situation in the neighborhood.

He had no near relatives; his parents, whose only child he was, had been called from this world several years previous, but with God's help he had not departed from the right way in which they had taught him to go.

He had not neglected to pray to his Heavenly Father, both in private and in public, and he had endeavored to rule his life according to the advice given by his Almighty Friend in the Bible. As he

returned to the bakery, precious words from that Book flashed into his memory to aid him in making a decision.

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it."

"God's blessing if I keep holy His Sabbath day?" he said to himself softly. "No, indeed, I'll not spend four hours of it in doing unnecessary work. God's blessing, ah, that's worth far more than two dollars a week."

So, notwithstanding the remonstrances of one or two young acquaintances, he firmly, yet respectfully, made known to Mr. Richards his decision. The result was that his master instantly gave him his dismissal, and then turned away with a secret consciousness that he could not easily find a worthy successor.

Poor Edgar's faith was sorely tried during the month that followed; for all efforts to obtain a situation failed; however, the remembrance of the promise, "They that trust in the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," gave him courage.

One evening on returning from a meeting, he was met by an elderly man, and questioned as to whether he was still in need of a situation.

He answered in the affirmative; and was then told to go with the stranger to the house of a brother, where he was staying, and was assured that there he would hear of some opening. And Edgar's hopes were realized beyond his expectations.

On reaching their destination, which proved to be the private residence of Mr. John Markham, one of the leading tradesmen of the town, he was kindly received by that gentleman, and informed by him that having heard, on good authority, the reason why Edgar received his dismissal from his former situation, and that reason showing that he was a good young man, he had been recommended to Mr. Markham, who required the services of such a one as manager of the large bakery business which he had arranged to open on a prominent street of the town.

Edgar's eyes filled with tears of gratitude as he attempted to thank his friend for the kind interest he had taken in him.

"Don't thank me," was the quick remark. "Thank God for the strength which enabled you to make a wise decision."

Mr. Markham was willing to engage Edgar at once and upon the most liberal terms. And the very next day the young man entered upon his new duties, with a grateful heart for his blessings.—*Selected.*

Two eyes and only one mouth have we.
The reason I think must be—
That we are not to talk about
Everything we see.

Two ears and only one mouth have we.
The reason is very clear—
That we are not to talk about
Everything we hear.

—*Selected*

THE BEAUTIFUL ARABELLA.

"Freely ye have received; freely give."—*Matt.* 10:8.

When the Dudleys had determined upon a trip to California, Marion had at once selected Arabella as a traveling companion, for although she had eleven other dollies of entrancing loveliness, the beautiful Arabella had always been the pride of her eyes and the darling of her heart.

The Dudleys had left Chicago far behind them, and now the great thirsty locomotive of their train stopped to drink at a little station on the desolate plains, and the passengers eagerly hastened out of the sleeper for fresh air and exercise. At first Marion, with Arabella in her arms, ran gaily by her parents' side as they walked up and down, but by-and-by she wandered a little apart from all the others and stood looking down at Arabella with loving admiration. Arabella's luxuriant curls were spun gold in the sunshine, and the frosty air seemed to deepen the roses on her cheeks; her blue eyes were bright and sparkling, for she never shed fretful tears, and the pretty curves of her mouth expressed the sweetest amiability, for she never spoke an unkind or an impatient word. That day her lovely head was crowned with a bewitching turban of gray felt trimmed in blue velvet, with a graceful plume sweeping her fair hair and nestling on her neck back of the dainty ear, studded with a turquoise ear-ring. She was enveloped in a long gray traveling coat which the breeze parted in front, revealing the blue cashmere of her dress and the fascinating tips of tan shoes.

"Oh!" somebody suddenly exclaimed—wonder, rapture and awe combined in that one little word.

Marion started, for she had thought that she and Arabella were quite alone. Then, turning, she discovered a little girl of her own size standing motionless, her gaze fixed upon Arabella. There were holes in the child's shoes, and she wore a thin, faded calico dress, while her only wrap was a tiny shawl thrown over her head and shoulders and pinned beneath a chin quivering with cold.

"How perfectly beautiful!" she cried, pointing a trembling finger at the doll in Marion's arm.

Marion smiled. "My papa bought her in New York, and she came all the way from Paris," she explained with pride.

Timidly the poor child drew nearer. "I never saw anything like her in all my life!" said she, breathlessly.

"Haven't you a dollie of your own?" asked Marion.

"Only Matilda," was the answer. "Uncle Ben gave her to me last summer. Uncle Ben is so good. He drove me over here to see the train. Matilda is made of a corn-cob, you know. She has black pins for eyes and white ones for teeth." There was a pause, followed by a sigh. "Her complexion has grown very bad, and her hair—it was yellow silk at first, but now it's dried and matted." The poor child's fingers cautiously touched one of Arabella's curls blown on the doll's shoulder.

"But the little girls that you play with haven't they any real dollies?" demanded Marion with something akin to horror in her voice.

The little stranger sorrowfully shook her head. "The nearest farm to ours is five miles away, and only boys live there. Do you suppose that I might hold her—just once?" she begged, then shrank back, frightened at her own boldness.

"You won't drop her?" asked Marion, anxiously.

"Indeed you may trust me!" was the eager reply, and the little girl's arms closed tight about their treasure, as Marion carefully handed her darling to her.

"And you have no real dollie of your own?" repeated Marion, aloud.

Her companion did not hear her. She was lost to all her surroundings, lost in the unspeakable bliss of holding Arabella. Excitement had flushed her pale face, and perfect happiness had driven the hungry longing from her great brown eyes. A strange ache crept into Marion's tender heart. She seemed to see before her very eyes the eleven lovely dolls left in her crowded nursery at home. Oh! it was not right; it was selfish and cruel for one little girl to keep so many dollies when there were other children who had none at all! Had she only known of this poor little girl who had nothing to play with but that forlorn corn-cob, how gladly she would have brought her one of the eleven!

"I love you, dear," whispered the poor child to the beautiful Arabella.

The ache in Marion's heart grew. Had she any other doll but Arabella with her, she would—yes, she would have gladly given it to this poor little stranger, even if the rest of her long journey had been ever so lonely!

The poor child hid a kiss among Arabella's curls, then she laughed a rippling laugh of overflowing joy.

"Marion! Marion!" called Mr. Dudley. "You must come now."

The locomotive's whistle blew and its bell began to ring. The poor child's merry laughter broke into a little gasp of pain. The pink faded from her face. Again the hungry look stole into the great brown eyes—eyes brimming over with tears. Silently she handed Arabella back.

Marion turned toward the train, then, suddenly stopping, she kissed the doll upon her sweet forehead and ran back to the poor little girl and laid the beautiful Arabella in her arms.

"You may hold her always," she softly said.—*Selected.*

HOW THEY PAID THEIR TITHING.

Little Bessie Lane lived in Salt Lake City. She had two brothers and one little sister, so she always had companions for her play, study, or working hours. Bessie's mother was a very industrious woman, and

she wished her children to learn to do all useful things, so that they might be industrious, too.

Their home was a plain little cottage; but they had a little garden and a few trees, and it made a very happy home.

One morning in September, Mrs. Lane asked Bessie and Harry to take a peck of pears down to the Tithing Office. They had always paid tithing; but it had been money, and the children thought that was the only proper way. This time Mrs. Lane thought as the pears were such nice ones, she would send one-tenth of them as tithing. Bessie looked at the basket ruefully, and said:

"Why not let father pay money instead, as he has always done?"

"I have never seen boys taking things in baskets to the Tithing Office," grumbled Harry.

"I've been thinking," said their mother, "how we used to pay tithing. We used to give one-tenth of whatever we earned or raised or made, and when we know what the Lord wishes us to do, there is no reason why we shouldn't do it; so I want you to take these pears for me."

Bessie and Harry took the basket and walked seriously down the street. They were not gone long, and when they returned, Bessie's eyes were shining with pleasure.

"Oh, mother," she said, "you have no idea how pleased the man was to see those pears. He said they were the first ones brought in this season, and he gave us credit on the book for seventy-five cents. Who would have expected that? Then a man came in, and said, 'I'll take them all, if you please,' but the clerk said, 'Oh, no; these must be divided so as to make them go as far as possible. You may take three of them if you want them.' The man took three, and then another man said he would like three for his little girl who was sick; and a young girl said, 'I would like some, too, for my grandmother;' and while we stood there, every pear was given out. I wish we had taken a bushel instead of a peck."

"I am so glad you thought of it, mother," said Harry. "See how well it has turned out?"

"Yes, children, the Lord knows just what is the best way of doing everything; and when He is kind enough to teach us, we should be glad to obey."

After this the children were very anxious to keep an account and take a full tithing of all they raised in the little garden, and one day they were made very happy by the clerk saying:

"You children are the most regular, prompt, and best tithing payers in this department; and everything is so clean and fresh, and you come as if you were happy to bring it."

Can you tell why they were happy?—*Adapted from A. J. Crocheron's "Tithing and Fast Offerings."*

FATHER'S HOUSE.

But, mother, I don't want to go to Sunday School: I don't love to go to Sunday School anyway!"

"Why, daughter!" The mother sat up in her surprise and took the little girl's hand in hers, and the father wheeled in his chair and looked his astonishment; but still the little girl insisted she did not want to go. She was very timid and shy, and they had just come to a new home where everything was new and strange. She did not even know the little girl who had promised to call and show her the way.

"Mary," her mother said, "suppose father should tell you that somewhere in this town there was a beautiful house which belonged to him and he wanted you to come there to see him sometimes and talk to him; would you like to go?"

"Oh, yes! Where is it?"

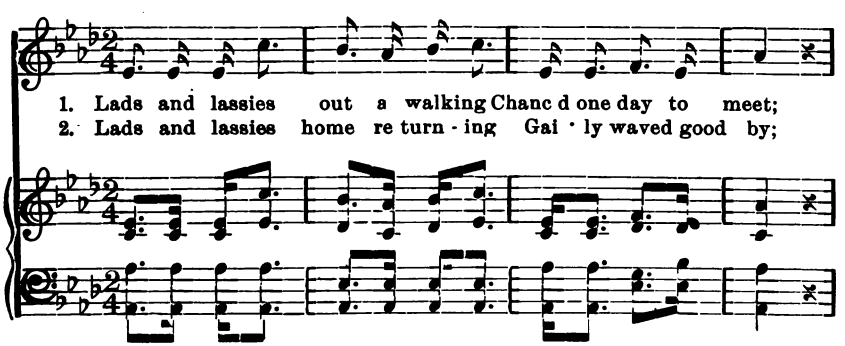
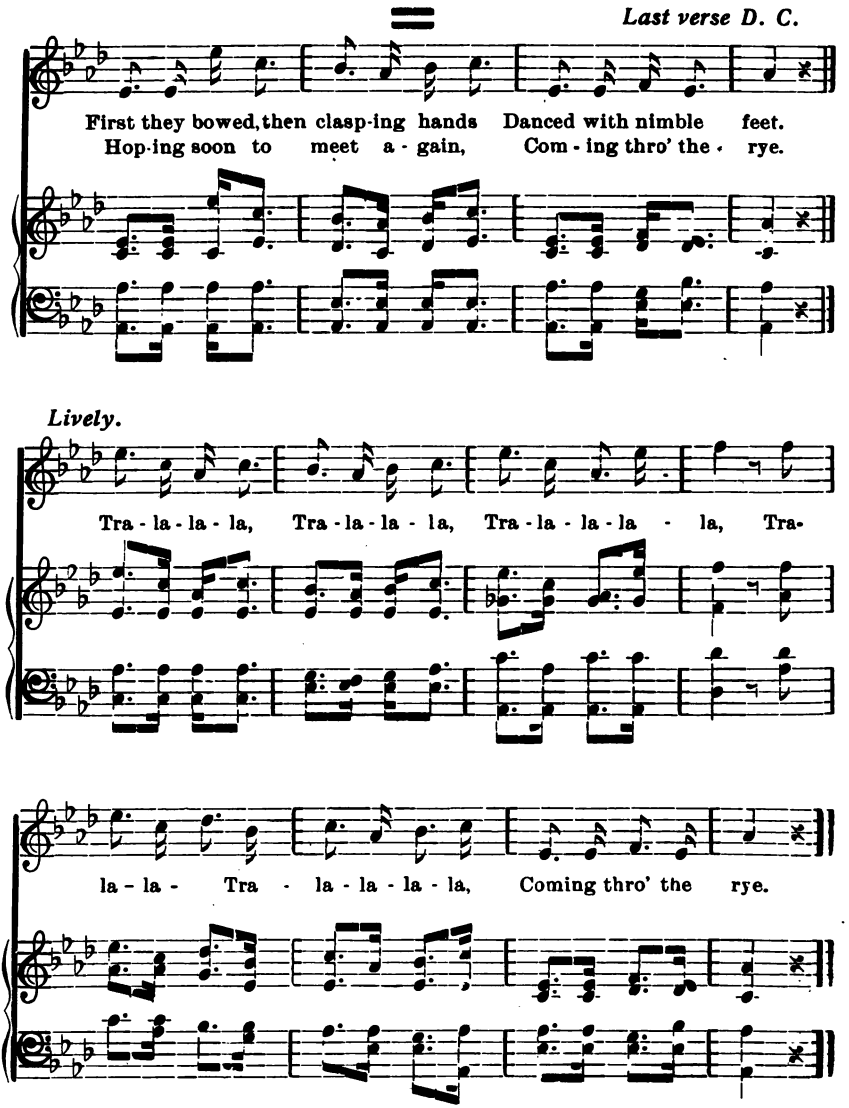
Her mother smiled at the sweet ,eager face and replied, "The church and Sunday School are your heavenly Father's house, and he wants you to come there to meet him. If you will try to think about him and about what he is saying to you in the lesson, you will like it better, I am sure."

"I'm going with you this morning, Mary," spoke up father.

Mary was perfectly willing to go now, and the teacher and the little girls in the class were so nice to her she soon grew to love them all dearly. And she never forgot what her mother had told her about its being her heavenly Father's house.—*Selected.*

SOCIAL GAME.

(Tune: "Comin' Through the Rye.")



Last verse D. C.
First they bowed, then clasp-ing hands Danced with nimble feet.
Hop-ing soon to meet a - gain, Com - ing thro' the rye.
Lively.
Tra - la - la - la, Tra - la - la - la, Tra - la - la - la - la, Tra-
la - la - Tra - la - la - la - la, Coming thro' the rye.

DIRECTIONS—Four children step from the circle to the center of the ring. Then walk and sing. Then bowing to a partner join hands and skip to the chorus gaily about the ring. To the last verse they leave their partners in the center of the ring returning to the circle. The game is repeated each time with a new set of children until all have danced.

Officers' Department.

LET US LIVE WITH OUR CHILDREN.

"Oh, come, let us live with our children,
And see all the world through their eyes,
Let us see nature's shrine through a halo divine
That will give a new light to your soul and to mine,
Let us with the children be wise.

"Oh, come, let us live with our children,
Let us hear with their ears once again,
The flitting of birds, the twigs the wind stirred,
The rustle and song; now our vision is blurred,
And our senses are blunted, O men!

"Oh, come, let us live with our children,
And go down to the deep heart of things,
The bud that will blow, the grasses that grow,
The dancing of waters that ripple and flow,
The call and the scent of the springs."

—Selected.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

June 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1907.

All Primary Officers, Stake and Local are invited to meet in general convention on the above dates in Salt Lake City, Utah, when meetings of interest and profit will be held for all engaged in Primary work.

GRANITE STAKE TABERNACLE.

June 7, 10 a. m.

Singing ..... Congregation
Prayer.
Singing ..... Congregation
Greeting ..... L. Lula Greene Richards
Remarks ..... Louie B. Felt
Ladies' Chorus .....Members General Board
First Grade Exercises ..... May Anderson in Charge
Second Grade Exercises ..... Eliza Slade Bennion in Charge
Third Grade Exercises .....Vilate Peart in Charge
Singing.
Benediction.

Luncheon, served by the Primary Officers of Granite Stake.

2 p. m.

Singing ..... Congregation
Prayer.
Singing ..... Congregation
Stories for Primary Work .....Margaret C. Hull
Soprano Solo ..... Louie E. Keysor
Address, "The Relation of Ethics to Religion"...Levi Edgar Young
Baritone Solo ..... Melvin Peterson
One Minute Reports from the Following Stakes: Alberta, Alpine, Bannock, Bear Lake, Beaver, Benson, Big Horn, Bingham, Blackfoot, Box Elder, Cache, Cassia, Davis, Emery, Ensign, Fremont, Granite, Hyrum and Jordan.
Singing.
Benediction.

June 8, 10 a. m.

Singing ..... Congregation
Prayer.
Singing ..... Congregation
Instructions to Presidents and Counselors.....Clara W. Beebe
Soprano Solo ..... Eleanor Jenson
Instructions to Secretaries and Treasurers.....Edna Harker
Ladies' Chorus .....Members General Board

One Minute Reports from the Following Stakes: Juab, Juarez, Kanab, Liberty, Malad, Maricopa, Millard, Morgan, Nebo, North Sanpete, Oneida, Panguitch, Parowan, Pioneer, Pocatello, Salt Lake, San Luis, San Juan, Sevier and Snowflake.

Singing.

Benediction.

Luncheon, served by the Primary Officers of Jordan Stake.

2 p. m.

Singing ..... Congregation

Prayer.

Singing ..... Congregation

Practical Illustration of Primary Songs .....
..... Nellie Penrose Whitney

Address, "Religious Training of the Child Through the Social Side" ..... Wm. M. Stewart

Soprano Solo ..... Margaret C. Hull
With violin obligato by Vera I. Felt.

One Minute Reports from the Following Stakes: South Sanpete, Star Valley, St. George, St. Johns, St. Joseph, Summit, Taylor, Teton, Tooele, Uintah, Union, Utah, Wasatch, Wayne, Weber and Woodruff.

Singing.

Benediction.

BARRATT HALL.

Sunday, June 9, 10 a. m., Testimony meeting.

Sunday, 2 and 7 p. m., services in Tabernacle; Primary Association represented by Edna L. Smith and Zina Y. Card.

Subject for the month: Reverence.

Divisions: Lesson 21, Reverence for Those Who are Older; Lesson 22, Reverence for the Sabbath; Lesson 23, Reverence for the Sacrament; Lesson 24, Reverence for the Priesthood and Houses of Worship.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in monthly Officers' Meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

For Home Reading:

Articles of Faith, by Talmage, page 175.

"Reverence is a word by itself. It has no synonyms, nor does any other word in the language exactly fill its place. It is not respect; it is not regard; it is not fear; it is not honor. Perhaps awe comes nearest to it; and yet reverence is more than awe. It is awe softened and refined by gentleness and love.

Reverence is a condition of thought and feeling which does not paralyze action, but kindles it; does not deaden sensibility but quickens it. Even when used in a religious sense, reverence does not stand for religion itself, but as a means or aid to religious thought and life.

The presence or absence of a reverent spirit is of real importance; for it adds to, or takes away from, our enjoyment of the world in which we live. One person finds happiness everywhere and in every occasion; carrying his own holiday with him. Another always appears to be returning from a funeral. One sees beauty and harmony wherever he looks, while another is blind to either; the lenses of his eyes seem to be made of smoked glass, draping the whole world in mourning. While one man sees only gravel, fodder and firewood, as he looks into a richly-wooded park, another is ravished with its beauty. One sees in a matchless rose nothing but an ordinary flower; another penetrates its purpose, and reads in the beauty of its blended colors and its wonderful fragrance the very thoughts of God.

Only the truly reverent soul can catch the higher music of sentient being, with its joys and hopes; its wealth of earnest, aspiring, struggling souls; tolerant, serious, yet sunny; and read those larger possibilities whcih lie hidden in the great deeps of the most ordinary life.

While it is true that only the reverent can fully appreciate nature, it is even more true in regard to human nature. To the reverent mind an old man or woman is an object of tender regard; while by the irreverent, the aged are frequently treated with ingratitude, and sometimes even with contempt.

Reverence can be cultivated, and needs to be cultivated in our times. There is too much mere "smartness" abroad. In society and in the world we find a flippant, cynical tone; no doubt much of this is reaction from old time gloom and severity. But without a reasonable reverence, we cannot have good manners, or loyal citizens, or possessors of really beautiful characters.

Reverence is developed by looking for the good in others; by avoiding fault-finding, by associating with high-minded acquaintances, by reading worthy literature, by using language unstained by vulgarity, by striving to enter more and more into the spirit of the noblest lives that come under our notice.

Reverence then, is not fear; but wonder, solemnity, and venera-

ion. "It is to cherish a habit of looking upward, and seeing what is noble and good in all things." Its blessings are many. By it we can win a masterly judgment to determine the fitness of behavior and habits; it will keep us from thoughtless words and deeds; it will make us respectful to old age and appreciative of the past; and, in many other ways, it will prove itself of real value to all who cultivate and cherish it."

"The man of character is also reverential. The possession of this quality marks the noblest and highest type of manhood and womanhood; reverence for things consecrated by the homage of generations—for the great men of former times, and the high-minded workers among our contemporaries—for high objects, pure thoughts, and noble aims. Reverence is alike indispensible to the happiness of individuals, of families and of nations. Without it there can be no trust, no faith, no confidence, either in man or God—neither social peace nor social progress. For reverence is but another word for religion which binds men to each other, and all to God.

It is natural to admire and revere really great men. They hallow the nation to which they belong, and lift up not only all who live in their time, but those who live after them. Their great example becomes the common heritage of their race; and their great deeds and great thoughts are the most glorious of legacies to mankind. They connect the present with the past, and help on the increasing purpose of the future; holding aloft the standard of principle, maintaining the dignity of human character, and filling the mind with traditions and instincts of all that is most worthy and noble in life."

"Why go to church? We answer: For the sermon, for the prayer, for the songs, but more especially for the heavenly atmosphere. To be in the presence of an assembly of devout, godly men and women, who have in some measure an inner consciousness of the divine presence, or at least an humble realization of their need of that presence, or to imbibe of their spirit. Their faith inspires my faith; their soul hunger awakens in me a "hungering and a thirsting after righteousness;" their testimony to the love and goodness of God quickens my assurance of His love for me. This is the highest value of public worship; this is what those members of the Church deprive themselves of who absent themselves from the house of the Lord. This is why David said, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Come let us go up to the house of the Lord.'

"All the duties of religion are eminently solemn and venerable in the eyes of children. But none will so strongly prove the sincerity of the parent; none so powerfully awaken the reverence of the child; none so happily recommend the instruction he receives, as family devotions, particularly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place."

"Reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the power that cannot die."

Lesson 21.

Subject: Reverence for Those Who are Older.
Introductory Talk:

HONORED.

A beautiful German story relates how, one day, a little girl named Jeanette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeanette was seated on the stand she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself: "It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble, old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old." Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeanette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courtier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, and said: "Little girl, her majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box." When the abashed child stood before the empress, she graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side."

Everybody should be thoughtful and kind to people older than themselves. Jeanette did not know the feeble old woman, but that made no difference, because Jeanette had the right kind of feeling in her heart.

A story is told of President Brigham Young, how once, when he was at a meeting, a nice, large easy chair had been provided for his use. Before the meeting commenced a very old gentleman came in and sat down on one of the benches. President Young stepped down, and lifting the nice, comfortable chair, set it in front of the stand, and going to where the old gentleman was sitting gently took him by the arm, led him up the aisle and placed him in the easy chair. Then he went back and sat on the bench with the other brethren.

Name over some of the people that we should always respect—priesthood, parents, teachers, etc.

I will tell you a story of a boy who learned to respect his mother, even though she was not able to love and care for her son.

The schoolroom was almost silent. Nearly fifteen minutes before, the latest lingerer, save one, had departed. At her desk sat the teacher, making up her day's averages. As her pen flew over the paper,

she could see, without looking at him, every line of his slouching figure and heavy-featured face.

A shock of thick, black, untidy hair, thick, black brows, shaded eyes of deepset Irish blue, usually merry, now hard and defiant. Into the silence of the hushed room came the roar of the river near by as it rushed beneath the great granite bridge, and across the river came the dull throb of the mill where Jimmy's father was "boss."

As the sounds seemed to smite anew the stillness, the teacher had a vision of other days. "James," she began. He looked up quickly; her gentle tone was unexpected; for he knew he deserved the stern rebuke he supposed was in store for him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you remember the first time I ever saw you?"

"Yes'm, slidin' down the canyon;—a forbidden pleasure."

"No, Jimmy, long before that. You were such a tiny boy then. I was walking over the bridge one day when I met your mother holding you by the hand, such a bright faced happy little boy. We spoke about you and she said you were to go to school in the fall. 'I expect he will be a scholar,' she said, 'he is such a worker, always doing something; I thank God daily for that boy.' Many years have passed since then, Jimmy, and I have been weeks getting acquainted with you. Five to fifteen has made a great difference, my boy. Jimmy, is the mother proud and glad now?" The soft voice ceased, and in subdued tone came the answer:

"She's dead." And the hard bright eyes grew soft.

"I know, Jimmy, but can she thank God daily up there for her boy?"

Slowly the slouching form straightened; the head came up and a new manly look crossed his face.

"Mother went, and father doesn't care," he said simply, "but she shall thank God up there."

From that moment the battle was on. Gradually from among discouragements and manifold temptations there developed a boy for whom down here a teacher and a mother up there daily thank God.

Dama lived in Jerusalem, when the great temple was still standing; he was a jeweler, noted for possessing the rarest and richest collection anywhere to be found. It happened that it became necessary to replace a number of the precious stones on the breastplate of the high priest, and a deputation was sent to wait on Dama and to select from his stock what was needed. Dama received his distinguished visitors with becoming courtesy, and on learning their mission spread out before them a large number of beautiful stones. But none of these were satisfactory. The stones must needs be of extraordinary size and brilliancy. None but such might be used. When Dama was informed of this he reflected a moment, then said that in a room occupied by his old father there

was a cabinet in which he kept his most precious gems, and that among them he was sure he could find what his visitors wanted. He bade them delay a few moments, while he made the necessary search. But presently he returned without the jewels. He expressed the greatest regret, but declared it was impossible to oblige them. They were astonished, and, believing it to be a mere trader's trick, offered him an immense price for the stones. He answered that he was extremely sorry to miss so profitable a transaction, but that it was indeed beyond his power to oblige them now—if they would return in an hour or two he could probably suit them. They declared that their business admitted of no delay; that the breastplate must be repaired at once, so that the priest might not be prevented from discharging his office. And so he allowed them to depart. It appears that when Dama opened the door of the room he saw his old father asleep on the couch. He tried to enter noiselessly, but the door creaked on its hinges, and the old man started in his sleep. Dama checked himself and turned back. He said, "I will forego the gain which they offer me, but I will not disturb the slumbers of my father" The sleep of the old father was sacred to Dama."

Memory Gems.

"Be kind and be gentle to those who are old.
For kindness is dearer and better than gold."

"A graceful and honorable old age is the childhood of immortality."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 246.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise: "Social Game." Page 239.
Story: "The Old Cooky Woman." Page 221.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 246.
Story: "The Old Cooky Woman." Page 221.
Questions: How should children speak of those older than they are? How should they speak to them? How do you like to see others treat your fathers and mothers? Why did President Brigham Young give up his easy chair? How may we show respect to those older than ourselves? (Other questions at the discretion of the teacher.)

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 246.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class:

HOW SCHOOL-BOYS PREACHED A SERMON.

A sermon can be preached by acts as well as by words. The boys of a New York school, some time since, preached one, on respect for older people. An old widow of about seventy years had for seven years past kept a candy and cake stand in front of the school building. She was very popular with the boys, and by their patronage supported herself and an invalid son.

Certain store-keepers in the neighborhood sought to drive the old lady away, as her little trade interfered with their business. By some one her stand was knocked over, and her candies—scarcely worth two dollars—were broken into small pieces. The boys, coming out of school and seeing her distress, devoted their pennies to her relief, each one taking a fragment and paying the price of a whole piece until she had received twelve dollars.

But they did not stop at that part of the sermon. Two tons of coal, a bountiful supply of provisions, and a receipt for two months' rent were sent to her by the boy preachers. Then they went to the Board of Education and so represented her case that the old lady received official permission to occupy her usual place in front of the school building.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"What a frightful creature!" exclaimed Augusta Myers to the young gentleman at her side, as, mounted on spirited horses, they cantered past a bent, deformed figure, slowly moving along the road.

The old man stood still when the young girl had passed, and shading his dim eyes with his brown, withered hand, gazed sadly after her. What wonder if a thought of bitterness rose in his soul at the contrast?

Youth and beauty were hers; health glowed on her crimson cheek, and sparkled in her black eyes. Every pleasure that affection and wealth could bring clustered around her path.

How different was his own lot A hard, toiling life, till accident and infirmity had deprived him of the power to perform his wonted labor; then came the feeble striving to do what little work he might—weaving baskets, cutting wood, sweeping walks, blacking boots—any and everything he could do to earn an honest livelihood. His wife's grave had been green for many a year. He was alone in the world. His cat was the only living thing that welcomed him home, when his day's work was done.

He treasured every kind word that he received, as if it had been a pearl dropped in his way; and now the young girl who might so easily have given him the pearl of kindness, had carelessly cast a stone instead.

The old man went on weary and sad. He had a long walk to take. He sold his baskets, bought some groceries, and was half way home, when he heard a cry for help, and saw the horse of Augusta Myers dashing in wild fright down the road.

Not an instant did this brave man hesitate. Carefully measuring the distance with his eye, he went directly into the middle of the road, just in time to grasp the bridle, and with unwonted strength, calm, steadfast eye, and firm, kind voice, controlled the fiery animal till the lady's escort came riding up.

In that hour of peril, the "frightful creature" was not unwelcome. Augusta's cheeks glowed with genuine shame as she tried to thank him, and her cruel words returned to her mind.

There was a bright side to that old man's life and character, poor and despised though he was; while she, gay, beautiful and petted, had scarcely an hour before turned from him with pride and disdain. She never forgot the lesson.

TRUE COURTESY.

"General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations and ,finding no seat, and none having been offered to her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately arose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said, "No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them. The general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves."

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

Sitting in a depot the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll tell it to you for your good, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a way that no one could forget it.

It was a cold, snowy day, the train was late, and the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting, all looked cross, or stupid; I was sure I felt both.

Just then a poor old woman came in with a basket of small things to sell, and went about offering them to the people. No one bought

anything, and the poor old soul stood at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the storm again.

Soon she turned and poked about the room, as if trying to find something, and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and immediately asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am."

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thankee, dear; this is proper comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze today, bein' lame and wimbly; and not sellin' much makes me kind of down-hearted."

The lady smiled, bought a cup of tea and some food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very cheering such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go around the room, touching the gloomiest face like a line of sunlight. "Well, now, this is just nice," she added, drinking away with delight. "This does warm the cockles of my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little goods in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd thought her rather plain before. I felt very much ashamed of myself that I had shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and I saw the look of sympathy come into the dull faces all around me, I did wish I had been the one to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dark room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with a lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the thanks of a ragged old woman.

But that simple little kindness was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think that each one went on her way better for that half-hour in the gloomy depot."

Story: "The Old Cooky Woman." Page 221.
Discuss the following:
"We must never undervalue any person."
"God is present everywhere, and every person is His work."
"Every man should be honored as God's image in the sense that we 'touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.'"

Lesson 22.

Subject: Reverence for the Sabbath day.
Introductory Talk by Teacher.

"A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And rest for the toil of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoever is gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow."

The Sabbath Day is a day of rest—a day to be spent in thanksgiving and praise to our Heavenly Father. There are some who look forward to it as a day to spend in play and going out for pleasure; but this is not what was meant when the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," was given.

Queen Victoria was a very busy woman, and had many duties to perform. At one time there were some very important matters to attend to, and one of the government officers went to the Queen and gave her some papers to look over on the Sabbath day. The business needed attention right away, but the noble Queen reminded her officer that the Lord's Day was not the time for such duties, and she refused to look at the papers at that time.

General Grant, one of our greatest soldiers, was specially invited by the President of France to see some Sunday races.

"It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way," he said.

One of our great statesmen, and one of the Presidents of the United States, John Quincy Adams, refused to go to the meeting of a learned society when they met on the Sabbath day.

"You meet on the Lord's Day," he exclaimed, "and that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

The Sabbath day is a day of rest, and not a day of labor.

One Saturday, Girard, a millionaire, who did not believe in the Lord, ordered all his clerks to go to the wharf the next day and help unload a ship that had just come in. One of the clerks answered that he couldn't work on Sundays. Mr. Girard threatened him with dismissal. "I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays," the young man stoutly insisted. He was dismissed, and for three weeks he looked for work in vain. Then a man came to Girard to ask if he could recommend anyone for the post of cashier in a new bank.

Girard at once named the young man that would not work on Sundays. "But you dismissed him," objected the banker. Girard told why he had dismissed him, and added, "A man that would lose his place for conscience' sake would make a trustworthy cashier." The young man received the appointment.

We have been taught in many ways how sacred the Sabbath day should be, and the Lord Himself has shown it.

The children of Israel were in bondage in Egypt. For years and years they watched and waited for some one to deliver them from their sufferings. Then the Lord sent Moses, who led them from Egypt, although the Egyptian soldiers were following, right through the Red Sea, and then into the wilderness.

They now led a very different life. As long as they could remember, they had lived in a level country, watered by the river Nile, where there were large cities in which everything needful could be bought. Now all this was changed. They traveled over mountains and deserts, where there were no gardens nor grain fields nor cities. They could not buy food in this desolate country, and that which they had brought with them had given out.

Then the people began to murmur. They told Moses that, although they had been treated cruelly in Egypt, at least they had something to eat; and now they had been brought into the wilderness where they would all die of hunger.

But the Lord was able to care for them then as always, and Moses trusted Him. The people would not perish.

One morning when they got up, they found the fields wet with dew, and when the dew was gone, the ground was covered with something white.

"What can it be?" they exclaimed.

"This is the bread which the Lord has given you," said Moses. The people called it manna. Then Moses told them that the Lord had provided it for them, and had said that they should gather it according to the number of persons in their families. "But," said Moses, "no one must leave it over until morning. Gather just what is necessary."

Some of the people, fearing no more could come, took more than they needed, and kept it; and in the morning the manna which they had kept was not fit to eat.

The next morning the manna lay on the ground, and the people gathered it as before; and the next day, and the next. When the sixth day came, Moses told the people that the Lord wanted them to gather enough for two days, as the next day would be the Sabbath day. The people did as he told them, and gathered enough for two days, and in the morning they found the manna fresh and good.

"Eat that today," said Moses, "for today is the Sabbath of the Lord; today you will not find the manna in the fields. Six days you will find it, but on the seventh there will be none."

There were a few who did not gather enough for two days, and when they went out on the Sabbath day to gather the manna as usual, they found none there.

For forty years, every day, excepting the Sabbath, the children of Israel gathered the manna.

The Lord gave them many lessons about the Sabbath Day, and gave them many strict rules about what they should do on that day; and those who would not obey the laws—those who would not keep that day holy—were punished very severely.

It is not meant that we shall not do a kind act on the Sabbath Day. We not only may do them, but we ought to do so; for Jesus set us that example. He went about doing good to people and teaching them to live better lives.

In some places the people were so careful about keeping the Sabbath Day holy that when the sun went down Saturday night, all the children put away their playthings, and no one was allowed to do any kind of work or play until Sunday night. They were dressed in their best clothes, and had to sit very still and say over the catechism and passages from the Bible. Let us think of the best things we can do on the Sabbath day that we may keep the commandment, and keep that day holy.

The Lord in these days, in a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph has commanded the saints to keep the Sabbath Day holy. He says: "For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High. . . . And on this day thou shalt do none other things, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full."

Memory Gem.

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

"Thank Him for the Sabbath, Holy day and blest,
Best of all the seven, hallowed day of rest."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 252.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise: Page 239.
Story: "Edgar's Decision." Page 234.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 252.

Story: "Edgar's Decision." Page 234.

Questions: Why are we given the Sabbath Day? How should we spend it? Tell what some of our great people have thought of it? How did the Lord teach the children of Israel they should keep the Sabbath? What commandment did He give them? What kind of actions did Jesus do on Sunday? What has the Lord said we should do?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 252.

Sabbath Hymn, from L. D. S. Hymns, sung or recited by member of the class.

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class:

LEGEND OF THE SABBATH EVE.

Beautiful is the legend of the Sabbath eve. When man leaves the synagogue for his home, an angel of good and an angel of evil accompany him. If he finds the table spread in his house, the Sabbath lamps lighted, and his wife and children in festive garments ready to bless the holy day of rest, then the good angel says: "May the next Sabbath and all thy Sabbaths be like this. Peace unto this dwelling, peace;" and the angel of evil is forced to say, "Amen!" But if the house is not ready, if no preparations have been made to greet the Sabbath, if no heart within the dwelling has sung, "Come, my beloved, to meet the bride; the presence of the Sabbath let us receive;" then the angel of evil speaks and says: "May all thy Sabbaths be like this;" and the weeping angel of goodness responds, "Amen!"

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Bishop Wilberforce, noted for his witty replies, was once accosted, at a railway station, by a man, who said he thought he could put a question that would puzzle him to answer. The Bishop asked what it was. "Which is the nearest way to heaven?" said the man. "Oh, that's quite easy," said the Bishop; any child knows that; I learned it when I was a boy at Sunday-school; you just take the first turning to the right, and keep straight on."

Story: "Edgar's Decision." Page 234.

Discuss the following:

The Fourth Commandment.

"He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor."

"He that would prepare for heaven must honor the Sabbath upon earth."

Memory Gem.

Lesson 23.

Subject: Reverence for the Sacrament.
Introductory Talk:

"In remembrance of Thy suffering,
Lord, these emblems we partake,
When Thyself Thou gav'st an offering—
Dying for the sinner's sake.
We've forgiven as Thou biddest
All who've trespassed against us,
Lord, forgive as we've forgiven
All Thou seest amiss in us."

When Jesus was on the earth, He told His disciples that He should leave them, and as He ate the Feast of the Passover with them, He took some bread and blessed it and broke it into pieces and gave it to them, and told them to eat it, for it was His body. Then He took wine, and blessed it, and told them to drink, for it was His blood, which was to be shed for them.

Then He taught them sweetly and sadly, and told them that He had only a little while longer to stay with them, and that after He had gone, He wanted them to meet together and take bread and wine as He had shown them, and as often as they did it, it should be in remembrance of Him.

We still do this in remembrance of our Saviour, and we call it the Sacrament. The bread is broken and blessed and passed around for us to eat in remembrance of the body of our Saviour, and the water is in remembrance of His blood. Do we always think of Jesus when we partake of the Sacrament? In the blessing that is spoken we all promise to remember Him. We do not say it aloud, but we think of the prayer while some one says it, and then we all say "Amen," which means that we want it to be just as the one praying has said. We are not keeping that promise and we are not doing as Jesus asked us, if we think of anything else but the goodness of our Saviour while we eat the bread and drink the water.

If Jesus sat there before us and took the Sacrament with us, how very careful we would be in taking it; how quiet we would be. Let us be just as careful every time; for He has asked us to do it in remembrance of Him.

When Jesus gave it to His disciples, He used wine. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught the Saints to take the Sacrament, and a few months after the Church was organized, he set out to get some wine, when he was met by a heavenly messenger, and he received a revelation saying that he should not use wine in the Sacrament, unless it was

made by the Saints themselves; it should not be bought of their enemies. That is the reason we take the water instead of wine.

"While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure."

What is meant by having our hands clean and pure? We must think before we take the Sacrament whether they are clean and pure; for it will be wrong for us to take it if they are not.

There is a story told of a little girl who appreciated the great privilege of partaking of the Sacrament:

"In the Primary class of one of our Sunday schools, a bright little girl was called Helma. Not one of the children was more prompt to learn every lesson that was given to them by Miss Yale, their beloved teacher, and none enjoyed Sunday school more than did dear little Helma. She always had a smile for Miss Yale and for each of her class mates. So it was a great surprise to them all, when one Sunday morning it was noticed by some of the children that Helma was weeping very bitterly.

Miss Yale soon saw it, too, and drawing the little girl to her side, she put her arm around her tenderly, and asked what could be the cause of her grief.

"'Oh, Miss Yale!' sobbed Helma, 'I am eight years old now, and I have no right to take the Sacrament any more because I have not been baptized.'

"'Well, do not feel bad about it,' said Miss Yale, gently, 'for if you want to be baptized you can be, very soon.'

"'No, I never can,' answered the child, with a new outburst of tears, 'for my papa and mamma are not Mormons, and they do not want me to be baptized.'

Miss Yale thought over the matter very seriously, and then she comforted Helma by saying, 'My dear little girl! I feel sure that the Lord will hear your prayers if you will pray about this, and He will cause your parents to become willing for you to be baptized. I will pray that it may be so, and I believe all these children will pray for you, too, will you not, boys and girls?'

"Every child in the class raised the right hand, then, to show that they felt sorry for little Helma, and would pray for her. That made Helma feel very happy, for she believed in prayer, and had faith in the words Miss Yale had spoken to her.

It is quite likely that every one of the children remembered and kept the promise they made to pray for their little friend. Miss Yale certainly did. And the prayer was heard and answered. In a few weeks Helma's papa and mamma gave their consent for their little girl to be baptized.

"Oh, how glad it made her! And she was doubly glad, when, a while afterwards, her dear mamma was also baptized, and went with her to meeting.

"That was some years ago. Helma is always happy in partaking of the Sacrament, and often remembers the day she cried so in Sunday school because it was not right for her to take it."

The glasses and plates, or whatever is used in passing the Sacrament should be handled with the greatest care, for they are used for a sacred purpose, and should be used for no other.

At one time Cyrus, the king of Persia, longed to conquer Babylon, the country of Belshazzar, and was making plans to enter the city secretly, when his coming was not expected.

One night Belshazzar made a great feast for his nobles and officers, and while they were drinking wine, he thought he would like to have the beautiful golden cups which had been taken out of the Temple and brought from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. These cups had been used for sacred purposes. He called his servants and gave his orders, and in a short time the beautiful cups of silver and gold, which had been consecrated to God were brought and placed before the king, and he and his nobles and officers and wives drank out of them.

They were drinking and feasting and praising their gods of wood and stone when all at once on the wall opposite them was seen a hand writing slowly and clearly some mysterious words which none of them could understand. Whose hand was it? What was the meaning of the words? Belshazzar could not tell, and he grew pale and trembled, and sent in haste for his wise men that they might tell what the writing meant.

The wise men came, but they were as frightened as the king, and stood amazed at the writing on the wall. Then the king said that whoever could read the writing and tell the meaning of it should be clothed in royal robes and have a gold chain about his neck, and be third ruler in the kingdom. But the wise men were puzzled, they could neither read the words nor interpret them.

In the midst of all the terror the queen came in.

"Do not be troubled about it," she said to the king. "There is a man in the kingdom who was made a ruler in the days of Nebuchadnezzar on account of his wisdom and understanding. Send for him; he can tell you the meaning of the writing on the wall."

"Where can he be found?" asked the king. "Have him brought here at once."

Then Daniel came, and when the king saw him, he said:

"Are you Daniel, one of the captives of Judah?"

"I am, O King," replied Daniel.

"Then," continued the king, "I have heard of your wisdom and understanding, and that the spirit of the gods is in you. I have just sent for all my wise men to read this mysterious writing on the wall and tell me the meaning of it; but they can tell me nothing about it.

If you can read these words and tell me the meaning of them, you shall be clothed in scarlet robes and have a gold chain around you neck, and be third ruler in the kingdom."

"Keep your gifts, O King," answered Daniel, "or give them to another; but I will tell you what the writing means."

Daniel looked at the writing and the king and his nobles sat in silence waiting to hear the meaning of it.

"The Lord gave Nebuchadnezzar a great kingdom and great power," said Daniel; but as the king did not acknowledge the true God, he was punished. You, O king, have not been humble, although you knew all of this. You have lifted up yourself against the God in heaven; you have praised the gods of silver and gold and stone, forgetting the Lord; and now you have brought the sacred cups of the Lord's House here, and you and your princes and nobles and wives have drunk wine from them. The Lord has sent this writing to warn you. It means that God has judged you for your wickedness; that he has weighed you in the balance and found you wanting, he has tried you as king and you have not obeyed him; and that your kingdom shall be divided and given to others."

There was no more feasting or pleasure. The king gave Daniel the gifts he had promised, and the feast ended. That very night, when the people were fast asleep, the Persians entered Babylon, and King Belshazzar was killed and his kingdom given to others.

Memory Gems.

"While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure."

"When Thou comest in Thy glory,
To this earth to rule and reign,
And with faithful ones partakest
Of the bread and wine again,
May we be among the number
Worthy to surround the board,
And partake anew the emblems
Of the suff'rings of our Lord."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 256.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise: Page 239.
Story: "The Nephites Receive the Sacrament." Page 232.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 256.

Story: "The Nephites Receive the Sacrament." Page 232.

Questions: Why do we have the Sacrament? Who told us to partake of it? Why do we use water instead of wine? What does the bread represent? The water? What do we mean when we say "Amen" to the prayer? Why should our hearts and hands be clean and pure when we take the Sacrament? How should children sit while the Sacrament is being passed? Of whom should they think? What do we promise in the prayer? How should we feel towards the glasses and plates, or whatever is used in passing the Sacrament? When did Jesus say it was wrong to take the Sacrament? If we have done wrong, what should we do to be worthy of partaking of it? What miracle did Jesus perform in giving the Sacrament to the Nephites the second time?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 256.

Have all the class memorize and repeat the Sacrament prayers.

Read and discuss with the class the first four verses of the 27th section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

Discuss the 23rd and 24th verses of Matthew, chap. 5.

Story: "The Nephites Receive the Sacrament." Page 232.

Memory Gem.

Lesson 24.

Subject: Reverence for the Priesthood and Houses of Worship

Introductory Talk:

We are a greatly blessed people in having among us men who hold the Priesthood of God, men who have been called by Him to teach and help the people. It makes no difference where they are, even in humble places, the Priesthood is there with them. At one time when the Prophet Joseph was in prison with some other brethren, some of the guards came into the jail and fastened the seven prisoners together with a chain and padlocks. In this way they lived in a room without chairs or beds, sleeping on the hard, cold floor at nights. Guards with loaded guns stood watch over them, and talked to each other of the wicked deeds they had done at Far West and other places near by. About these horrible acts they talked in glee while the prisoners had to hear it all.

One night Parley P. Pratt was lying next to Joseph, listening to all this vile talk, when Joseph stood up and spoke in a voice of thunder.

"Silence! ye fiends of the infernal pit!" he said. "In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still. I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease your talk or you or I die this instant."

He stopped speaking, and stood there, in chains, and without a weapon, and dignified as an angel he looked down upon the quailing guards, whose weapons dropped to the ground, and whose knees smote together. The ruffians instantly became still, and were very glad when a change of guard came so that they could get away.

Ever since the gospel came to the earth, through the Prophet Joseph, this Priesthood has been with us, and men have been called by God to lead His people. Those who sought the life of the Prophet Joseph, thought that when he died they would hear no more about the Church; but they were mistaken. When he was dead a deep gloom rested over the city of Nauvoo, and the hearts of the Saints were filled with a great sorrow. They felt like sheep without a shepherd. Not only had Joseph Smith been their beloved friend, but he was the Prophet and President of the Church. Who would take his place? They could follow only the man whom God should call.

Sidney Rigdon, the second counselor of the President, felt that to him belonged the position of leader of the Church at this time, as the first counselor, Hyrum Smith, had been killed at the same time as the Prophet. But Sidney Rigdon had not always been faithful in his duties, and the Saints did not feel sure that the Lord had chosen him as leader of the Church.

At length a meeting was called. Sidney Rigdon explained to the people why he thought he should lead and guide the Church. They listened quietly and with attention for about two hours; but when he had finished, they felt that he was not the choice of the Lord.

Then Brigham Young, the President of the Twelve Apostles, arose. "Atention all!" he said, and all eyes were turned upon him and every one listened eagerly for what he should say. He told them that the leadership of the Church then belonged to the Twelve Apostles, and that they could manage the affairs of the Church and direct all things.

As he was speaking, the people were astonished, for it seemed that a change had taken place in Brigham Young. President George Q. Cannon, in speaking of it, said:

"It was the first sound of his voice that the people had heard since he had gone east on his mission, and the effect upon them was most wonderful. Who that was present on that occasion can ever forget the impression it made upon them? If Joseph had risen from the dead, and again spoken in their hearing, the effect could not have been more startling than it was to many present at that meeting; it was the voice of Joseph himself; and not only was it the voice of Joseph which was heard, but it seemed in the eyes of the people as though it was the very person of Joseph which stood before them. A

more wonderful and miraculous event than was wrought that day in the presence of that congregation we never heard of. The Lord gave His people a testimony that left no room for doubt, as to who was the man He had chosen to lead them. They both saw and heard with their natural eyes and ears; and then the words which were uttered came, accompanied by the convincing power of God in their hearts, and they were filled with the Spirit and with great joy. There had been gloom in some hearts, probably, doubt and uncertainty, but now it was plain to all that here was the man upon whom the Lord had bestowed the necessary authority to act in their midst in Joseph's stead."

As these brethren are called by God and have His Holy Priesthood, we should feel great respect and reverence for them and for the words they speak; for when they stand before the people, they tell what the Lord wishes us to do, and they speak for Him. We should always be careful to show them all the respect we can.

Saul was anointed king of Israel. After David had killed the great Goliath, the people loved him, and Saul became so jealous that David had to hide from him, now here, now there, sometimes in a friendly city, sometimes in the woods or in the caves in the hills. Some of his relations and other men joined him until he had about six hundred men with him. They went to live in the mountains, and when Saul heard this, he followed them from place to place; but go where he would he could not catch them.

At one time David and some of his men were in a cave. Saul was searching them, and, being tired out, went into the cave to rest. He lay down and soon fell asleep. David and his men saw the king lying there.

"Now is your time," whispered one of the men. "The Lord has given your enemy into your hands."

David crept quietly to where Saul was sleeping and cut off a piece of his robe, but he did not hurt Saul.

"No," he said to his men, "I shall not harm him. He is the Lord's anointed. I will not try to hurt him at all, seeing that he is anointed of the Lord."

Soon the king awoke, and went out without knowing that David had been near. Then David came out of the cave. "My king," he called. Saul looked back, and David bowed to the ground.

"Why do you believe people who say that I want to harm you," said David. "This very day the Lord gave you into my hands; but I didn't touch you, because you were the Lord's anointed. Here is a piece of your robe that I cut off. Can you not see that I do not want to hurt you? I did nothing when you were here right in my power.

Saul listened to him with shame.

"You are more righteous than I am, David," he said; "for you have done good for evil, and may the Lord reward you for what you have done today."

The places where we usually hear the instructions given by the

brethren holding the Priesthood are the meeting houses, houses built for the purpose of worshiping the Lord and learning what He wants done. These houses then are built for sacred purposes.

In Jerusalem at one time Jesus visited the Temple, the house of the Lord. There He saw a lot of sheep and oxen, and doves and sparrows, and men called money-changers sitting at little tables heaped up with money, screaming and shouting to the people as though they were buying and selling in a big market place instead of the Holy Temple.

This made Jesus very angry; He had never been so angry before, so He made a little whip of cord and ran in and out among the people, and drove them away.

First He drove away the men with the sheep and oxen, and afterwards those who had doves and sparrows in cages, and next He went up to the money changers sitting at their little tables, and upset the tables so that the money rolled about in all directions.

"Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise!" He said. And the money changers rushed down the steps of the Temple. They did not even stop to pick up their money. All they wanted was to get away from Jesus, not from the little whip of cords; they could bear that; but they could not bear to feel those pure and holy eyes gazing into their very hearts.

We have not Temples in every town, but we have meeting houses and reverence is due them. Some boys and girls think it would be all right to show reverence for a large, fine meeting house; but theirs is only small, and perhaps not very beautiful; and it may be that it is made a great deal worse by some of their actions. The size of the house has nothing to do with it. They forget that the Lord has said: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them."

If some great person should visit our meeting, how should we like to have the building look? And yet the Lord has said that if we gather together in His name, He is there also. We certainly want it to look just as neat and clean as we can make it. There are many things that boys and girls can do to make their meeting houses look better.

In some places our meeting houses have to be used for pleasure; but even then we should not forget that it was built for a house of worship, and we should behave properly. Rough actions do not bring real pleasure, and besides they are not suited to a house that has been built for the purpose of singing praises, prayer, and listening to the instructions of those placed in authority over us.

Try to think of all the ways you can to make your meeting houses brighter, cleaner, and more beautiful, and more worthy of the presence of the Lord and His angels.

Memory Gems.

"Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary."

A meeting house used for divine worship is holy and should be held in reverence by the people of the Lord.

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 260.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise: Page 239.
Story: "Up Quality Hill." Page 228.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 260.
Story: "Up Quality Hill." Page 228.

Questions: How can reverence be shown to those holding the Priesthood? How did the Prophet use the Priesthood when he was in prison at one time? At the death of the Prophet, the people were troubled as to who should be their leader. How did the Lord show them whom He had called? When Saul was hunting David, and the king fell into the hands of David, why did not David kill him?

What did Jesus do to the people selling in the Temple? What did He say? Whose house was it? Why was Jesus angry? How should we feel towards our meeting houses? Why should a small meeting house be just as sacred as a large, beautiful one? How do we wish our meeting house to look if the Lord's angels come, even though we cannot see them? How should we always act in a building where we expect the angels to come? What can we do to make our meeting houses more beautiful?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

The Introductory Talk is so full of the subject of this lesson that it is not considered advisable to add more matter, but the subject should be thoroughly discussed with the class.

Story: "Up Quality Hill." Page 228.

Memory Gems.

The Children's Friend

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AUNT LIBBY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"I s'pose you're going to see the fireworks tonight," said Aunt Libby.

"Oh, of course!" answered Charley Nutting. "Everybody is."

"Except me," Aunt Libby amended.

A little shadow came over the boy's face, as in a flash he seemed to realize the pitiful limitations of the life of the occupant of the wheel chair.

"I say, it's too bad!" he burst out. "You never go anywhere, do you, Aunt Libby?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes!" she replied brightly. "You forget I was over to your house to supper last month."

"That wasn't much fun."

"It was a great joy for me," she said; "but I shouldn't want to go down town in all that crowd tonight, even if I could walk, though I'd have liked it when I was as young as you."

"Your folks all going?" Charley asked.

"Yes. Hiram's going to take the children, and Mollie is going over to Mrs. Parker's. You can see the rockets beautifully from her back windows."

"And you'll be left all alone?"

"Oh, I don't mind!" and the little lame woman smiled as happily as if she were on her way to a festival.

Aunt Libby's sister gave Charley the head of lettuce from her garden for which he had come. He handed her the price of it, said good-by, and went slowly across the street to his home.

When the Nutting dinner was ready, Charley was not there.

"He's up in his room, likely," his mother said.

But when his sister called him, he did not respond.

"Why in the world doesn't he hear?" Sarah grumbled, taking up the bell and ringing it vigorously at the foot of the stairs.

In a minute, Charley came running down. "I was up in the attic," he explained, "seeing what a splendid view you could get of the fireworks tonight from that back window."

"What an idea!" laughed Sarah. "I prefer a view from the park terrace. And that makes me think, we must start very early, or we shall not get a good place."

"I don't believe I shall go," Charley answered slowly. "I've been thinking"—

"Charley Nutting! What's the matter with you? Are you dreaming? Putting sugar on your potato!"

The boy looked down at the sugar shell in his hand, and burst out laughing.

"I guess I was thinking more about Aunt Libby than I was about my dinner."

"What about Aunt Libby?" queried Mrs. Nutting.

"And why aren't you going tonight, I'd like to know?" asked his sister.

"Why," said Charley, "Aunt Libby is going to be left there all alone this evening. The Lanes are all going off down town, that is, all but Mrs. Lane, and she's going over to Mrs. Parker's to see the fireworks. You know, their view is almost all cut off by the big Hubbard house, and I've been wondering if we couldn't manage to get Aunt Libby up into our attic, so she could see something, too. I should think she'd go crazy sitting there, and never able to go anywhere year after year!"

"Why, I wish we could, but I don't see how"—

"I do!" broke in the boy. "I'm sure that Oliver Lane and I can carry her upstairs, and, of course, she can come across the street in her wheel chair."

"I suppose they don't get her out often, it's so much trouble to lift her in and out, and up and down the steps," mused Mrs. Nutting.

"She's going out more," declared Charley, "if I have to carry her all alone!"

It took a little tactful coaxing on the part of Aunt Libby's young neighbor to persuade the Lane family that it was really worth while to do as he proposed.

"I don't believe she'd care anything about going," said one.

"Let's ask her," responded Charley, and the glad light that broke upon the little woman's face gave the answer before it passed her lips.

The journey up the crooked attic stairs being safely accomplished, Charley not only insisted on remaining with his guest, but also on the rest of the family's carrying out their original program.

As the two watched the flowers of fire bloom and fade in the sky, Aunt Libby laid her hand gently on the boy's arm. "I'm having a beautiful time," she said. "You don't know, you never will know, what you've given me tonight."

After seeing Aunt Libby safely home, the boys returned with a new joy in their hearts—the joy of self-sacrifice in giving pleasure to another. As for Aunt Libby, many a lonely moment was whiled away living over the pleasure of that evening.—*Emma C. Dowd.*

CARL TOOK THE BLAME.

The farmer boys of the Indian school were "up against it," to use their expression. Some one had left a certain gate open the evening before, and in the night the pigs and calves had gotten in and destroyed the matron's flowers. The farmer had passed sentence. For their carelessness, unless the real culprit owned up and took the punishment, every one of the sixteen farmer boys should work Saturday afternoon, which, as everyone knows, is always and ever a government half holiday.

It was springtime. There was plenty of work to do. Plowing and seeding were at their height, so likewise was baseball.

The school team had no game on, for that particular Saturday afternoon, but the boys of the nearby town were to play a match game with a team from a neighboring town, and every Indian boy wished to see the white boys' game. There was an indignation meeting after supper, in the play-room of the boys' building. No one thought of an appeal from the decision. The laws of government school employees are to an Indian boy or girl like those of the Medes and Persians—unalterable. When a boy has lived under the discipline of a reservation school since he was five years old, obedience is almost sure to be one of his habits. He may have many faults, but he minds well.

Frank Bluesky, who happened to be a carpenter boy this detail, was stretched out on a bench, teasingly saying: "What's the matter with Compton? He's all right." Compton was the farmer.

George Cedarroot looked his disgust.

"Say, fellers," said Louis Washusk, who was safe, being on detail in the shoe-shop, "why didn't you tell him what we told Miss Clark the other day, when she sent back the whole line, because somebody pushed? We told her that she ought to have sent back the ones who pushed."

"Yes,"—George Cedarroot's brown eyes shone triumphantly as he tossed back his thick mane of straight black hair—"I happen to know what Miss Clark told you. She said as long as she didn't know who pushed, she'd hold the whole line responsible. That's just what Mr. Compton told us."

Joseph Sakausk, the captain of the boys, quiet and dignified: "The next thing is to find out who left the gate open."

"Well, I didn't; I was the first feller out," said big Robert Cloud, crossly, as he kicked off his shoes and put on a pair of buckskin moccasins.

"Well, I didn't, did I, Allan?" said tall James Skye, as he suddenly caught up little Allan Shadamo and tossed him to the ceiling. The child laughed merrily. He was the smallest boy in the school, and was alternately teased and petted by the big, burley fellows.

"Well, I didn't leave it open," said Carl Neganigijig. George Cedarroot turned and eyed him searchingly. "At least I don't think I did," he added, slowly. One by one the larger boys, having shaken themselves into ball clothes, were leaving the dusky playroom for the ball ground.

Carl Neganigijig felt annoved by the look he had received. "I wonder if he thought I left it open," he said to himself as he slowly mounted the stairs and passed into the reading room. It was deserted. A reading room had no attraction on a beautiful spring afternoon for an Indian boy. Carl walked to the west window and looked out. Across the wide lake the sun was setting in red and gold. The Indian village, with its white church in the center and its protecting fringe of green pine trees behind, shone in dark outline between the brilliant sky above and the sea of gold before it. It was a beautiful scene, and the boy felt its beauty, though it might have been hard for him to have put his feelings into words. The Chippewas are intensely artistic. Perhaps being surrounded by the beauties of the northern country helps to make them so. There was a moccasined step on the stairs. Carl turned reluctantly to look at the newcomer. It was George Cedarroot. He was a fine specimen of a full-blooded Chippewa. By his manliness and even temper, he was easily a leader among the boys. Both boys and teachers had learned that his word could be depended on.

George glanced around the room to assure himself that there was no one else present, then crossed to the boy at the window. "Say, Carl," he began slowly, then hesitated. Carl waited. George plucked up his courage and went on. "Do you know what I'd do if I had left that gate open and all the fellows were to be punished for it?"

"Yes, I know what you'd do. You'd go own up and take the punishment. No one ever thought you were a coward. But why do you ask me that? Do you think I left the gate open?"

"Weren't you the last one in the field when the chore bell rang yesterday, and we hurried out to get the milk pails?"

"I don't know—was I?"

"Well, count up and see who was there when you left. You were there when I left," said George.

"But I don't remember a thing about the gate. I always shut the gates."

"Yes, but you might have thought someone was behind you; but I can't find anyone who was there after you left. You might ask the other fellows and see what they say."

"Well, I'll ask," consented Carl, "but I don't remember a thing about it."

Together they left the room and went out into the long twilight. Outside Carl met his brother Robert. "Say, Rob," he asked, "weren't you still in the field when I came out yesterday?"

"Well, I guess not," said Robert, indignantly. "I was half way

to the barn with my milk pails when I met you just going after yours. I never left that old gate open."

He next met Edward Rising Sun. "Weren't you behind me coming out of the field yesterday evening?" he asked.

"No," answered Edward, quickly. "You got the last milk pail off the kitchen table. There were just two, and I took one."

Carl smiled in spite of himself. The boys had evidently been investigating also. He did not go toward the ball ground, but out through the gate toward the lake. The girls were promenading the board walk in couples and groups. He met his "affinity," who was likewise the girl who attended to the milk pails in the kitchen. "Say, Louise," he said bashfully, "was I the last one to get a milk pail yesterday?"

She thought an instant and said: "Yes, Carl, I think you were, for I was wondering what made you so late."

It was no use, the evidence was surely against him. He walked down the steep bank to the edge of the lake and sat down on the root of a pine tree. A few rods up the shore a group of small boys were skipping stones. He hoped they would not see him; he wanted to be alone. He was fighting a battle within himself. Why should he take the blame and let the others go free when almost every boy in the crowd was more careless than he about gates? His conscience told him he had always been careful, and it seemed too bad that this one little lapse should be so disastrous. He had a notion not to say anything about it and let them all plow. The farmer wouldn't know, and not a boy in the crowd would tell on him. But then came the words that his teacher had spoken a few days before: "They tell me you are the old chief's grandson. That is something to be proud of. The agent says the chief is a fine old man. I hope you will ever remember and when you are tempted to do anything wrong just think that it is unworthy of the chief's grandson. I hope you will grow up to be a man of whom the old chief will be proud." Why did all this occur to him now? He put his head on his knees and thought and thought. In his sixteen years he had never fought such a battle. He was rudely aroused from his reverie by the ringing of the seven-thirty bell, which meant time for "little fellers" to go to bed. As an officer, Carl was in charge of a dormitory of small boys. He arose and hastened to the boys' building. Mechanically, almost crossly, he watched them prepare for bed and counted to see that all were in, but when he found little Allan Shadamo crying, at being imposed on by a larger boy, he soothed him tenderly and helped him undress. Perhaps for an instant he remembered his own childhood. When all were safe for the night, he went out and closed the door behind him.

In the hall he met Paul Eagle Feather, tall, straight, and handsome. He was an officer, in charge of the opposite dormitory of the small boys. He had just gotten his roomful of wriggling arms and legs into position for the night. They walked down the steps and

out of doors together. Carl thought he would make another attempt. Paul was a farmer boy also. "Paul," he said, meekly, "did you come through the east field when the chore bell rang yesterday?"

"No, I wasn't there after three o'clock. I drove the superintendent's carriage to town. It's pretty tough to have to plow when you weren't even there to leave the old gate open."

"I guess you won't have to plow," said Carl, as they separated at the ball ground.

By this time he had made up his mind to acknowledge himself the guilty one and let the others off. He thought he would tell it first to the disciplinarian, who was sort of father confessor to the boys, but he found him engaged in pitching an exciting game of ball and, as luck would have it, the farmer was in the ring of spectators. Carl walked slowly toward him. Though they can talk incessantly to each other, it is a hard matter for an Indian boy to make known his wants to his teachers. He stood irresolutely before Mr. Compton.

"Well, Carl," asked Mr. Compton, kindly, "what is it?"

"I guess— I guess I left that gate open and I'll plow, if you will let the others off."

The farmer looked his surprise.

"Well, Carl, it was very manly in you to own up, and I am glad you did." Then he looked off thoughtfully to the fields across the lake. Carl's eyes followed.

"There is just about a half day's plowing to be done in the northeast field. I'll tell the boys not to do it in the morning, and that shall be your afternoon work. You can have your pick of the teams. If you do it well, that's all I will require, but if you don't," he added by way of caution, "you'll have to do it over again." Carl's eyes shone. He could see in the gathering dusk the unplowed center of the field, and he knew with a good team it would not take much more than half of the afternoon. He mentally resolved to do his best. Now he could watch the ball game with a clear conscience.

The retiring bell rang for the older boys at eight forty-five, and they filed slowly into their dormitories. Carl was surprised to know how much better he felt since he had shouldered the blame. He went up the stairs whistling gayly. He wished he could tell George Cedarroot about it, but he could not find him. It was George's duty to blow the bugle for taps at nine o'clock. Carl undressed slowly, that he might still be awake when George came to bed.

In a few minutes, loud and clear on the still night air rang the notes of the bugle, ever a thrilling, inspiring sound. Most of the boys were in bed when George came through the dormitory, but Carl was waiting. "George," he said, hesitatingly, "you fellers don't have to plow tomorrow afternoon. I took the blame and the farmer said he'd let you off."

"Good for you, Carl, I thought you were made out of the right

kind of stuff. Listen, boys, we don't have to plow. Carl Neganigijig took the blame. Hurrah for Carl!" The shout ran down the rows of white beds as one bushy black head after another raised itself from the pillow. Then came the chorus: "What's the matter with Neganigijig? He's all right." —*Selected.*

THE IMPRISONMENT OF WINIFRED MARY.

"Winifred Mary is missing!" announced Sylvia, as she cast a practiced eye over her assembled dolls.

Sylvia's Uncle Joe put down his newspaper and looked at her with amused interest.

"Hadn't you better call the roll?" he suggested, and Sylvia, in some anxiety, began her arrangements for this nightly ceremony. She arranged the dolls in an orderly line, and then said inquiringly, "Arabella?"

Arabella, a tall, flaxen-haired doll, arose, assisted by Sylvia, and responded in a small, high voice, "Present."

"Belinda?"

Belinda was present also; so were Isabella, Susie Carlotta. There was a painful silence after the calling of Winifred Mary's name; Winifred Mary was clearly absent, and so, as it later appeared, was Florabella.

"Two!" mourned Sylvia. "I don't mind so much about Florabella, but—oh, Uncle Joe!" for Uncle Joe had drawn from his pocket a small, dishevelled creature. "Which is this?" he asked. "I found her under the currant bushes."

Sylvia always remembered after things were found just how she happened to leave them in such singular places. It seemed a pity, as Uncle Joe frequently pointed out, that she never could remember before!

"That's Florabella!" she exclaimed. "I remember now! I was going to make a swing for her under the big currant bush, and then I went to feed my chickens and forgot. But what can have become of Winifred Mary? She's the smallest of all my small dolls, and the prettiest, and I've always taken such care of her!"

Uncle Joe tried to smother a laugh, and grandmother sighed. "Sylvia, child," she said, "I don't believe you know how to take care of anything. I have heard before of children who were careless enough to lose their hats and their overshoes, but I never knew another little girl who habitually lost her own dolls!"

The next day Sylvia and Uncle Joe became a Search Party, and hunted for Winifred Mary. They looked in the orchard, and the barn ,and the carriage-house, and the flower-garden, and beside the

brook; they found a handkerchief, two hair-ribbons and Belinda's best dress, but no trace of Winifred Mary was to be seen. A very small doll lost on a very large farm is not an easy thing to find.

Sylvia was an affectionate, if a careless mother; she searched and mourned faithfully for the missing Winifred Mary, and included her name tenderly each night in the roll call. Uncle Joe soon saw in the window of the village shop a small doll which, he said, looked to him so strikingly like Sylvia's missing child that he brought it home to her. At first he was inclined to insist that this was Winifred Mary, but when Sylvia pointed out that the new doll had brown hair, whereas Winifred Mary's was golden yellow, and that she was so large that not one of Winifred Mary's tiny frocks could possibly be coaxed on to her, he was forced to admit that there was only a strong family resemblance. He wished the new doll to be called Winifred Mary, so that the roll call might be complete, but this Sylvia steadily refused to do. "Suppose Winifred Mary should be found?" she argued.

In September, when Sylvia said good-bye to grandmother and Uncle Joe, and went back to the city Winifred Mary was still missing. "I'll send her by express, if I find her," promised Uncle Joe, but Sylvia had given up hope.

Poor Winifred Mary was almost forgotten when one cold November morning a package arrived from the farm for Sylvia.

"What can they have sent me in a round hat box?" she wondered, and she wondered still more when the box was opened and disclosed a very large cabbage!

"It must be one of Uncle Joe's jokes," said Sylvia's mother. Untie it, dear." For the cabbage had been cut in quarters, and then tied together with red ribbon.

Sylvia untied the ribbon, the cabbage fell apart, and there, almost in its center, lay Winifred Mary!

"Why—why"—began Sylvia, and then, as usual, she remembered. "Mother," she cried, "I put Winifred Mary down in a big cabbage—I thought it would make such a stunning house for her—and then I went back to get the other little dolls and—and—"

"And you thought of something else to do, and forgot poor Winifred Mary," finished her mother, when she had done laughing," and the cabbage kept right on growing, and folded its big outer leaves over her and held her snug and warm—and how surprised grandma must have been when she cut open that cabbage!"

"It's like the Faithful Tin Soldier in the fish," said Sylvia, solemnly, "but oh. mother—suppose they had boiled the cabbage!"

—*Selected.*

INQUISITIVE PETER.

But, dear me, if he hadn't been so inquisitive it never would have happened."

Grandmother was looking very sadly straight at her knitting, and talking to no one at all; but Betty knew there was a story.

"Who was 'he,' grandmother? and What's 'in-quis-tive'?"

"Why, bless me! Is there a little girl in the room?" Grandmother looked very much surprised.

"Yes'm," said Betty, meekly.

"Well, then, since you've heard so much I might as well tell you the rest. But Peter would rather nobody told. He felt very much ashamed."

"Peter who, grandmother? Please hurry."

"Peter Bear. He lived in a cave with his father and mother, and they would have been very happy if little Peter hadn't wanted to know everything that happened. When Father Bear went out in the morning, Peter wanted to go, too, and see where he went.

"When Mother Bear wanted to see Father Bear a few minutes, Peter would come and stand up and listen, to try to find out what it was all about."

Betty began to look suspicious.

"Every day Peter went all over the cave looking into bureau drawers"—

"Bureau drawers!" Betty's eyes came wide open.

"Holes in the wall," said grandmother, calmly.

"And sniffing in the storeroom to see what there was for dinner, and getting dreadfully in Mother Bear's way.

"So one day Mother Bear made a plan. Peter was sniffing and snuffing as usual, when Father Bear jumped up and rushed out of the cave as fast as he could, as if he had an important engagement. Out rushed Peter after him as fast as his litlte legs would trot, to find out where Father Bear was going; and he never stopped until he found himself all alone in the great woods; for Father Bear had run out of sight.

"Then how Peter cried! He called and called, but no Father Bear and no Mother Bear answered him. He was lost and alone in the great dark woods. Oh, dear, if he had only stayed with mother! At last when he was a very tired and very sorry little bear, Father Bear came strolling back. He had been waiting for Peter to be sorry.

"All the way home Master Peter Bear sniffled and snuffled, and when they reached the cave he went and lay down by Mother Bear, and rested his tired little head against her and cried himself to sleep. And after that he was a very good little bear."

"What's 'in-quis-tive'?" said Betty.

"Can't you guess?" said grandmother. —*Oliver Going.*

TOMMY'S GRAND BIRTHDAY.

"An' then we'll have the best kind of a time," said Leander, proceeding with his sled-making as rapidly as was possible in the face of such difficulties as rough and broken boards, lack of tools, and a painful scarcity of nails. "First we'll have a sleigh ride, and then we'll have a dinner. Susie, bring me that nail over in the corner."

"What'll it be, L'ander?" she asked, referring to the dinner.

"Oh, I dunno; something good."

He was preparing for a birthday celebration. The anniversary itself was several days past. "If we ain't mistook about the day, and we might be," admitted Leander, recollecting that the family records like the rest of his belongings, had always been very much at loose ends. He had been left with the three children when their mother was taken to the hospital for an indefinite stay.

Leander, knowing how difficult it was to live in the city, even with his mother's help, decided to remove, with his small charges, to the country. He knew very little about the country, except that it was the place where the market gardeners' supplies grew, which would seem to make it a very tempting locality. So he had bravely started with little Tim and Susie, carrying only a bundle with their few articles of clothing and bedding.

When they had journeyed on foot three days, and slept as many nights in barns and outbuildings, they stopped. This was quite as much because Susie was tired, and Tim's shoes worn out, as because they had found a tumble-down little cabin on the hillside, which nobody seemed to be using.

"We might as well have it for our house if other folks don't want it," said Leander; and as a quantity of straw had been left in one corner, he proceeded to make what he considered a luxurious bed. Shelter and lodging were thus provided, but they had now been in their new quarters three days, and his stout young heart was beginning anxiously to question where food was to come from. Each day he had gone down the hill to the road along which they had come, and inquired at the farmhouses for work, but he found nothing. When he had asked for milk and bread they had been given him, but the pennies he offered in payment were good-naturedly refused.

In the woods, a half mile away, he could find broken branches and dry sticks for fuel, and it was for transporting this that he was really building his sled. He intended, too, to go over the hill on the farther side, and strike a bit of country not yet explored. Possibly he might find work there, or at least be able to buy something for the dinner he was so grandly promising the children.

"Oh, yes, it's a fine birthday we'll keep for Timmy, tomorrow, and, besides, I'll be running into a job somewheres, before long, and then we'll have good dinners every day," he said trying to cheer himself as well as his listeners.

The rude sled was pulled out, drawn up and along the hillside

for half a mile or more, and when there seemed a clear space for a descent toward a region not yet visited, Leander paused.

"Now, we'll git on and ride downhill," he said.

The hill was longer than it looked, and the sled much less easily guided than its maker had expected it to be, for when it was once fairly under way, it appeared to follow its own will and choose its own course. The children could only cling to it and to each other until they reached the bottom and ran straight in at the open door of a dairy room. There was a crash among jars and pans as the sled came to a halt and upset its load.

"Land o' liberty!" exclaimed the startled farmer's wife, staring at the invasion.

"It's—it's milk!" exclaimed Timmy in an awe-struck tone, as he beheld that precious liquid flowing all around him.

"Oh, I'm awfuly sorry," said Leander, his stout young heart quaking with dread of prison and police officers. "We were just coming downhill, and we didn't mean to hurt nothing. I'll pay you all I can, but—I've only got eight cents."

"Pay? I guess it's your mother'll need paying for getting your clothes all"—began Mrs. Martin, but a closer look at the outfit of the party broke the sentence. "Dear me, child, a little spilled milk ain't no great matter, but it ain't very comfortable to have it all over you. Come upstairs, where you can get warm and dry, and we'll talk it over."

What a delightful fire that was in the great, clean kitchen! While kind Mrs. Martin warmed, comforted, and fed her unexpected guests, she learned all their simple story.

"Just you three children alone in that little cabin on the hill," And this is Timmy's birthday, is it? Then you'd better stay here to dinner."

More dinner, after all that had been given them! Certainly Leander's sled knew the way to fairyland.

"Just think of three such children living alone, with no one to look after them, in that miserable little cabin on the hill," Mrs. Martin said to her husband. "Why it ain't half as good as our little out-kitchen."

"No," answered the man of few words.

"And we ain't using that this winter, and it wouldn't be much trouble to put in a few things and make it comfortable."

"No."

"And I don't see why that bright boy, Leander, couldn't be real useful doing chores. You've said you wanted somebody to help a little."

"Reckon he might."

So Leander had literally "run into a job" when his sled ran into the Martin dairy room.

"And when mother gets out'n the hospital, Leander explained to the younger children, a few days later, "there'll be this good place to come to, for Mis' Martin says she can wash and do lots o' things. Oh, but Timmy's birthday was fine!"—*Selected.*

MOLLY.

Old Molly Sorrel drew her shawl close around her as she came out of the church. Her eyes were sad and troubled, and her footsteps faltered.

Life had seemed very hard of late, and Molly was tired, and confessed to herself that she "couldn't reckon things up."

The sermon had been about the duty of love towards God. It had been delivered in very eloquent, and to Molly, very obscure language, and she was sore puzzled.

"Well, well," she said to herself, "if it is so, it is; but I can't understan' it. I can't make meself love a person I'v' never seen, nor even known. They say He's here, but I'v' been a seekin' Him all me life, and never found Him yet!"

On her way home from the day's charing the following night, she had to call at one of the big houses for some washing.

The kitchen was warm and bright and comfortable. Molly had had a hard day. She sat down near the fire, glad of a few minutes' rest while she waited for the bundle.

The cook was making preparations for the dinner. The soup smelt very good and appetizing. Molly thought of the eighteen pence in her pocket, and was wondering whether she could afford to get "a bit of something" as she went home, when suddenly voices were heard coming from the drawing-room. A man's harsh tones, loud and angry, and then a woman's pleading voice which broke every now and then into a sob.

"Ah," said the cook, as she passed with the soup-ladel in her hand, "it's master and missis; mercy on us! they're at it again!"

As Molly went out with her bundle of clothes the tears were in her eyes.

"Even there," she said, "is sorrow and misery!"

She trudged along. Presently she began to hum a scrap of a song she had heard somewhere.

Against some railings was a woman with a baby in her arms. She was leaning up against them as though weary, and something in her face made Molly hesitate a moment, and then stop.

"Why," she said, "'tis cold ye'll be a-standin' there like that, and the child an' all; why don't yer get along home?"

The woman raised her eyes in surprise to Molly's kind ones.

"I'm only restin' a bit." she said.

"Have yer walked far?" asked Molly.

"'Most all day."

Molly looked at the little pale face of the child beneath the shawl.

"Is she asleep?" she inquired.

"No, I don't think so; she's always like that. I can't get her food; we've had nothing since yesterday." And the woman straightened herself as if to move on.

"Why, let me carry the bairn a bit for yer," said Molly. "Yer looks just fit to drop." And tucking her bundle under one arm, she took the child with the other, and they trudged off together.

At the corner of a narrow street Molly stopped, and putting the child back in its mother's arms, fumbled in her pocket.

"See, me dear," she said, "it's only a trifle, but it'll get yer a bite for tonight." And thrusting her earnings into the woman's hand, she hurried away into the darkness.

She climbed the stairs to a little room at the top of some old buildings. It was very bare and comfortless. She found some sticks and and some pieces of coal, and kindled a blaze in the grate; then she sat down in front of it, and watched the light flicker on the walls.

She fancied that somehow the room did not look quite so poor and shabby as it did on other nights; the fire seemed to burn bigger, and brighter than it usually did; she felt quite warm, and a feeling of wonderful peace and rest came over her.

Suddenly she became conscious of some one in the room, standing beside her chair and a voice, exceedingly soft and tender, seemed to say to her ear:

"Molly, Molly, 'the kingdom of God is within you.' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto Me.' 'Lo, I am with you alway!'"

The face of the woman with the baby passed before her, and smiled.

Molly opened her eyes. The tears were running down her cheeks, and a great peace such as she had never felt before, filled her soul.

"Lord," she cried, stretching out her wrinkled hands, "dear Lord, I have found Thee at last!"—*Selected.*

THE STUMP VILLAGE.

"To think that Uncle John would take our lovely big field away from us just for the sake of a cross old looking cow that everybody's afraid of and nobody likes!" said Susie

"It's only for one day," said Aunt Fannie, looking up from the peas she was shelling, "and you know, dears, there isn't any other place to keep the cow until the owner comes after her. It's too bad, but Mike made a mistake and brought her up from the pasture a day too soon."

"But one day is so many when you've only five days left to stay in the country!" objected Susie, almost tearfully. "You know mamma doesn't like us to play along the roadside. Uncle John doesn't want us running over the cabbages, and the only other place there is left is the little south field—"

"And there isn't a thing there,' 'said Abbie, "but just stumps—old dried up stumps!"

"Why!" cried Aunt Fannie, laying aside her work and putting on her garden hat. "Is it possible that you poor, abused children have never owned a stump village? When I was a little girl I used to play all summer long with my stump houses. Bring all your littlest china dolls and come with me. I'll show you a beautiful game."

When they had reached the south field, down went tall Aunt Fannie on her hands and knees, and with a big kitchen knife she began to scrape the soft dead wood from the side of an old pine stump. When it was all nicely hollowed and the bits of soft, pithy wood were thrown away, the ground near the stump was scraped smooth, sodded with pieces of green moss for a lawn, and the inside of the stump, which looked really quite like the inside of a house, was supplied with rustic furniture made from twigs.

"This is my house and lot," said Aunt Fannie, "but since I haven't any dolls, I shall be obliged to make some poppy people to live in my cottage, and to sit on rustic benches under the trees I am going to plant."

"I choose this stump!" squealed Susie, quickly grasping Aunt Fannie's idea. "I've enough little green acorns to make a lovely fence all around my lot, but my house is to be a palace. See, it looks just like one, with little turrets all around the top like we see in pictures."

"I'm going to have a farm," announced Abbie. "This stump with the spreading roots is to be my house because it's almost hollow already, and there's another little stump behind it that'll make a beautiful barn. I'll make a looking-glass duckpond in the front yard, and all my flower beds shall have tiny pebbles around them for borders. But what'll I do for ducks?"

"White beans make lovely ducks," said Aunt Fannie. "I use speckled ones for hens. I'll give you some of both kinds when you're ready for them."

"I know," cried Abbie, darting off, "where there is some coarse sand that will make the nicest graveled walks! I'll bring enough for everybody. I can carry it in my hat."

"Of course we'll have to have a church and a school-house," suggested Aunt Fannie.

"We might have a post office, too."

"And stores and a public library," added Susie, quickly falling in with the idea. "Why, this is going to be the loveliest game we've ever played, I do believe!"

So, indeed, it proved; for every minute of the next five days, except when they were eating and sleeping, the two little girls stayed in the empty south lot, which had, thanks to Aunt Fannie, suddenly become the most interesting place on Uncle John's farm.

The stump village grew and grew, until it threatened to become

a city; tiny winding roads and long, straight streets were laid out, artificial streams with bridges over them made it as much as the china dolls' lives were worth to walk in the public park, and Fannie's poppy people gave wonderful concerts in the opera house, which was made from the very biggest stump of all. Indeed, so fascinated were the two little city girls with their stump village that—would you believe it?—they never went back to the big green field with its fringe of beautiful trees and its patches of oxeye daisies and black-eyed Susans, except for just long enough to say good-bye to their chattering playfellow, the brook. —*Selected.*

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S MONEY BOX.

"If only we could find Great-grandfather Lane's money box!"

Lizbeth had not meant to say this aloud; she had thought it so hard that it fairly said itself. Lizbeth was only sixteen, and her thoughts usually came out at her mouth, like this. She had run into her grandmother's room for a little chat.

The sweet-faced old lady looked up, startled. "Child, don't you get started after that old *ignis fatuus,*" she said; but the pink wave that swept over her thin, pale face showed where her own thoughts had been. In her lap lay a letter, and Lizbeth, who knew its probable contents, had forborne to rattle off the jolly account of her week's work in the schoolroom, as she had come to do, and instead had quietly seated herself on the other side of the fire until grandmother should come out of the reverie into which these letters always cast her.

"Is Uncle Robert no better?" Lizbeth asked.

"No, no; just the same. The doctor says he cannot come home—that this damp climate would certainly be fatal to him. He seems rather depressed over it." She held the letter out to Lizbeth, whose face twitched with feeling as she read it. It was bravely cheerful, but the girl, reading "between the lines," saw a man's intense yearning after his mother, and the old home on the Tennessee.

"If only you could go and see him, then," Lizbeth returned.

"I can't though," and grandmother spoke as if she dismissed the subject.

Lizbeth knew how grandmother yearned for a sight of her absent son. He and Lizbeth's mother were her only children, and consumption had, two years before, driven him to Mexico. After that, Lizbeth and her mother, a widow, had, for their mutual company, come to live at the old homestead. Every nook and corner of the roomy old farmhouse, and every tradition connected with it, interested Lizbeth. She had made a dozen people tell her about great-grandfather's lost box of money, but grandmother never liked to talk about it.

"Tut, tut," she would say; "don't be getting silly notions. It was no great fortune—only a thousand dollars in gold; not enough to pay for the digging that has been done for it." She said "only" a thousand; there were times when that thousand looked very large to grandmother. Today was one of those times.

"I wish we had it," Lizbeth insisted. "I've a great mind to hunt for it."

"Don't!" grandmother answered; "if searching were finding, that money would have been used up long ago. We'd be no better off than we are now, so far as"—grandmother stopped. She did not want Lizbeth to know how homesick she was for Robert. "That money was well hid," she continued. "It was this way, you see: When the war broke out, father was one of the first to go from this neighborhood. There were five grown sons and myself at home, so he felt that he could be spared better than other men.

"Next call Jimmie and Thomas went; then Abner and Flem. But Donald stayed at home till he was conscripted. The boys were wild to go—all they feared was that father would get the Yankees whipped before they could get there.

"No!" she said, proudly, answering a look in Lizbeth's eyes. "No; Donald wasn't a coward; but it looked as if a home which had given five soldiers to the army had done enough, and it was agreed that Don should stay with mother and me. We felt pretty defenseless even with Don here, being used to such a crowd of men folks in the house.

"This neighborhood lay in the track of travel to soldiers of both armies. I must own that neither side ever did us any harm, though several times the Yankes left their sick with us. I know now they were a protection to us—though we hated them then. It was the scum of both armies that we dreaded most—the bushwhackers—men who wore uniforms, but never fought with either army, and preyed like veritable vultures upon helpless women and children. We had many harrowing experiences, but between hard work and anxiety, and with Don being always cheerful as he was, we got on until father unburied his money."

Lizbeth clapped her hands. "Then great-grandfather was rich once?" she asked.

"No, no; nobody round her was rich in those days; people ran too much to land and negroes for that. This thousand dollars was all the money father had. He would have had more, but he went off after war was declared, and bought four negroes—hadn't a speck of use for 'em; he was just proving his faith in his side! Even one thousand dollars was a tidy sum in that day and time, though; it is not rich people, generally, who go to settle up fresh territory, as this was then.

"When father first left home, he buried the money in the corner of the garden, near the pigpen. It would have been safe there, too, till freedom—till the day o' doom, for that matter; but every time father came home he would see how the bushwhackers—some of 'em

neighbors and men he'd helped, too!—had been at the corn and such things, even digging them up from where we'd hid 'em, and then he'd up and unbury his money again and hunt a new place for it. First and last, that money was hid all over this place, from the smokehouse loft to the bottom of the spring branch, under some rocks. I believe father got some of his furloughs just a-purpose to come and move that money box. Finally he brought it into the house. 'Better not,' mother told him.

" 'Yes,' he said; 'between our men, that we give to because we want to, the Yankees, that we feed because we are afraid not to, and the scoundrelly bushwhackers, who *take* in spite of us, the house is as bare as a gnawed bone. A body would as likely look for hair in a man's palm as money here.' Some raiders had just cut out of the loom the jeans we were weaving for our men in the army, and father was sadly put out over it.

"Father didn't get another furlough soon. Things were getting at the darkest, and his company was sent to Virginia. The boys were scattered in every direction, and we didn't hear from 'em for months together—then it was often just by 'grapevine telegraph.' On top of all that trouble, here was that money."

"Why didn't great-grandmother try her hand at hiding it?" Lizbeth asked.

"Well, people didn't generally try to do father's jobs over for him, that's all," grandmother answered. "For a while, every time she saw strangers coming, or people she didn't trust, mother would fling the money box under the cushion of a saggy split-bottom chair we had, and sit down on it, letting on she was lame. She did it well, too. But, of course, she had to work between times, and we knew the bushwhackers would grow suspicious sooner or later if she kept that up. Another time, seeing soldiers coming, she popped the box into the oven, which she had heated to bake bread and, deftly shaping a corn-dodger over it, left it there till the men went away after dinner.

"Then Don was conscripted. We hadn't expected that, and it nearly broke our hearts. We hadn't known things were as bad as that, or he'd have enlisted before. He wasn't but seventeen, anyway, though as well grown and level-headed as a man. It looked as if we couldn't spare him. The officer allowed him a few days to fix up things round home, and we got a neighbor's little boy to sleep at the house of nights.

" 'That money is what bothers me worst,' Don said. 'You women oughtn't to know where it is. People are killed for less.'

" 'I'd give it up first,' I said.

" Mother wouldn't. She'd stick to it like Cassabianca,' Don answered.

" 'Then you hide it,' I suggested, half in fun.

"Done!' Don cried. 'Go out of here, sis;' and while I stood with my face to the wall, Don scrambled up into the attic and did something. Then he went to the cupboard and rattled round there. I thought he

meant me to know he'd put it in one place or the other, but not to know just where. I believe yet he did!"

The pink flashed into grandmother's pale cheek again. "I never will believe Don carried it out of that room," she said, musingly, "let alone that he carried it off."

"Oh!" Lizbeth sighed, in a little gasp of shocked comprehension. She had been so filled with family pride.

"Yes," grandmother said, softly, in answer to the hurt in Lizbeth's voice. "No one ever really believed it, though.

"When the war ended, it looked as if we were ruined. Three of the boys never came back, Don among them, and of the two who did come, one lacked an arm and the other a foot. This meant that they must leave the farm, and that father would work himself to death, as he soon did—though I think it was grief helped to kill him. He was actually so full of trouble that he never bothered about the money a single time till the boys left home and needed it. Abner, who had lost his foot, was going to study with a doctor, and Jimmy, who'd lost his arm, had got a place in a lawyer's office. Both did well afterwards, but it looked at one time as if they'd have to give it up. For the money couldn't be found anywhere! We looked high and low, indoors and out, in places where it never possibly could have been. It was gone—is gone yet. It may be that Don, to fool me, and never dreaming he'd be killed, dropped the box into his pocket and hid it outdoors, but I always thought some one must have ransacked the place when mother and I were absent for a short time. After Don left, we had to work in the field, like men—it was that or starve."

Lizbeth went quietly out. Grandmother was intently recalling the old scene of Don hiding the money box, her poor, wrinkled hands patting Robert's letter in her lap.

Lizbeth went into the kitchen; here everything was almost as in great-grandmother's time. Lizbeth, with youth's natural love of change, had wished to move out the old things, paper the smoked walls, and refurnish the kitchen generally.

"Let it be," her mother said; "your grandmother might feel lost. She has looked at some of these things for seventy-five years."

An old-fashioned cupboard of solid black walnut stood in one corner, reaching from the floor to within a foot of the ceiling. So tall was it that it had been feared that it might, if filled, tilt forward. So it was lightly nailed to the wall. How great-grandmother had delighted to array on its shelves her store of the blue-figured china and her quaint vessels of pewter!

All these now lay neatly packed on the upper shelves, out of the way. Below were stores of fruit, jellies and preserves, all the odds and ends of a plenteous farm-house closet. From top to bottom it was full—the fuller because Lizbeth had, with her little salary, furnished the dining room with new china. This much her mother had conceded, to a young girl's love of the modern.

In the ceiling, near the top of the cupboard, and with its hinges next to the wall, was a trap door to the attic. To open it, one had to push the door up—until it fell back against the end wall of the attic. The attic had not been entered for years; the ladder once kept for that purpose had rotted away long years ago. Lizbeth was one of those girls to whom nothing which has been done one time appears impossible; but that door had evidently been cut with a view to "men only."

"Now, I wonder if I could?" Lizbeth mused, planning her ascent.

She pulled in the stepladder. Too short by far. She remembered, enviously, that "great-grandfather" and his boys had been a long-limbed race. Grandmother had said it was simply appalling, the weaving it required to keep them clothed in home-made jeans for winter; in summer, linen grown on that very farm.

Lizbeth, alas! was short. After various experiments, she drew the heavy kitchen table, walnut and home-made like the cupboard, beneath the trap door, planted the ladder on it and climbed up. Whatever else she lacked, Lizbeth was strong-armed. No use! The trap door had not been raised in years; besides, from her precarious perch, Lizbeth could get no hold on it. So down she climbed, laughing at the mutiny of her untried muscles. "This beats calisthenics all to pieces," she thought.

She pried at the door with various things—the poker, a broom, the tongs, a hominy testle. It wouldn't budge. She ran out and brought in one of the quilting frames. Its length permitted her to stand on the floor while pushing, and, thus braced, she soon had the door raised. Then she sat down and rested.

"Whew!" she said, and wiped her face; for a shower of dust had fallen from above. "My inheritance in great-grandfather's will power stood me in good stead that time. I'm really proud of you, Lizbeth, I am." Nevertheless, she carefully locked the door, to ward off any chance spectator.

Lizbeth planted her feet in a chair, steadied the ladder on the table, and went up. "I wish it wouldn't 'teeter' so," she said, with a little giggle. Soon her head rose through the opening into the attic. It was a long step from the ladder to the floor above, and, when Lizbeth gave herself a little lurch to make it, down went the ladder with a great clatter.

"Well, anyway, I'm up," she said. "If only I find the money, I can fly down. Lizbeth believed she would find it. It must surely be in the attic. She had herself scoured the old cupboard, inside and out, on too many cleaning days to waste any time looking in it. Her hopes lay wholly in the attic.

"I feel 'most like a bushwhacker myself," she thought. The attic was where Lizbeth's great-grandmother had once stored the year's supply of bacon and carefully concealed the ladder. But the bushwhacker had stood one man on a comrade's shoulder, from which he

had swung himself up catwise, by his hands and feet, and got the bacon. Not a rasher did he leave.

At first, it was almost black dark in the atic, but later, her eyes adjusting themselves to their task, Lizbeth explored every foot of it. There was little rubbish there. If it had not been the way of the Lanes to hoard things up. Sentiment had little place in their lives.

Lizbeth could have cried, her disappointment was so keen. She was dusty from head to foot, from groping in the dark corners, and smoking cobwebs festooned her fluffy light hair—all this for nothing. The money was gone, as grandmother said.

"Lizbeth! O Lizbeth!" called a voice, "there are visitors to see you."

There was a flirt of ruffled skirts under a dark gingham gown, and a shapely foot descended through the ceiling, and, reaching down, groped for the ladder.

"Gracious me! I forgot. The ladder fell!" The tears came now, sure enough, and Lizbeth, dangling both feet into the kitchen, sat in the doorway and cried. The dust on her face ran into smeary streaks, and her hands, she saw, were cruelly red and sore.

"Whatever shall I do?" she sobbed. "Mother!" she called; but the voice had trailed off toward grandmother's room, where the visitors were. "And the doors are locked!" she said, dolefully. Poor Lizbeth felt no inclination to "fly down" now, desperate as the case seemed to be. "I just daren't jump it," she said, looking down.

Her eyes fell upon the open cupboard. "It isn't nice," she said, "not a bit; but if I could just get one toe into that top shelf, I believe I'd make it." Lizbeth had never climbed trees, and the step to the cupboard looked ominiously long. She wonderd how she could get back to her present perch if she failed in this attempt. Then she grasped the edges of the opening and, reaching down, put her foot on the shelf. "There!" she ejaculated, and put her other foot beside it. Cautiously, one at a time, she brought her two hands down and clasped the top of the cupboard, and Lizbeth felt it quiver. "I am glad you are built in," she thought. The next instant there was a crash, and the great, heavy cupboard pulled from the wall, fell forward, Lizbeth, dishes, preserves, pots, pans, and all in a heap. One corner caught on the kitchen table, and this alone saved Lizbeth.

The floor looked as if it had rained, first, fragments of blue-figured china, then all manner of glassware, and, finally flowing over all, rivers of canned fruit, jams and jelly.

"One teacup and I, at least, survive," Lizbeth said, ruefully, as she pulled herself out of the wreck.

Grandmother and the visitors were banging frantically on the door, I'll just have to open it, I reckon," Lizbeth thought. "What must they think of me? And oh, how dirty I am!" She opened the door, and in flocked the crowd—fortunately all intimate friends. Lizbeth was confusedly trying to explain, when grandmother hurried to the vacant cor-

ner where the cupboard had been and picked up a tin box. She looked up at the raised trap door. "No," Lizbeth said, answering the look, "but I tried to, and I've only gone and ruined all your dear old dishes. I wish I hadn't."

"Im glad, I'm so, so glad! Don't you see, Lizbeth?" And the box in grandmother's trembling hands gave out little metallic tinkles which thrilled through Lizbeth like music. From the lines on the wall, it was seen that the cupboard had not fitted closely into the corner of the room, and into this niche Donald, who alone had remembered, or had perhaps known of it, had slipped the box, thinking upon his return to tear away the cupboard and get it.

"Dear old Don!" said grandmother, tremulously. "Though the gold had turned to ashes, I would still be happy," and she hugged Lizbeth up close—dust, jelly, and all. Then Lizbeth knew how heavily on grandmother's heart had lain the charge against Don's honesty.

PLUCK.

"Yes," said the iron master, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone, said "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes, and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the iron-works, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the sharp hiss of molten metal, and the clear ring of smitten steel.

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door.

'Come in!' I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!

"Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good.

"'Good morning, sir!' he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. 'I want work. Can you give me any?'

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time.

"'No, sir!' I said. 'We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you.' I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. 'I must have work!' he said. 'I would try to give you satisfaction, sir, and I tell you I must have it!'

"He spoke as if I had the work in my coat-pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

"'My good sir,' I said, putting the paper down, 'there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your references, I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you today.'

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place, there must be *something* a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, today! It is absolutely necessary!'

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and shut the door after him; but I looked at him again, and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or snivelling about him. If there had been, out he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so.

"'What kind of work do you want?' I said, putting down the paper again.

"Any kind.'

"You mean that?'

"I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—' he choked a little, and stopped. Then, 'I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!'

"'Come with me!' I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work, clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world and the wrong end at that.

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work

for a Yankee to touch, and even the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

"'Here is a job!' I said. "The only one I know of. How do you like it?'

"'Well enough,' he said, as cool as possible.

"'You'll get a dollar and a half a day,' I told him. 'You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?'

"'In an hour,' he said. Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe, and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir.

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble; but my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction.

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before.

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or any one else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world.

"'That's pluck!' said I to myself. 'If he doesn't die he'll do!'

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shaky and pretty tired-looking; but he said never a word just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off.

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work.

"When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt.

"'Oho!' said I to myself. 'One day was enough for him, was it?' And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned to come away, and lo! there he

was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up, with a great hunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. *Buon giorno, signore!*'

"'Are you a schoolmaster,' I asked, 'and working down in that hole?'

"'No,' he said, quietly. 'I am a bookkeeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents,' he added, turning it over, with a smile,—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone,—'and I am getting on pretty well.'

"'Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as bookkeeper,' I asked, 'instead of this kind of thing?'

"'Nobody will take a bookkeper without references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose,' he said, flushing a little. 'My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones, as my native town is off the main lines, and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been fond of open air and exercise,' he added, with a quizzical look at the hole where he had been digging, 'and now I am getting lots of it.'

"'Back stiff?' I suggested.

"'So, so! I'll manage, though,—often been worse after a day's rowing,—and this is just as good bread as any other,' and he took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar.

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out; but his pluck kept him up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up.

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened, and in came Green, from the boiler-works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

"'Will you take a man on trial?'

"'What kind of man?' asked Green.

"'Well, I hardly know,' said I. 'I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work,' and I told the man's story.

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler-works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed today—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well, good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—Pluck!"—*Laura E. Richards.. From "The Youth's Companion."*

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE WHIPPED.

I may as well tell the boys now that my mother was a widow, and a woman of great firmness and decision of character, and of deep piety. When she said anything she meant it, and yet she was just as gentle and tender as a lamb.

One time in the Fall of the year, when I was fifteen years old, I was out in the yard trying to move a heavy stick of timber. I asked my brother, then twelve years of age, to help me, but he stood still and laughed at me, while I almost strained my eyeballs out of my head. At last I lost my temper and picked up a switch and gave my brother a whipping.

That was one thing mother would not allow—one child to whip another on her place. When she heard the racket she came out of the house and gave brother a good thrashing, and made him put the timber in place, and ..... said to me:

"Now, my son, I am going to whip you for whipping your brother."

I had not had a whipping for a long time, and had begun to feel like a man. I had no idea of taking a whipping—none in the world. I had violated one of my mother's rules, but the provocation had been a great one to a boy. True, if I had gone five steps to the door and told mother, she would have adjusted matters and made brother do what I wanted him to do. Instead of this, I had assumed authority, had taken the law in my own hands and had done what I knew mother did not allow.

I said, "Mother, you shall not whip me."

"But I shall do it, my son," she replied, and started toward me with a purpose in her eye. I got out of her way, and, bad boy that I was, I turned my back upon home and mother, and went off and hired myself to a clever, thrifty, well-to-do farmer for five dollars a month. I told

him what had occurred, and how I had been outraged at home, and he proposed to go with me and intercede for me. I had too much of my mother in me to yield just then. I went to work, but was not happy. I lost my appetite and couldn't sleep. I grew worse and worse, but hoped all the time that mother would send for me, and apologize and take me back, but I heard nothing from her.

I began to feel that I needed mother and home more than mother and home needed me—a lesson most boys do not learn until it is too late. At the end of the week, on Saturday morning, I told my employer I wanted to go home. He approved my purpose and kindly offered to go with me, but I preferred to go alone. He paid me for my week's work, but I hated the money. It felt like lead in my pocket, and grew heavier and heavier as I got nearer home, till finally I pulled it out and threw it as far as I could send it into the woods. I did not go home in a hurry. It was four miles, and I was four hours on the way, and long hours they were. I hesitated and turned back, and resolved and re-resolved. The better thing in me said, "Go home, and yield to your mother and obey her," but some other thing said, "I would die first."

Those who have never been in the shoes of the "Prodigal Son" do not know what the trip home cost the poor boy, nor how long he was making it. When I felt that I could go no further, I would kneel down and pray. That always helped me. I felt firmer afterwards. The last hundred yards before I reached home seemed to be a mile long. If it had been night and no light burning, so mother could not see me, how glad I would have been; but there it was, a beautiful, sun-bright day in the calm, cool November. Oh, how black the bright light makes a guilty heart look!

As I came near I heard my mother singing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

Ah, that song! What mingled feelings it stirred in my heart, and how appropriate it was. Hope and shame had a struggle, but, thank God, hope prevailed. Just as I reached the door mother was setting the table for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said, just as pleasantly as I ever heard her speak in all her life. "Come in," she continued; "have a seat,' setting a chair for me. "I hope you are well, my son?" That word "son," how it hurt me. I was not worthy of it.

"Very well, I thank you"—I did not venture to say "mother." "Are all well?" I asked.

"Well, thank you, my son," and she went on, chatting away just as pleasantly as if I had been a neighbor called in. I wanted to tell her my sin and shame, but did not know where or how to commence. Dinner was soon ready, and mother asked me to dine with her, with all the politeness and deference due a visitor.

When seated at the table, mother said, "Will you please say grace for us?" That was awful. The words choked me, though I had been accustomed to asking a blessing for a year or two. I could not eat; I was too full already. Mother hoped I was well. I told her I was.

When dinner was over, I said, "Mother, what work do you want me to do?"

"None at all, my son; I do not expect visitors to work for me," she answered.

"But mother, I have come home, and wanted to go to work, and quit this foolishness," I said.

She replied firmly, "Well, my son, to be candid with you, if you will now take a whipping you can stay, but if not, you can take your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coat and vest, and sat down with my face to the back of the chair, and my back toward mother, and said:

"Well, my mother, I will take the whipping, and stay at home with you. So get your switch and give it to me."

"That will do, my son. Let us pray." She led. Oh, that prayer, that prayer!

It lingers yet like the refrain of some old song, grand with the melody of Heaven. I then had a home and a mother, and was about as happy as boys ever get to be in this life. Now, boys, I'm ashamed of my sin to this day, but I am so proud of my mother I thought I would tell you this story.—*Selected.*

SEVERAL GAMES.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

"Three Black Crows" is a game that can be played either indoors or out in the open. For it there must be ready three times as many balls of cotton covered with cloth as there are players. A leader being chosen, the others form a circle about her and she starts the game crying: "Three black crows are in the corn. Peck! Peck! Peck!" As she utters the last three words she touches three of those in the circle, and they step out and back from it, so as to be about four feet away. They are the crows. Each one faces so as to be able to run around the circle and back to her place, always keeping four feet away from the others. When the crows are in position the leader cries: "The farmer shoots them every dawn. Crack! Crack! Crack!" At the last "crack" the crows begin the race, and the members of the circle, who are all farmers and each of whom is armed with three balls, throw these at the runners as they pass in an effort to strike them. Should they be hit no penalty follows, for the excite-

ment of the game lies chiefly in the attempt to strike the crows. The cries and the expectancy of the moment when the start is to be made will cause sufficient exhiliaration and laughter. When the runners have reached their places the first one "pecked" becomes leader; the balls are collected and again distributed for a new round of the fun.

"THE APPLE GAME."

An apple feat that makes fun and is not too easily accomplished consists in walking across the room with one on the head. If all the children try at once it will be more enjoyable. They are likely to run into one another, but will laugh over this as much as if they had succeeded with the balancing.

Apples are pretty objects to use in a memory test. Six or seven of them are placed about the room in plainly visible positions, and the little ones are taken in and allowed to look at them for a few minutes. They are told to see how many apples they can spy, and when they get back to the other room try to tell. Unless the children are very small the list had best be written, perhaps, for few but very tiny tots are so utterly guileless as to be able to resist the temptation to add to their list lacking apples that have been remembered by others. Those who remember all correctly might be rewarded with badges of red silk on which an apple in gilded outlines has been drawn.

"WHITE ROSE."

In a wholly natural way "White Rose" creates some delighftul postures and groups. These are accomplanied by some verses about a "white rose" and a "willow tree," and when beginning to play, a couple of children are chosen to represent these two, preferably a short one and a tall one. Near them stand the others in a group or circle, and these repeat:

"There stood a white rose by a willow tree,
And it grew, and grew, and grew.
Oh, little white rose, will you bloom for me,
As you stand in the sun by the willow tree?
Oh,, do! Oh, do! Oh, do!"

As the last line of the first couplet is repeated the children express the growing of the rose in pantomime by stretching out their arms in front of them and slowly spreading them apart, gradually widening the distance between the palms. When the words, "Oh, do!" are spoken those in the line assume all sorts of supplicating attitudes.

Then the White Rose cries:

"I'm spinning my roses and weaving the dew
Right now, in a sweet little nosegay for you."

As she say sthese words she advances and waves her hands about, as though making the nosegay, selecting meanwhile four of the largest and strongest children from the group. All go back to the Willow Tree, where they kneel at the feet of the Rose, to form the nosegay. Then the Rose turns to the others and says:

"But before you may pluck it you'll have to break through
The hedge of my thorns; and, whatever you do,
Look out for the willow tree."

Upon this the nosegay springs up to become a protecting circle of thorns about the Rose, for the rest of the players immediately rush upon them in efforts to "pluck" her. The Willow Tree, almost immovable up to this time, now throws himself into the scramble at the points where danger of breaking through the line seems most imminent, trying to thwart the attempts of these players and to ward off others who may be coming to their aid. When, at last, the Rose is reached a new game is formed, with different children in the center.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Lord Lytton.

Go, make thy garden fair as thou canst, thou workest never alone; Perchance he whose plot is next to thine will see it and mend his own.
—*Selected.*

Let, then, our prayers be "the key that opens the day, and the lock that shuts the night," and also from morning to night our staff and stay in all our labors, enabling us to go cheerfully up to the mount of God.—Canon Farrar.

STEPS.

I wonder just how many steps I take
From morning to close of day;
I wonder who follows the path I make
And finds it a pleasant way;
I wonder, I wonder if any one knows
How far through the sunshine and shadow it goes.

I never could count them, these steps of mine,
I never could tell, indeed,
How far through the country of rain and shine
My steps to the hills should lead;
But I would be glad were I certain at night
That some one had followed in safety their light.
—*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

Officers' Department.

For what grander, holier purpose under heaven does a human being need knowledge than for the training of childhood?—*Horace Mann.*

COMMONPLACE PHILOSOPHY.

However dark the way you view,
Don't let it daunt you—see it thru.
Altho your path leads down thru night,
Without one welcome ray of light,
'Tis only cowards take to flight;
Let not the host of circumstance put you to rout,
O'er every obstacle advance and stick it out.

God puts us here upon the earth
To try our courage and our worth,
To make our characters complete,
He who acknowledges defeat
Shall never know the ransom sweet.
Be not a craven in your fear, a prey to doubt,
But through all hardships persevere—and stick it out.

We never have a load of care
So heavy that we cannot bear,
We never have so great a sin
That over it we cannot win
If only fortified within;
Whatever bars or seeming ill hedge us about
Can't check us if we have the will to stick it out.

The spirit with inherent strength
Surmounts all obstacles at length;
However dark they looked before,
He sees when he has passed them o'er,
That they are shadows, nothing more,
Then meet each test that comes to you with courage stout,
However dark the way you view, just stick it out.

—*Fena Nordwal, Roseville, Ill.*

PREPARATION OF TEACHERS.

"We cannot give what we haven't got," an old adage and a true one. When we have before us the bright eyes and eager faces of the precious children, and our own ideas are all at sea, we are empty and unprofitable, then it dawns upon us we are not prepared, we have not power to hold and interest the eager minds of our classes, they see and read our inability to impart, and a corresponding sentiment of distrust and inattention meets our efforts the next time we assume the role of teacher. One sister says, "I haven't time to read and learn to tell these little stories." Yes, you have, and by so doing you make your own mind clearer and memory stronger for your next effort. Yes, your own good demands it. You don't make a pair of overalls for your baby when you put it in short clothes, your clothing suits the age and needs of your dear ones. Just so with your preparation for your different grades and lessons. Get down! get down, my sister, yes creep with your children, till you yourself have learned to teach them how to walk. "How can I when I never taught school, or ever tried to teach any one in my life?" By prayer and study you get your mind in a receptive mood. Now, my sister, you are going to tell your class how to be unselfish, you read the stories in the "Friend," you tell them to yourself; then you get your own, or some near neighbor's child or children and tell them the story. You begin to recall little incidents that have occured in your own life to illustrate this grand theme of unselfishness, and you find you get saturated with this subject. Meeting day comes, it has no terrors for you; you are prepared. You are a child with the children, and are chuck full of ideas to impart. Now, don't talk like a dictionary to them, be as plain and simple as you can, but clear, and straight to the point. Excitement is not enthusiasm, and we find practice makes perfect. So, when our turn comes to act as teachers, we become more and more used to the position and by the help of the Great Teacher who knows our hopes our desires and our needs, we prepare to take the holy mission given us and are amongst those who are called upon to "feed my lambs." And in blessing we are blest. Your own heart and soul are better for the discipline, you are more unselfish for your effort to help them.
—*Zina Y. Card.*

THE TIME BEFORE THE SESSION.

In many of our Primaries the time before the arrival of the first child and the opening of the session is a time when irreverence for God's house is actually taught, since we teach by what we allow as

well as by what we do and say. The trouble is that so many who have assumed the duty of training children religiously have failed to realize that responsibility for the child and his training begins the moment he enters the door of the meeting-house and continues until he leaves it.

Even this wider view is too narrow, for the most conscientious teachers realize that the responsibility continues through the week; but we are considering at this time simply the much neglected period that immediately precedes the formal opening of the Primary.

It is a most unfortunate thing for the teacher herself as well as for her children when she considers her duty fully and satisfactorily discharged if she gets to the meeting-house a moment or two before the opening of the service, manages and teaches the class through the session, and leaves as soon as the last word of the closing services has been said. Samuel Chadwick, in a sermon on "The Second Mile," has said that the measured mile of service is the mile of the Pharisee; the yard stick is thrown away in the kingdom of God, and the Christian is known by the things he does in excess of what is required of him. He adds, "At the stroke of the clock the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling." The teacher who does her work in the spirit of the hireling is doing an injustice to her own soul, for she is starving her spiritual nature, which can grow only as the power of God flowing into the life is allowed to flow out in unstinted and unmeasured service to others. The moment one stops to measure and set limits to the amount of service one is willing to give, that moment the service is robbed of its beauty and charm; for the highest form of service is given in a spirit which knows nothing of the measuring tape, and literally rejoices in sacrifice, because love and not law rules the life. Such a teacher also does herself an injustice because she loses one of the finest opportunities which any teacher can have for getting acquainted with her children, studying their interests, and ascertaining their needs. In the Primary period there is no time that can properly be used for free conversation apart from the assigned lesson for the day. The time before the session on the other hand is ideal for such an interchange of thought between child and teacher as is hardly possible under any other circumstances, for even when the teacher visits the home her call is mainly upon the mother, other members of the family are generally present, and the child is not perfectly able to express his real self.

It is not fair to the child that he should be allowed to come to the Primary and let his activities run riot along channels of his own choosing. That he must do something we all know, and we ought also to remember that he has neither the knowledge necessary for the invention of right activities, nor the self-control that would be required to make himself do them. Unless some older and wiser person is present to guide and suggest, therefore, he does things through which he is establishing habits of irreverent conduct in God's house. This kind of neglect is also unjust to the child in that it undermines

the effect of all teaching. If a teacher is not filled with great love for her children and for her work, the children always know it just as surely as if an illuminated placard announcing the fact had been presented to every one of them, and such knowledge in the minds of the children prevents any effect worth striving for from the teacher. It vitiates teaching in another way, and that is by arousing emotions that are so far removed from the teaching of God's word that no power of eloquence or magic of story can make the good seed grow when the ground is pre-empted by such a tangle of thorns. A teacher complained that when she had been trying to teach a lesson on reverence the behavior in the class, and especially among the boys, had been very trying. In a subsequent conversation on the matter she said, "Oh, well, I suppose the boys were upset that day, for they had been playing leapfrog over the chairs before I came in, and one of them had fallen and hurt himself quite a little." Anyone who has the vision necessary to look beyond the present and physical will realize that all who joined in that game of leapfrog were harmed in a far more serious way than the one whose hurt was commented upon.

Some teacher may say: "What am I to do? I cannot possibly get to Primary much, if any, before the session begins, because of duties that I certainly owe to my home." This may be true in some cases, but this much is certain: God never has for any of us two duties that must be done at the same moment, and if any two seem to conflict it is evident that one or the other should be given up. If any teacher positively cannot be at the meeting-house before the session begins, she probably can arrange for someone else to be there to look after her children, and she can also plan some work for them to do that they will enjoy doing. This work of coming early and keeping the children employed can be divided up among the teachers in such a way that two will be on hand at least half an hour before the session opens.

LETTING GO.

The person who wants to be healthy, morally, mentally, physically, must learn to let go.

Let go of the little irritations and the petty vexations that cross your path every day. Don't take them up and pet them and nurse them and brood over them. They are not worth while. Let them go.

That little difference that exists between yourself and your neighbor, that you argue and bicker over every time you meet, drop it, let it go. You can't afford to lose a good neighbor, or a friend, by simply hanging on to some difference of opinion, and spending your time quarreling over it instead of enjoying each other and talking about the things on which you do agree.

Don't argue with any one anyhow. It will do no good. And

remember, please remember, that arguing means certain death to love and friendship. You may think not, you may hope to accomplish something by arguing, but you will accomplish nothing but a loss of respect for each other and the total destruction of those kindly feelings that once existed. Respect each other's opinions and let go the arguing.

That little hurt that you got from a friend, perhaps it wasn't intended, perhaps it was, but no matter, let it go. Refuse to think about it.

Let go of that feeling of hatred you have for another, the jealousy, the envy, the malice; let go such thoughts. They are foul and unclean and you should refuse them habitation within your thought or memory. Sweep them out of your mind and you will be surprised what a clearing up and rejuvenating effect it will have on you, both physically and mentally. It will be like ridding the system of poison, for such thoughts do act as poison, diminishing the secretions of the body, clogging up the organs, and vitiating the whole system. Let them go, let them go; you house and shelter them at a deadly risk.

But the big troubles, the bitter disappointments, the deep wrongs, the heart-breaking sorrows, the tragedies of life, what about them? Why—just let them go, too. Drop them, softly, may be, but surely. Put away all regret and bitterness and let sorrow be only a softening memory. Yes, let them go—let them go.

Then that little pet ailment that you have been hanging on to and talking about for these many years, let it go. It will be a good riddance. You have given it so much attention, and flattered it by talking so much about it, that it will be hard to get rid of it. You have treated it royally, and it likes to stay with you. But turn it out, let it go. Don't pay any attention to it, quit talking about it, and it will go away of itself. Perhaps when you once let go of it you will find that after all it was only a figment of your mind and had no real existence. Talk health instead of disease, and health will come. Quit nursing that pet ailment and let it go.

It is not so hard, after you once get in the habit of doing it,—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go. And then when you no longer give any time to vexations and worries and irritations, to hatred or envy or bitterness, and waste no more time talking about this, that, or the other ailment, then you can give the whole time to useful thoughts, healthful thoughts. You will find the world such a beautiful place. You will love it simply for the warm sunshine, for the blue skies, and for the stars that shine at night. It will all be beautiful to you because you will be free to enjoy it, free in mind and body. You will no longer be depressed with unwholesome thoughts, and your mind will become buoyant and clear and strong, and your body will respond with a vigor and vitality and vivaciousness that will make mere existence a pleasure.

Learn to let go. As you value health of body and peace of mind, let go, just simply let go.

—*E. P.*

THE BACKSLIDER'S EXPERIENCE.

One of our busy bankers, ever ready to turn a listening ear to the cry of a soul for light, however pressing his secular work, was interrupted by a mechanic who entered his office, evidently borne down by a heavy burden. His first remark was: "Brother ——, I am bad off, I'm broke. I must have help."

Of course, our banker expected to be asked for pecuniary aid. "Tell me what you need. Are you in financial straits?"

"Worse than that," was the reply; "I am a spiritual bankrupt!" and tears and sobs shook the strong man as he sat in the presence of his friend the personification of grief.

The story he told has its thousands of counter-parts. Said he:

"Myself and wife are members of —— Ward. We have not been inside its walls for more than two years. I have drifted out and away into darkness, and I am at unrest. Will you, can you, help me?"

"But tell me the cause of this backsliding. Where did the departure begin, and what has brought you to me in such a condition?"

"Well," said he, "my little girls were at the Primary conference last Sabbath. On their return I asked as to the lesson of the evening. Their reply was, 'Prayer,' and, turning to me, one of the dear pets said, with such an appealing look: 'Papa, you used to pray with us; why don't you now?' This question for three days has sounded in my ears day and night. I cannot sleep. I am at unrest. What shall I do?"

"Where did you leave off?"

"With the omission of family prayer. At first morning devotions were omitted. I was in haste to get to my work. I excused myself because of the lack of time. Then at evening I gradually left off the habit on the plea of weariness or some other excuse. The neglect of Sabbath service followed, till at last I am here, with no rest, no comfort, no peace. Neither my wife nor myself has been to church for two years."

"The practical answer of the banker was:

"Begin where you left off. Commence tonight. Call your family together and pray with them."

"But I cannot; it is far harder than at first."

"Very well, if you will not do this you will have no rest, and I hope you will continue in this condition till you again resume the duty which you never should have laid aside."

With a few kindly words they parted, but not till the tired soul had made the promise desired. The burden was taken up, duty became a pleasure, new life and joy came to the household, and, with loving harmony, the family are now walking upward toward their Father's house.

WHEN RICHES ROB CHILDREN.

Both poverty and riches in these days seek to rob children of simplicity, each after their power. The poor make their holidays miserable by ill-afforded finery which must be guarded from stain or rent—the rich make the festivals which mark the passing years miniature banquets and fetes, in which expenditure causes envy, and excitement comes through the most unwarrantable means.

Recently I have seen a display of gorgeous—the word sounds inapt, but I think I am within the true meaning—garments for an infant's use. Lace like cobwebs, silk rich with rare embroideries, as of the costliest type, and jeweled pins and clasps fit for a queen's raiment. Should the first little tottering step catch on the lace of the skirt it would destroy what would feed a poor man for a week; should the fastening of its cape be lost, enough money would be wasted to clothe a family of little ones, elsewhere. A perpetual and banefully irrigating surveillance is kept over the little human atom who is indeed in swaddling clothes. There is absolute responsibility appertaining to the care of these tiny but intrinsically valuable possessions.

This beginning but typifies all the coming years of tutelage and nursing. Blessed is the child whose simple white clothing leaves not an anxious thought as to its preservation—that character of garment, which, however soft and fine and snowy, never tempts a nurse to grow angry over the injuries which come from free limbs and the joyful liberty which means life and health and happiness.

Another way in which riches defraud childhood is of the precious companionship of its parents. The endless sequence of duties, engagements, amusements, responsibilities, cares, fatigues, which come hand in hand with great wealth, make the children and the nursery not the center and overruling interests of father and mother, but brings that share of life down to the level of other duties and makes them a doubtful joy. Despoiled indeed is that child who does not find its prevision of Paradise in the peace and love of its mother's constant care, and fails to learn at her knee the alphabet of human right and wrong.

The stately drive in the most perfect of equipages, seated in the kindly lap of some good woman, watchful of possible injury to health from sun and wind, is a poor exchange for the hours in the open air for which a simpler life gives opportunity, while love discloses nature's secrets to the eager eyes and hearts—those hours in which a child learns to be tender of all living things and gently protect and cherish every blossom and leaf.

Akin to those first impressions which children receive of their heavenly Father when kneeling at their mother's knee, are those which lead to Him through the teachings they receive in the field and garden, from her enlightening words.

Somehow, as I see the tired workman carrying his little one whose arms are tightly locked about his neck, and mark the look of pride he wears, and the satisfaction of the child's happy face, I count him among the enviable ones who walk our streets. To him, at least, "Daddy" is a word which is sweeter in his ears than any other, and his child finds in him the source of more than half his joy.

The child is indeed defrauded to whom the names of father and mother do not stand as the synonyms of chiefest happiness, and who does not daily receive from them some new impetus toward truth and courage, purity and faithfulness.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

Mrs. Wallace looked up from the work over which her needle was rapidly flying, and for one astonished moment let her hands fall in her lap, while her indignant eyes flashed at her cousin.

"Jennie Carter, you must think I am an idiot; you are always triumphing over me with your Bible quotations, but I'm not such a goose as to accept that for inspiration; it doesn't even sound like scripture."

Jennie laughed in her quiet fashion, and reached for the Bible from the table near her.

"It is scripture, nevertheless, and I call it excellent philosophy, if it did come from Solomon."

"Oh, Solomon! Well, one never quite knows whether he is talking from the standpoint of the preacher or the man who sets himself to know madness and folly."

"Listen," said Jennie, "you shall have the exact words: 'Also take no heed unto all the words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy servant curse thee; for oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.'"

"Let me see it. Well, it certainly is there, but I never would have believed it."

"And don't you see," said Jennie, "that having counseled us sometimes to shut our eyes and ears to unpleasant things as the most comfortable way of getting along, the wise man enforces his argument by appealing to our own consciousness of its justice. How many things have you said and thought in your heart that would condemn you if they were proclaimed?"

"But think of shiftless, slatternly Norah telling Bridget that I was crosser than forty bears, and an angel from heaven couldn't suit me."

"She was only expressing her opinion of you to a friend, just as you are telling me your opinion of her."

"She is shiftless and slatternly——"

"And you are an admirable housekeeper, but a little inclined——"

Jennie paused, and Mrs. Wallace laughed but colored uncomfortably, as she said, frankly:

"Yes, I know I'm not amiable; I feel strongly, and so I speak strongly. Words often seem to me entirely inadequate to express my feelings."

"But suppose you did not express them?"

"Not when I see Norah stirring her omelette with a new silver spoon, using a china cup to measure butter in, and a tea-towel for a holder? Just wait till you are mistress of a house, my lady."

"Do you remember Aunt Kate's way, and how many years she managed that crotchety Mary? Her girls used to say she had eyes in the back of her head, but this was the way she used them. She would find occasion to do something about the stove, and say, "Bring me a holder, Mary; I won't spoil your nice towels;' or 'that was a lovely omelette you made this morning, Mary, but don't you think it tasted of silver?' And when Mary fairly started out for one of her hurricane days, Aunt Kate just kept out of the way and pretended not to notice that anything was wrong."

"That may do with servants, perhaps, if anyone has the grace, but when it comes to children you must notice their faults."

"Not always; it seems to me if I were pretty sure my children meant to do right I should not be too careful to inquire whether they succeeded in every instance. I declare to you, Melly, I have seen children in beautiful Christian homes whom I pitied as sincerely as I do the heathen on our streets, and who seem to me to have no better chance of growing up with any adequate conception of right and wrong."

Mrs. Wallace murmured something about old maids' children, but her cousin went on:

"They lived in perpetual terror of transgressing some law, or calling down in some way a rebuke; they seemed to be always dodging a reproving glance or a word of criticism, just as others dodge an expected blow. It seems to me inevitable that they must either grow up utterly callous to reproof and disapproval, or become habitually deceitful and hypocritical." Mrs. Wallace, whose eyes were always alert, started up, exclaiming sharply:

"Now there goes Arthur straight across the lawn, and I charged him to keep off the wet grass."

"Wait a minute, Melly," begged her cousin, "don't you hear the band? The little fellow thinks of nothing but the music; he is not disobeying, only forgetting. Suppose you don't see him this time."

Mrs. Wallace frowned a little, but sat down, and in a few moments her little boy came in with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, wild with delight at the music and the gay uniforms. It would have been a hard heart that could have resisted his enthusiasm, and Mrs. Wallace only said with a smile:

"You're mamma's own boy for music, but don't forget about the grass; it is very wet after the rain."

"Oh, mamma," said Arthur, looking regretfully at his feet, "I didn't think about the grass, I was in such a hurry. I'm so sorry."

"Never mind now," said his mother. "Mamma knows you meant to remember, and she'll excuse you."

"Nice mamma," said Arthur, patting her cheek as he ran away.

"Jennie," said Mrs. Wallace, after a moment of silence, "Solomon was right. Do you know what I was going to do? I was going to call Arthur straight back and make him sit in his chair half an hour for disobeying me. We should both have been angry, and ten to one I should have had one of my regular battles with him. I declare," she exclaimed, biting her lips, "there he goes on the grass again."

But the little fellow only took one impulsive step toward his playmate, who was calling him, and then turned quickly and went by the long circuit of the gravel walk.

"There," said Jennie, "I call that obedience."

"I am going straight down to praise Norah for the way she has polished the brass, and if I find her raking out cinders with the carving fork, I'll hold my peace until some other time. Haven't I just snipped off a whale bone with my embroidery scissors to save myself going upstairs for a pen-knife?"

Mrs. Wallace went to the kitchen humming the march the band had played, and her cousin laid away the Bible, saying, with an amused laugh, "Wise King Solomon!"—*Selected.*

HE WENT BACK.

General Sherman was one of eleven children. When he was a small boy, his father (the celebrated Judge Sherman) said something, one day, to hurt "Cumpy's" feelings. He uttered the usual small boy's threat of running away, and accordingly retreated across to a neighbor's, declaring that he was going to be "Mr. King's little boy." He awaited developments, but instead of the stern parent, melted with tears of distress, to beseech him to return, a trunk, full of clothes, arrived, addressed to "Cumpy King," and a message from the Judge that he had enough children without him, and hoped that Mr. King would like his new son.

There was nothing for it but to go home ignominously, which "Cumpy," for once out-generaled, did forthwith. But his father called him "Cumpy King" for several days, until the lesson was well learned. —*Lippincott's.*

A GOOD RULE.

"I say, sis, take a stitch or two in this coat, will you? It's certainly queer how things break out on a fellow, isn't it?" and a laughing face behind the torn coat brought a smile to the face of the sister appealed to for help.

"Certainly I will, and certainly it is," was her laughing reply as she hunted up needle and thread. "And now, young man, suppose while I toil over this garment for you, you just run out and chop me an armful of wood, a good big one, too, mind. It will keep you warm while I have the coat, you know," and they both laughed merrily.

"I'm most happy to oblige you, respected miss," he answered readily, and betook himself to the wood pile.

A chance visitor overheard the two requests and replies, and a look of deep satisfaction came into her face. Turning to the mother of the two young folks, she said approvingly: "Well, it is truly refreshing to hear them oblige each other so willingly. I see and hear a good bit of young people and I am sorry to say that I have not heard anything so pleasant for some time. Do you know, it makes me think of the old saying reversed, "It's a good rule that works both ways,' " and she nodded sagely.

It would not be a bad idea for the young folks generally to try reversing the old saying. This is a world of give and take. No one can live his life entirely alone or without getting and giving help Suppose we try to make it a world of willing, hearty helpfulness. The smile with the work goes a good way.—*Selected.*

THE BEAUTIFUL HABIT OF OBEDIENCE.

In a new magazine, under the heading, "Should a Child Obey?" we find the following remark from the pen of a well-known lady writer: "I have long been of opinion that we 'make a fetich' of obedience instead of using it simply to promote the symmetrical growth of childhood."

The expression to "make a fetich" of a thing or principle may be variously interpreted, but we cannot go far wrong in taking it to mean, in this case, that too much attention may be paid to the securing of obedience.

If the words are intended to imply that exacting obedience for the sake of teaching the habit of obedience to authority is harmful or unnecessary, then many careful parents and conscientious teachers will have to reconsider their standpoint.

It is difficult to perceive how the character of children is to be

"symmetrically" developed without the habit of obedience to authority, and no one will be bold enough to affirm that all children are born with the disposition to obey, much teaching and training from earliest years being usually necessary to secure it. The young mother quickly finds that baby wants to do or to have this or that which he must not do or have, and will tell you she "had to be firm" in showing the young man that he must submit to the will of another. We do not reason with a baby; he must simply be taught to obey.

About a year ago a mother spent half an hour in trying to make a young man of four say something he was told to say. The words were simple and of no special importance, but his lordship perversely refused to utter them. The anxious mother wondered if she had acted rightly, or if she ought to have passed over the little act of disobedience without notice. An old friend was of opinion that she had probably saved herself future inconvenience and the child future discomfort by her firmness, and thus far the opinion has been justified.

Obedience and submission are the proper attitude of childhood in its state of dependence and ignorance, its undeveloped mental and moral condition. And the chief object of the wise parent and teacher should be, not the mere setting up of their own will, though this may be incidental to the process, nor the breaking down of high spirits, nor even the subjugation of temper. The paramount considerations are, that if the habit of obedience be not learned in very early life, it will probably not be acquired at all, or only with difficulty and at some cost, and that the loss of one of the primal factors of human progress and happiness will be detrimental to the child himself and to others.

It is not a question of resorting to severity or of the curtailment of children's pleasures, but of the acquisition of a habit as indispensable in after life, if the child is to be and do his best, as are the habits of truthfulness and cleanliness. The child will, of a surety, often be called upon to submit his will to that of others in cases where resistance would be foolish or wrong, and he should be able willingly and gladly to obey without hostility or sense of injury.

Matters on our planet are so arranged that we have to obey or take the consequences of disobedience—in health, in morals, in spiritual things. Pains and penalties have been devised by a wise Providence to keep us in the straight path of obedience. We may acquiesce and go smoothly, we may kick against the pricks and hurt—ourselves.

We are subject to laws which we have had no part in making, but our happiness and our very life depend upon our acceptance of and obedience to those laws. From the highest to the lowest, from the king to the beggar, none can claim exemption; the statutes of the Medes and Persians are not to be compared to them for steadfastness and inflexibility. Then is it not the child's right that he be trained to obey before being sent out to fend for himself in a world governed by inexorable law? It is to be supposed that the statement "to obey is

better than sacrifice," and the injunction, "Children obey your parents," are not meaningless expressions.

I venture to think that the remarks of an eminent naturalist on the value of obedience in the development of the race are enlightening and helpful. He regards obedience as the foundation of concerted action by means of which man has been raised to his present eminence in the realm of nature. He says: "Man acquired the invaluable instinct of obedience, which means self-restraint and self-control, and self-restraint means civilization."

"It was reserved for the ancestors of man to secure that concerted action from their followers which leads to success in difficult enterprises. And the consequences have been stupendous, immeasurable. Self-restraint, which is the outcome of obedience, means that you check your own individual instincts in deference to some higher law. You recognize that what you may want to do is not the right thing to do, and that you must, or ought to, do something else."

Courage and bravery are often enough extolled, but submission to rule, respect for authority, conformity to law are as necessary to the welfare of society and the well-being of the individual as the more showy virtues. Because we are a law-abiding people we enjoy peace and order; each obeys for the good of others as well as for his own benefit. The rage of a mob is so terrible because its members have cast off self-restraint and respect for law.

Parental authority is said to be declining, children being allowed to be too much the arbiters of their own conduct. From early years the child's "I want" or "I wish" is held to be conclusive, and denial out of the question. Yet when the habit of obedience and a sense of responsibility are firmly established in a home the "want" and the "wish" may be allowed free exercise, there will seldom be need of enforced compliance with rule, as all are at liberty to obey. The wise parent practically says, "You may do what you like, dear, only you must like to do right."—*Mrs. Euren.*

LET US STOP TO THINK.

Let us stop to think of the good-bye kiss. Better miss a car than leave a heartache.

Let us stop to think of the children. We, too, were children once, and loved to be remembered.

Let us stop to think of the aged. For us, too, the evening shadows will close at length, and we shall, perchance, be left at desolate hearthstones. We shall need to be remembered then.

Let us stop to think of the stranger. We, too, have been alone, and have needed the touch of a kindly hand upon our lives, and many a life has gone out in the blackness of darkness for the lack of such a touch as anyone of us might have given.

Let us stop to think of God and the future. At best the time is short, and the end is near. And when it shall come, blessed will be he to whom the entrance upon another life will be but the realization of dear and familiar dreams, the consummation of a lifetime of longings. Let us stop to think. If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let us stop to think upon these things.—*The Lookout.*

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to keep clean and healthy as a dwelling for the mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and for others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of birds and trees and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or not to dishonor God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true, God's fingerprint in flower and field and snowflake.—*Selected.*

BEING A MAN.

Some days ago I took a car, which, as usual, was crowded, and a little fellow twelve years old, perhaps, offered me his seat with a charming bow and smile. He soon found a seat, but when another lady entered he bobbed up, lifted his cap, which was fringed with rags, and with a bright broad smile gave up his seat again. And it was not simply his doing this, but the cheerful, sunshiny manner in which it was done. Five times during my journey he yielded his seat in favor of women who might otherwise have had to stand. Every one in the car caught good humor. The boy's well-worn clothes showed that he came from a very humble home. And yet, a stylishly dressed woman said to her companion: "I wish my boys were as gentlemanly as he is;" and a fine looking man remarked: "That's the sort of manliness that makes Presidents."

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Matt., xxv., 35.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
  Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
  That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on—
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;
Twice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipp'd, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment. He was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him, midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Savior stood before my eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

—*Montgomery.*

Addressing a political gathering the other day a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."—*London Globe.*

The Children's Friend

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THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Mrs. Crocker, who lived three doors from the Bristol cottage, once said: "That Bristol girl really has a pleasant-looking eye, when she gets all 'excited-up' about something." So far as I know, that was the nearest approach which anyone ever made to calling Mamie Bristol pretty. Even at this mild praise, the woman in a green gingham sun-bonnet, who stood on the other side of the white-painted picket fence made a deprecating gesture, and sighed an audible, "Oh dear!" Mrs. Crocker was always looking charitably for the best side of people and things, and, of course, allowances had to be made for what she said.

A red head, very much tousled, above a pale, freckly face, disappeared at that moment from a near-by doorway. If you didn't happen to see it for yourself any of the neighbors could have told you how pitifully the lean, little shoulders were bent, and how the frayed, untidy calico frock bulged on one side and hollowed in on the other, following the unsightly curves of the misshapen body.

Some pert, thoughtless school-girl passing Mamie one day on the street, called her the "Ugly Duckling" in a giggling half whisper. The other girl, a stranger in the place, choked down an ill-timed burst of laughter by stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth as her eye followed Mamie's ungraceful waddle. Then her face grew suddenly grave.

"Poor little thing," she said. "What ails her?"

"Some sort of spinal trouble, I guess," the first speaker replied, carelessly. "But isn't she a sight? Her father's a track-walker on the railroad between here and Coventry. They say he drinks up all he earns and they don't have anything much to live on."

The woman in the green gingham sun-bonnet was saying much the same thing, when Mamie's red head bobbed into sight again at the door-way.

"She's looking for her father to come home," the woman went on. "He's just as likely to be at the saloon as anywhere else. Must be he's off 'beat' long before this. The clock struck seven quite a minute ago."

"We're going to have another shower, I guess," predicted Mrs.

had worn the turf into a narrow path. If the pert school girl had been there at this moment she might have said something more about the "Ugly Duckling."

Daley's was all alight, and Mamie, panting a little, opened the side-door timidly. The spruce-looking clerk in an immaculate linen apron came out to answer her inquiries.

"Bristol hain't been in tonight, has he, Joe?" addressing some invisible person behind the blue felt screen. "No, miss," he ain't here—he hain't been here tonight, an' I've been 'round since six."

Mamie's lips were framing themselves to tell something of her fears and ask for help, but the spruce clerk was away in a twinkling to serve the wants of a thirsty customer.

"I'll go to the station," the girl resolved, as she stepped out again upon the street. "They'll know there if—if anything's happened."

The station was a long distance away—quite on the opposite side of the town—but there was no help for it, and Mamie trudged on bravely through the brightly lighted streets. A drop-light showed the wet, plank platform where trains stopped, and there were lights in the waiting room and office. Mamie turned the knob of the door nearest the street, then went around to the opposite side of the building, and peered through the big plate-glass window. Locked up and no one inside. Braxall wasn't an important station on the line, and Damon, the young fellow in charge, found time for a good many things from the pulling out of the evening mailtrain until the arrival of the 11:40 express. The 11:40 didn't stop at Braxall, unless it was signaled, or had a passenger to drop off there. There had been some talk among the officials of closing the office at eight, and Damon had taken this as a license to be away a good part of every evening.

Mamie looked down the converging line of rails, shiny under the drop-light. It was dark—very dark, indeed—far on this side of the point where the lines seemed to meet. Mamie's heart thumped hard against the unsightly bulge of her worn, faded calico gown.

"I'll have to find—somebody." Mamie spoke the words hesitatingly in a thoughtful, preoccupied undertone. But what could she say? Her father might be at home this very minute for aught she knew. For an instant the impulse seized her to return to the cottage and make sure, but the undefined anxiety proved the stronger. Her eye swept the deserted street above. There were no buildings very near the station, and most of the building places in sight were closed for the night. Besides, it might make her father trouble with the road, if—if people knew. Mamie had grown into a habit of reckoning consequences, pitifully mature for her tender years.

"Nothing'd hurt me. If I only had—"

She made the circuit of the platform a second time, and looked again wistfully toward the street. There was a chance that the man might come soon—almost any moment. Then, her eye fell upon a [illegible] of signal lanterns, set up close against the side of the building. She

took up the first one in the row, then the second. It was a dark corner, but there seemed to be a faint, red glow coming from somewhere. Upon the wick of the fourth and last a tiny flame flickered. She turned it up cautiously. Perhaps she ought not to take the lantern away without asking permission of someone, but there was no one to ask, and wasn't her father a railroad man as well as the others? It wouldn't be for very long, anyhow. Mamie's ideas of just what she was going to do were rather misty yet. She would go down the track a little ways toward Coventry. There wasn't much beyond that, except an unshaped fear that something might be wrong, though she tried to fight it down with the recalling of her father's assurances that he never "took a drop" until he was well off his "beat."

The lantern had a ruby glow, and things showed strangely in the red glare, as Mamie trudged along the smooth roadbed. Here was the long trestle bridge. The girl halted irresolute, trembling at the mad roar of the stream, and the gigantic shadows of the heavy timbers falling upon the black void below. Then, she tiptoed upon the first of the ties. It made long steps, but she braced herself, looking straight ahead, where the rays of the lantern plowed a broad furrow through the surrounding darkness. She drew a long breath of relief, when her feet touched the solid ground again.

"That's 'most a mile from the station," she assured herself. "He'd be pretty well on his way home—before—before anything happened." Why Mamie reached this conclusion I have not the slightest idea.

Then, something loomed up in front, working itself out of the darkness into the thinner shadows, and out of the shadows into the furrows of lantern-light, as Mamie moved forward. The girl stopped suddenly. That mysterious "something," which cut sheer across the gleaming rails, took on horrible, fantastic, terrifying shapes, dancing like specters before her excited vision. The next instant the specters had resolved themselves into familiar forms. A large oak, uprooted from the high bank above by the heavy wind, had partly fallen, partly slid across the track, the gaunt, muddy roots high upreared almost on a line with the right rail.

Mamie felt strangely weak and helpless. For a moment she stood perfectly still, gazing, wide-eyed at the huge, moss-grown trunk and tangled roots. Then, the habitual self-reliance of years asserted itself in the trying emergency. Her wandering thoughts trooped back in orderly array to confront the main problem.

"A good deal depends upon having a sound track and a clear track, when the night express goes through, making forty-five or fifty miles an hour."

The warning words of the railroad man seemed to be beating themselves into Mamie's hot, throbbing brain, as she climbed, with difficulty, over the obstruction. A "clear track"—the night express couldn't be very far away. Mamie tried hurriedly to reckon the time by estimates. It must have been ten when she was at Daley's.

to speak of 'fore. One rich woman, they say, offers to send you to the 'ospital, ef anything can be done 'ith your back—an' the doctors thinks there can." There was a long, awkward pause, then Bristol went on, his voice a trifle husky: "It 'most makes a man ashamed o' bein' no better'n he's been sometimes. You needn't worry no more 'long o' that, little gal."—Selected.

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

There still stands in Wurtemburg, a little town on a hill which has found a corner both in the annals of history and romance, not on account of its picturesque situation, nor for its goodly vineyards, nor for its brave men, though for all these three things it has also been noted.

No! it is the women of Weinsberg who have made their town celebrated, and given it a place in history, and that, too, without stepping out of their sphere, or enrolling themselves as a band of Amazons for the defense of their country. That they left to the men, who, in the days of which I speak, about the middle of the twelfth century, were busy enough defending their city on a hill from the attacks of Conrad, Emperor of Germany, who had laid siege to it.

Bravely and long they held out, but the enemy was too strong for them, and then it was that the victorious Conrad, enraged at the stubborn resistance of the Weinsbergers, pronounced the terrible sentence, that no man should be permitted to leave the town alive—all were to be put to the sword.

In vain a crowd of despairing women endeavored to soften the heart of the Emperor, pointing out to him their miserable condition if their protectors and bread-winners were so suddenly taken from them. In vain they showed him their young children—the edict had gone forth; every man was to die.

One boon, however, the Emperor offered to them. Each woman might convey out of the town so much of her valuables and household goods as might be carried in the arms or on the shoulders. A worthless gift, thought the poor creatures at first, as they wept and bemoaned the impending fate of their nearest and dearest.

But some brave heart and quick brain plucked up courage, and a whisper went abroad which brought strength to the limbs and color to the cheeks of the women of Weinsberg. They wept no longer now, but hoarding the precious secret in their hearts, waited for the summons which was to call them from the walls of their beloved city and the last embraces of their doomed husbands.

At last the dreadful day arrived. The gates of the city were thrown open, and the throng poured forth—a throng of women, heav-

ily laden indeed, but bearing neither gold nor household valuables. Each true wife bore on her shoulders her condemned husband, and carried him safely out of the city, her own possession, guaranteed to her by the word of an Emperor.

There was murmuring among the besieging host when this unexpected sight met their eyes. Their Emperor had not meant this. They said it was an evasion of his decree, and could not stand.

But Conrad, with all his severity, carried no heart of stone within his bosom. His word, too, was given. He would not draw back. The men were saved, and to this day the women of Weinsberg hold an honored place in the recollection of their country-men and country-women, and they have also a safe little nook in the history of their land.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Those who have seen the sea know what the tides are. The water rises slowly, and flows higher and higher up on the land, until the beach is covered; then it turns, and flows out again as slowly as it came in. The rising and coming in of the water is called the "flow of the tide;" the going out is called the "ebb of the tide."

One day, two boys—Robert, who was fourteen years of age, and Walter, a boy of twelve—took their little sister Ettie to the sea-beach to gather shells. They walked up and down on the sand searching for shells, but they could not find any that were very pretty.

"It is too bad!" said Ettie; "some one has been here before us and picked up all the prettiest shells. I think they ought to have left some of them for us."

"They had as much right to them as we have," said Walter. "We must try to find some that no one else has seen."

"That will be rather hard to do, unless we can find a place where no one else has been for some time," said Robert. "Now, if we could only go over to Rocky Islet, I am sure we should find as many as we could carry. It is low tide, and the rocks are all standing above the water."

"Let us go, then," said Walter. "There is Jonas the fisherman's boat, just ahead of us; we can borrow that, and row over to the islet easily enough. It is not very far."

Ettie was delighted, and Robert consented to go. They borrowed the fisherman's boat, and, as both of the boys could row very well, they soon reached Rocky Islet. Robert tied the boat to a large stone, and then they all began to search for the shells.

They found many beautiful ones, which they placed in the boat. Little Ettie thought she had never seen such fine ones as some of

these were. "Will not mother be pleased," she said, "when she sees how many we have?—and such beauties, too!"

There was a pool of water on the islet, and in it were two crabs, which had been left there by the tide. Walter found them, and called to his brother and sister to come and see them.

They watched the crabs for some time, and laughed at their comical looks and ways. At last Robert said: "Come, now; the tide is rising, and we must start home." They walked to the water's edge, where they had left the boat, but it was not there. One of the oars lay on the rock, but the boat was gone.

Robert had not tied the boat securely; it had loosened, and the rising tide had carried it away. They could see it drifting toward the shore.

"What shall we do?" cried Walter, in alarm. "The tide will cover all these rocks. We must get to the shore, or we shall be drowned. Can you not swim after the boat, Robert?"

"It is too far off," said Robert, "and the wind is blowing it faster than I could swim. Perhaps someone will see us, and help us."

The water was up to their knees now, and still rising. Robert told Ettie to put both her arms over the oar; then he tied her fast to it with the apron. "There, Walter!" he said, "that will keep her from sinking, if the water gets too deep, or washes us off the rock; and you and I can each take hold of an end and swim for some time. Let us take off our coats and shoes, before the water gets deeper.

The three children kissed each other, and each of the boys took hold of the oar to which their sister was tied. Just then they heard a shout. They looked toward the shore, and saw a boat coming out to them; Jonas the fisherman was in it.

The old man had seen the boat drifting toward the shore, and knew at once that it must have got away from the children, and that they were in danger. He dashed into the water and swam to the boat.

He found one of the oars lying among the shells in the bottom. He quickly took off the rudder, pushed the oar over the back part of the boat, and began to skull it toward Rocky Islet.

As he came near, he could see the children standing in the water. and shouted, to let them know that help was near. The boys shouted in reply, and soon they were all safe in the boat.

It would be hard to tell how glad they all were. Ettie cried and laughed by turns; she threw her arms about Jonas, and kissed him again and again. It was not long before they were safe at home once more, and Ettie and Walter were telling their father and mother all that had happened.

Robert was silent, for he felt that their danger had been caused by his carelessness in tying the boat; but it made him happy when his mother kissed him, and called him her brave boy.—Selected.

"EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST."

The spring boarders were beginning to come to the Trevose Cottage, and Will Pressler and Joe Clinton watched each new arrival with increased interest, for there was a fascination about their manners and dress that was very attractive.

The year before Arthur Geoffrey and Mason De Long, two of the boarders at the cottage, became quite intimate with the country boys, and had filled their minds with ideas that made Will and Joe very much dissatisfied with their life.

"I wish I was away from this," said Will one day to Joe, when he came over on an errand for his father. "I'm sick and tired of this kind of a life."

"So am I," replied Joe, "for it is getting more and more slavish. By the way, I got another letter from Mason, and he says I'm very foolish working my life out here for my folks for nothing when I could come to the city and work for some one who would pay me good wages."

"Arthur wrote to me, too," said Will, "and he says we could get good positions easily at good pay, and see something. He goes to the theatre, or some other place of amusement every night, and here we stay and slave, and never see anything. I wish I was away, for I hate farm work worse and more every day."

"You don't hate it worse than I do," replied Joe.

One day the next week Joe heard some one calling, "Joe. Hello, Joe!" and he started up from behind a hedge where he had been, and hurriedly dropped a letter to the ground and put his foot upon it.

"Oh, is it you, Will, I thought—why, where are you going," he asked, as he noted Will with a canvas-covered telescope in hand.

"Haven't time to explain now; just let me leave this here and I'll be over after supper and explain;" and he was gone.

That night as Joe was about finishing his supper he heard Will's whistle, and went to the door to greet his friend.

"Come in, Will," he said, cordially.

"No, thank you, Joe; I was passing, and only ran in for a minute to see you."

"Come in awhile, Will; come, and have a cookie," urged Mrs. Clinton, hospitably, as she took a plate of tempting cakes from the table.

"Thank you, Mrs. Clinton, but I have just had supper, and I'm not a bit hungry," said Will. "Walk down to the road with me, Joe."

Joe and Will went out into the darkness, and when they had passed the barn Will stopped and said:

"I'm going tomorrow, Joe, and I have my clothes in that telescope, but I didn't want your folks to see it:"

"Going where?" gasped Joe, at the thought that was in his mind.

"I'm going to the city, for I can't stand this life any longer. My clothes are here. May I put them in the barn, and get them early tomorrow?"

"What will your folks say?" inquired Joe.

"I don't know, but I'll be gone, and I won't be back in a hurry, either," answered Will. "Good night."

Joe was up earlier than usual and stole down stairs to see Will before he went, and met him coming out of the barn telescope in hand.

"I'd go, too," said Joe, as they shook hands, "but I'll stay till I finish that hill-field of corn, and then I'll come." And he watched Will disappear down the lane.

Joe worked hard all that day to finish that hill-field; he urged his team to their utmost limit; he tramped miles as he made the journeys across and across the field, and when he had finished the sun had set and the day was gone. In the gathering gloom he trudged home, weary, dissatisfied and hungry, and as he put away the team he said, half aloud:

"I'm done with this slavish life after today."

"You are late, Joe, and you look tired," said his mother; "eat your supper, for you must be hungry."

"I am tired and hungry," said Joe, "and this life is so slavish."

"It's hard, and father was saying he would not know how to run the farm if you were not so strong and willing, doing the work of the best man he ever had. You are a good boy, Joe, and father appreciates it very much."

Joe winced somewhat at this open expression of appreciation, blushed and said:

"I know father with his lame back can't do much, but I'm——"

A knock on the side of the house at the open door interrupted him, and he turned and saw a ragged tramp outlined in the doorway.

"Could you help a feller to something to eat, and let me sleep somewhere?" asked a voice in the confidence of one accustomed to begging his way.

"Certainly!" quickly replied Mrs. Clinton, "Thank God we always have enough for ourselves, and some to spare for others. Come in."

The tramp, not very old, but with all the marks of a wanderer upon him, boldly entered and took the place Mrs. Clinton set for him, and ate his supper. If appreciation of the merits of a cook,

and confidence in the hospitality of the host, are in proportion to the amount one eats then the tramp fully demonstrated both, for he ate an astonishing amount of everything offered.

Joe finished his meal in silence. He did not again refer to his hard life, and when the tramp had eaten all he could hold Joe took him to the barn and gave him a bed in the harness-room.

"Thank you, young feller," said the tramp, as Joe left him, "your mother's a dandy cook, and she don't stop offerin' till a feller's as full as a tick. You're in clover, here."

"Think so?" was Joe's non-committal reply, as he closed the door and went to the house.

Joe went directly to his room, quickly packed his clothes, and then went down the back way and carried them to the barn. Long before day, after a sleepless night, he was up and quietly slipped out of the house for his clothes. As he was leaving the tramp said:

"Where are you goin', young feller?"

"That's my business," replied Joe, ungraciously.

"Look here, boy," and the tramp's voice was tender, "let's sit down a minute and talk this over," and he drew Joe into the harness-room. And somehow Joe told him all.

"I thought so, for I saw you bring that bundle here last night, and I knew by your actions what it meant. Don't do it, sonny; stick to your parents a little while longer," advised the tramp. "I ran away once, did just as you are doing now; went to sea in the navy, was gone three years, and when I got back my mother was dead and the home broken up, and I haven't had a home since. Don't go for a month, anyhow, not till you hear from your friend. Promise."

Somehow Joe promised, and went back to his room, and when he went to the barn to look after the stock the tramp was gone.

The very next Saturday night, a week, Will came back and hurried to find Joe.

"Don't go, Joe; the city isn't what those fellows said it was—at least I didn't find it so. I had a little back room where I could scarcely breathe; worked from six till six in a dark shop for four dollars a week, and it took more than that for my board and washing. Got the poorest kind of eating, not as good as we give to tramps, and—and—I got so homesick for mother's pies and doughnuts that I couldn't stand it. So I came right home, and I'm going to stay, too, for I found out that nobody cares as much for a fellow as his own folks."

"I'm going to stay, Will," answered Joe.

No one but Will and the tramp and God knew how near Joe came to running away, and he and God know he was often glad he hadn't.—Selected.

MIND THE DOOR.

Did you ever observe how strong a street door is? How thick the wood is? How heavy the chain is? What large bolts it has? And what a lock? If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are forever trying to come in and go out of our mind and heart. I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is that at the door? Ah, I know him; it is Anger. What a frown is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I will hold the door, and not let him in, or he will do me, and perhaps some one else, a mischief.

Who comes next? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as it were too mean for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride, I will hold the door fast and try to keep you out.

Here is some one else. I am sure from his sour looks his name is Ill-temper. It will never do to let him in; for if he can only sit down in the house, he will make every one unhappy and it will be hard to get him out again. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go away.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, my fine fellow; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you. Mind the door.

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace I think I know him. It is Sloth. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone, work is pleasure and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But what is this? What a sweet smile, what a kind face! She looks like an angel. How happy she will make us if we ask her to come in. Come in, Good-will; we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. Oh, if men kept the door of their heart, bad thoughts and bad words would not come in and go out as they do. Welcome to all things good. War with all things bad. We must mark well who comes in, we must be watchful and in earnest. Keep the guard! Mind the door! Mind the door!

"HE'LL DO."

Four years ago there entered one of our Eastern colleges a clear-eyed, plainly clad, and wholesome-looking young man with health unimpaired by dissipations of any kind. He had never smoked a cigar or cigarette in his life and he did not know the taste of any kind of intoxicant. He had exaclty one hundred and twenty dollars with which to "go through college."

On the day of his arrival he paid one hundred dollars for his tuition, and more than half of the remaining twenty had to be spent for books. He had noticed in the window of a house near the college a card with "Rooms to Let" printed on it. He went back to his house after he had paid his tuition, and when the lady who had the rooms answered his ring he asked her if there was anything he could do in or around the house that would pay for the rent of her smallest room.

"Why, yes," she said at once, attracted by the young fellow's manly bearing. "I want some one to wash windows and clean rugs once a week, and before long I shall need some one to look after my furnace."

"Would you let me do those things in return for a room in your house? I am about to enter college as a student, and I must earn my room rent in some way. I am not above washing windows and cleaning rugs and taking care of a furnace, and I will do the work well."

He was given a small hall bedroom, and thus the question of his room rent was settled. Then he went to a large dining-hall on the college grounds and said:

"I have heard that students sometimes earn their meals here by acting as waiters two or three hours a day. I would like to do work of that kind in return for my meals."

The frank and manly way in which he made this proposition pleased the man in charge of the dining-room, and he replied, "I can give you your meals in return for your services two hours a day."

Thus the determined young man's room and his meals were provided for. He cared nothing for the fact that the menial occupations he had taken upon himself would debar him from associating with the students who formed the "exclusive set" in the college. He had no time for their frivolities and no interest in them. Before the end of his first term he was earning money for new books and for his future tuition by tutoring some of the Freshmen of this same "exclusive set." When the Summer vacation came he went to a large seashore hotel and worked as a waiter all Summer.

When the college opened in the Fall his little room was ready for him on the same terms on which he had occupied it the year before, and they were glad to have his services in the dining-hall. His teachers became interested in him because of the high marks gained by his

hard and faithful study. He applied himself steadily to the one object of getting an education. He put aside all temptation to waste his time. He lived soberly and righteously. He began to be talked about as one of the brightest and most promising students in the college. At the end of his second year one of the college professors secured him an excellent position as teacher in a Summer school. During the year he had won scholarship prize money to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. This money, with that earned in teaching the Summer school, enabled him to rent a room, and the time he had spent in working to pay room rent could now be given to study.

It is needless to say that this young man graduated with high honors. One of his teachers pointed him out to some one on Commencement Day and said:

"That student rings true every time. He has what I wish more of our American boys had, and that is clear grit. He came here believing rightly that poverty was no obstacle if a young fellow made up his mind to secure a college education."—*Forward.*

KEEPING UP.

With a round of cleaning, cooking, washing and sewing to occupy nearly every moment of the day, a woman has little time or inclination for intellectual pursuits. Often she even gives up trying to keep posted on the current events, and as for reading a book through, that is now only a remembered pleasure of girlhood days. Yet it gives her a pang to hear her husband and children discuss subjects of which she is totally ignorant. They never appeal to her for a decision, because they know she does not read. It grieves her, but she sees no remedy; for while husband and children spend their evenings reading, she must turn to her mending-basket, or go to the kitchen to make bread, finish a belated ironing, prepare fruit for canning, or do a few of the hundred things which seem always demanding attention.

It is too bad that the sweet ruling spirit of the home should be turned into a mere drudge. If she is not losing her prettiness and brightness it is a miracle. She has little to raise her thoughts above menial tasks, for she is not in touch with other minds who would arouse her to higher thoughts and a brighter life.

Dear little wife and mother, laboring so faithfully and uncomplainingly in her humble field, how we all love and honor her! And yet if she is falling into a rut she is a little to blame. God never meant that she should do nothing but attend to the food and the raiment. He intended that she should make use of the materials within her reach,

so she might be a more intelligent home-maker—one whom husband and children can refer to in their difficulties, and whom they can include in all of their conversation. Probably the overworked mother holds up her hands in horror at this, and says, "It's easy for one to talk who has never tried it!" Yes, preaching is easier than practising; but this practising will soon become a joy and a renewer of her youth.

Listen, little mother. Ten to one when you work silently by yourself in the evening you are thinking of the days' cares or planning tomorrow's work. What wonder that little furrows are working their way in your brow, and silver lines leaving their tracings in your hair. Forget yourself and your household worries during the hour while the family is gathered under the evening lamp, and get out into the world with them, and learn what other women and men are doing. Keep your hands busy if necessary, but give your mind a rest from housework. Your children and your husband read in the evening. Ask one of them to read the daily paper or a magazine or book aloud as you mend or iron or mix bread, and then join the little ones and the husband in discussing the reading.

Then there is a class of reading which may be dear to your heart while it does not interest the others. You may wish to pursue a course of this reading by yourself. If so, begin, and resolve upon reading one page a day—do not think of neglecting it any more than you would your morning bath. It will not take more than ten minutes, and ten minutes a day means over sixty hours a year, or seven and one half days of eight hours each, devoted entirely to reading. And reading in this way is a certain method of keeping what you read, for in one day a page of reading has plenty of time to digest and become an inseparable part of yourself. One page a day, and several evenings a week in a family reading-circle means that you are to become a younger, happier, better-educated woman. Isn't it worth trying?—*Janet Thomas.*

LOW WORK AND HIGH DESTINY.

In a French story a young man dependent upon himself for success was placed in an immense manufactory with a promise that he should rise according to his merits. The first month he was employed in checking off the wage-lists of the hands employed. The second month he spent in checking off the bills for materials used in the business, and the third month they set him to arranging the bills sent out for goods sold. Then he was sent into the repair shops to do similar work; and so, month after month, until a year rolled by, he was employed in work that seemed to him only tenth-rate.

Being talented and enterprising, he became altogether disheartened. Going to the head of the house, he said, "I am sorry that I can

be of no use to you. You have tried me in a dozen differnt places and I seem to be unfit for any—even the lowest in your business. I will retire and try some other vocation."

The employer smiled, and replied: "I was about to send for you. When you came here I thought you might be fit for a very important place, to fill which place you needed to become familiar with the details in the various bureaus through which you have passed. I am happy to inform you that the reports made to me each month have been most favorable. My hopes have been justified by your diligence and thoroughness. I offer you the third place in this business. I fill the first, my superintendent fills the second, and as my private secretary you will fill the third."

This story suggests a lesson in providence of the highest importance. The common experience of believers is much like that of the high-spirited youth in the manufactory.

He did not at all understand why he was set on tasks that seemed beneath him. His employments had no meaning to him. It was all a dull, dreary failure; but there was an eye on him all the while. An intelligent master watching his work knew that he was succeeding, and prepared his place for him.

So in our life and daily tasks most of us have a sense of failure, and a sense of meaningless struggle often comes over us; but our lives are also watched by an eye that never sleeps, and what seems failure, what seems petty and mean, what seems below the dignity of an immortal spirit, may really be—nay, really is—a necessary preparation for important work which God has for us here or hereafter. We are really in training for harder work.—Selected.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Stars are out tonight in countless numbers. See how bright they are!—how they shine! Men are proud of their skill; but not all the men in the world, with all their best skill, could make one star, and hang it in the sky. God made the stars, and He keeps them bright, and wishes them to stay in their places.

Great kings boast their might; but not all the kings of the earth, with all their might, could give life; no, not to one, poor, small, weak worm, or ant. God can give life, and take it away: life and death are in His hands.

Some men are proud of what they know; but not all the men who know the most in the world can tell what a day may bring forth, or say whether they or their friends will be well the next hour. God knows what will come to each of us, and health is His to give or to take away.

Some men are proud that they are strong; but not all the strong

men in the world could drive back the sea, or stay the wind, or hold the clouds so that the rain should not fall. God can hold the sea, and still the wind, and stay the rain.

Oh, how great is God! He sees us everywhere, and knows our very thoughts—how we must fear Him! Yes, but we may love Him too; for He is good and kind, as well as great and strong. If we seek Him, and pray to Him, He will bless us in youth and old age, and take care of us in life and in death.—Selected.

THE ONE WHO SAID AND THE ONE WHO DID.

"Grandmother, I am going to help you while I am out here with you," declared one of two sisters who were visiting at the old farmhouse where their mother had once been a girl.

"I am sure you will, dear," grandmother beamed back at the enthusiastic face and bright eyes which looked into her kindly old face.

"Yes, indeed. I shall wipe the dishes and help you feed the chickens, and pick strawberries, and do anything you want me to do. I should just love to stay here in this delightful old house all the year round and help you all the time, you dear grandmother," replied the girl, lovingly. Then she gave the pleased old lady a hug and kiss and danced off to the orchard to see if any of her favorite apples were ripe.

"Dear child!" She is so full of life and spirits, and so eager and willing to be useful. I am sure I do not want her to work, or do anything but enjoy her visit," said the old lady after her departure. The older sister smiled an odd little smile, and answered:—

"I do not think you need worry about her spending too much of her time in work," she laughed. "Marie is very apt to make more enthusiastic plans for doing things than she ever finds time to carry out. At home, mother sometimes calls her, in fun, little Miss Say Well. No matter what we have on hand which involves work, Marie is always ready with eager declarations of how much she intends doing toward it. It usually ends by the rest of us getting the real work done while she is still talking about what she is going to do."

"Well, well, now that is too bad,—who would have thought it?" murmured grandmother.

"Yes, it is sad, but true," went on the other. "The odd part of it is that Alice, who is considerably younger than Marie, is a regular little Miss Do Well. She does not say much about what she is going to do, but she sees very quickly what needs doing, and goes at it without a word.

"When we were planning this trip for me to regain my strength

after that long illness, it was decided that one of the girls should come with me. Marie claimed the privilege at once, and Alice submitted very gracefully. I really think mother was glad to have Alice rather than Marie at home to help her, for she knew that Alice would be of the most use."

It is quite possible that there are other boys and girls like these two. Some, like Marie, are always ready to say, and let others do: some, like Alice, go ahead with the task to be done, not stopping to talk much about it. The "do-well" sort are the ones who are going to get the most out of life. One who accomplishes a single thing will get more satisfaction out of it than another who plans many things and does none of them. Work done is worth more than work planned in any market, you will find.

Now, if you suspect that you are growing the least bit like the one who said—right about face, shut your lips tight, and go at that last-talked-about plan with all the energy and determination of the one who did.—Cora S. Day.

IRRITATING NAGGING.

Are you a nagger—you who have begun to read this article—or are you liable to become one? Strange to say, some of those who make all around them uncomfortable by their nagging, are unaware of their fault. The Editor once gently tried to open the eyes of one who is high up in the art, and instantly she fitted the cap on some of her acquaintances, far surpassing in the force and aptness of her remarks! The worst of it is that those who are addicted to the habit are so conscientious about it! They always are seeking the good of others. They are merely trying to correct bad habits in the household. If it were not for them there would be no order or decency in the home. So intent are they in setting others right that they forget to look for any failings in themselves. That is too large a task to be undertaken when they have others to look after.

In spite of the fact that nagging induces a self-righteous, pharisaic feeling, the nagger is never happy. We never saw one whose nerves were not on edge. No matter how expert one may be, the result is not contentment. Indeed, the more proficient one is, the less enjoyment is gotten out of it. One would not expect it, but the fact is that the face of the nagger almost invariably shows more acute distress than the faces of the nagged. Often the latter are indeed provoked almost beyond endurance, but there is a satisfaction in the fact that with them the feeling is only temporary while the poor nagger has to suffer without let-up. We have lived until we have reached "the

youth of old age." We have seen a great deal of nagging done by both sexes—we will not say in which one it preponderates—and we now bear witness that we never knew of anybody reformed in anything by nagging. We have known people made worse by it, but rarely made better, and then only as trial and discipline, patiently borne, work for one's good. We have known of husbands being driven to the saloons by it; of wives made despairing or bitter; of brothers and sisters alienated instead of growing up in beautiful comradeship. Nagging not only does not accomplish the pretended object for which it is used, but it often does just the reverse. We have seen some who were saints under it, but they were well on their way to sainthood before they became subjected to it. It brings out the devil in most people.

Nagging, then, is a waste of energy, or flagrant misuse of it, inasmuch as no one, not even the nagger, is benefited by it. Out of the general uncomfortableness caused by it, some one should be able to get some enjoyment, but that is not done even by the discomfort-maker. The nagger changes a "happy family" into a set of snarling creatures, not only without deriving any profit or pleasure from the act, but actually suffering with the rest, like the hornet, which, when it uses its sting is forced to leave it in the wound it has made.

The habit of nagging is usually apt to fasten upon those of a nervous disposition. It is a sign of a fussy nature. It must have every little thing just so, or there is an outbreak. It is not the great things that it worries about so much as it is the infinitesimals. It is frequenly blind to great faults and magnifies the small ones. A nervous disposition resorts to nagging as a relief, but is made worse by it. The real root of nagging is self. Doing it for the good of others is a delusion. The habit is acquired because of resenting those actions on the part of others that interfere with one's comfort, convenience, or notions of what is proper or right. It is simply an effort to make every one in the family do and behave according to the nagger's ideals.

"Let him alone," counseled a wise elderly woman to a girl in her teens who was always criticizing her brother. "You are driving him from home now. Instead of doing that, make home attractive to him. Quit pecking at his faults, and, instead, praise him for the things that he does that are right. Make him think there is no brother in the world who has quite so good a sister."

That was sound advice. That sister had been concerned only with externals and was losing her brother's heart. Doubtless the boy was inconsiderate, careless, rough, boorish, it may be, but the way to make a thoughtful gentleman of him, was not by irritating his temper, but by increasing his love. Love "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things"—and winneth all things where nagging completely fails.

Officers' Department.

SHINE JUST WHERE YOU ARE.

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my sister,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom or darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.

—Selected.

KNOWING THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Many teachers imagine they know their children. They meet them as a class, but in many cases the real individual is not known. The members of the class may seem to be good or bad, whereas the teacher in reality has become acquainted with but a small part of the personality of those they instruct. In addition to meeting the children during the Primary session there is necessity for studying them as individuals outside the Primary.

July, for many of our workers, is vacation month. It is true that most persons going away from home like to drop all thought of the duties in which they are ordinarily engaged. There is, however, some spare time found during the rest period, and the true teacher cannot

entirely forget those in whom she is interested, especially those for whose spiritual welfare she is laboring. When away from the ordinary scenes of everyday life, with the exhilaration that comes in the new environment, she might resolve to know the members of her class better than before. This resolve, of course, will be worthless unless followed by some kind of a decision as to how the knowledge of the children may be acquired.

The study of human nature pursued in general by those who make no claim to psychological exactness has decided a few points upon which all agree:—

In the first place it is now generally understood that no two individuals are exactly the same.

Again, it is conceded that a given individual is not the same at all times nor to all persons.

Furthermore, each epoch of development in a human being may have predicted concerning it certain things that are true of the individuals that fall within the age limits of this epoch. For example, there are certain characteristics that distinguish children in the beginners' class from those in the older classes. Again there are some well-known traits inhering in children in the older age which would make them as a class quite different from those in the early adolescent period. The young adolescent is easily distinguished by certain traits from his cousin who is just a few years older.

With this as the starting point, the teacher may resolve to become acquainted with what the books say concerning the children of the age with which she has to do. Say that a young woman is the teacher of a class of boys ranging in age from ten to fourteen years, she will have no difficulty in finding literature which will make her acquainted with the distinguishing characteristics of boys of that age.

Perhaps one of the best times for studying children is the half hour before the opening of Primary meeting during which some of the members of the class come to the association and show themselves in ways different from those by which they reveal themselves during the session. A very successful teacher has come to the conclusion that her greatest power in the class, both in regard to discipline and instruction, has been developed through her reaching the Primary about three-quarters of an hour before the opening of the session, and, in a very informal way, getting in touch with her children. Any teacher who will take the trouble to arrive early and take notice of what is going on among children of the ages of those whom she instructs, will be astonished at the amount of information concerning those children which she may acquire in the course of a few months.

This observation for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the children must, of course, be made in such a way as not to attract their attention or lead them to suspect that they are under observation.

If they get the idea that they are being watched they will certainly remain away from Primary until the time for opening arrives.

There are constantly happening little things in the course of the devotional services or study of the lesson which will help to reveal the pupils as they really are. The wise teacher rarely makes public mention of any of these things, but constantly makes mental notes of them for future use.

The point of contact with many a boy's inner life has been revealed by some little incident that seemed to be insignificant, but that was noted and made use of by the teacher who was prepared through previous study to understand what the little revelation meant, and who endeavored to make use of it afterward. Again a class of boys or girls frequently, from words and acts to one another, help to reveal what they really are; these revelations may be made use of to the advantage of all concerned by the teacher whose mind is set on becoming acquainted with her children.

There has been no end of teaching as to the value of visiting children in their homes in order to become acquainted with their environment, and to understand better their traits of character; the volumes that have been written on this subject are almost numberless. The teacher who can possibly do so and fails to visit her children in their homes is missing opportunities for gaining exact knowledge of her children.

The writer has learned much concerning those whom she was studying by visiting their homes at times when they were absent and engaging in conversation with other members of the family. The revelations made by the foolish mother often enable a student of human nature to understand why certain characteristics are so prominently displayed by members of that home. Wise mothers, on the contrary, frequently give an inquiring teacher cues for the right handling of her children, which if followed up, gives her a power over them which was undreamed of.

In the home, the prattle of children concerning one another, when they are off their guard, has often resulted in the adoption of new methods to the great comfort of the teacher and the improvement of those under her care.

As in all other cases, it must be distinctly understood that in visiting the home the teacher does not come as a complainer nor as a gossiper. Above all things she does not let it be understood that she is coming to engage in the study of the characteristics of the children. This study is in order that she may become a better instructor.

Nowhere, perhaps, are children more themselves than when at play on the street. An experienced teacher of human nature once declared that he spent many hours in the course of the month watching children at their games, listening to their conversation, and noting the

conclusions at which they had arrived concerning those things in which they were most interested. It may seem a loss of time and rather undignified for a full grown man or woman to loiter near little children or older children while they are at their play, but if the investigation is carried out in the right spirit and with the proper purpose in view the returns will be of unmeasured value.

Young people in the social meeting are frequently more themselves than elsewhere. This is especially true when gathered in groups of about the same ages. If the teacher could manage to meet with a crowd of young girls, say from twelve to fifteen years of age, and all restriction could be laid aside, that teacher would learn more in one evening of those girls as they really are than she would in half a year as they appear under the restrictions of the Primary association.

A specialist in the study of boy nature, after years of studying, came to the conclusion that the very best way for him to become acquainted with the boys would be to meet them in groups as they come together for social purposes. His plan is to endeavor to throw off all restraint, get his boys to be natural, and then set them to talking among themselves. Their plans, their hopes, their ambitions, what they really are, come out in their conversation. It is simply amazing what this man learns in one evning with a dozen boys gathered around him as they sit and unreservedly chat with him and with one another.

Why this study? In order that it may be successful and that it may not be a waste of time, the teacher must decide for herself why she engages in this study. Someone says, "Of course this study is that you may become better acquainted with your children." This is true in a general way, but there should be a more definite purpose than this. All this study of humanity, whether carried on by the teacher of small or large children, should be for the purpose of so becoming acquainted with individuals, that the seed which is the word of God may be sown in such a way that the very greatest and best harvest for time and eternity may be secured.

Viewed from this standpoint the study of human nature is not a fad nor simply the pastime of idlers who gather to discuss vagaries, but it is the sensible, conscientious work of her who wishes to be the agent of the Holy Spirit in leading souls to their highest possible spiritual development.

To sum up the whole matter in a few sentences: The result of the study suggested should be, that the teacher may become thoroughly acquainted with individuals of certain ages that she may be a better teacher. From this knowledge of the individual comes power in teaching. Herein lies one of the arguments for the teacher's remaining in a certain grade. After studying successfully groups of children in one grade, she becomes so accustomed to the characteristics, purposes, aptitudes, and possibilities of these children, that she knows what they need and how best to give them.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF PRIMARY OFFICERS.

Held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 7, 8, 9, 1907.

GREETING.

FROM THE GENERAL BOARD OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION TO THEIR STAKE AND LOCAL OFFICERS, ASSEMBLED IN CONFERENCE, JUNE 7, 1907, IN THE GRANITE STAKE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

L. L. Greene Richards.

This world of happy faces,
Presented here today,
Seems like a mighty sunbeam,
With many a sparkling ray;
Or flowers from heavenly gardens,
A glorious boquet.

Yet, not for brilliant speeches,
Or flowery compliments,
Assembles this grand body
Of rich intelligence;
But we would make our greetings,
Plain, wholesome common sense.

Hail! Zion's *Aids to Mothers,*
A vast and noble train,
Who come, as earnest seekers,
To offer and obtain
Suggestions kind and helpful,
And inspiration gain.

By notes and works comparing,
That all with all may learn;
Adopting plans and methods,
As wisdom shall discern;
Then with advanced ideals,
To work at home return.

From north and south you've journeyed,
And from the east and west;
As modestly responsive,
You come, at our request;
We greet you, with a gladness
That cannot be expressed.

We want to hear your voices,
To clasp each sister's hand,
And feel that sacred union
Whereby the Saints must stand,
That *oneness* which our Savior
For His disciples planned.

Our dear and gracious Saviour,
Whose followers we are,
Who always helps the helpers
Of children, near and far;
His life is our example,
His love our guiding star.

Of this we must be mindful,
The work is not our own,
But His, and we are trusted,
Through His kind favor shown,
To "feed His lambs," a labor
Which marvelous hath grown.

Since first our Primary Mother
Felt the inspired thought,
Which prompted children's meetings,
Where all good might be taught,
In years, now nine and twenty,
What wonders have been wrought!

The babes which first we tended,
Are parents now and they,
With gratitude acknowledge
The safe and peaceful way
Wherein we've sought to lead them,
With hopes that none might stray.

And still the needs increasing,
Demand our greater care;
The Tempter grown more wily,
For this we must prepare,
With faith and works unyielding,
And constant, fervent prayer.

Pray God that all His children
His saving power may hold;
Pray also for the parents,
The youthful and the old;
And for ourselves, ask wisdom,
More precious than fine gold.

Times grow so strangely trying,
Such threatening clouds appall,
We know not what the danger,
Where next a shaft may fall;
We can but pray—pray always,
Lord help us, save us all!

Ye mothers in our circles,
Whose anxious hearts so yearn,
Keep faith—cling to the promise,
The stray lambs will return!
Each hath bright, golden talents,
And but the dross must burn.

And then, what numbers of us,
Like our dear, noble "Head,"
Who have not at the banquet

Of motherhood been fed,
Yet "mother" all the children
That come in reach, instead.

Your patient self-denial,
In works already done,
Have earned you crowns immortal,
In glory like the sun;
Work on, and make them brighter,
God bless you, every one!

Love is our motto, ever;
By love our works we do;
Christs' charity and kindness,
Mark steps we must pursue;
His meekness, His forbearance,
And sweet forgiveness, too.

These lessons we are learning
With children whom we teach;
The influence of their angels,
Our inner beings reach;
Their purity and goodness,
Their innocence in speech.

Note when two loving playmates,
For some slight cause have striven,
How soon they are repentant,
And everything forgiven;
And all like little children
Must be, to enter Heaven.

We greet you, sister workers,
From every stake and ward;
We welcome you and bless you;
Let us, with one accord,
Work on, to bless the children,
And glorify the Lord.

LOUIE B. FELT.

My beloved Sisters and Brethren, I am pleased to meet with you this morning, and we extend to you a hearty welcome to our city and convention. I assure you that when I say we, I mean the members of the General Board who have nothing in their hearts but love for you. We are all delighted when June convention comes, because we meet our co-laborers and those who are the actual workers.

As I sat here this morning and saw you come in, I thought how our work was growing and wondered if there are any who are weary or think their work a trial; but the answer came, "No." I believe no one who works in Primary is weary.

We are more than pleased with the progress of the work today. There is room for improvement, room for improvement for all kinds of work in our church, and we want ours to be the very best that we can do. We feel that these conventions have helped. The sisters of the

General Board going out and getting acquainted with the workers and coming in contact with them has helped us. They return filled full of suggestions and help. Some bring back favorable reports and some not so favorable. Some return and say such and such a stake is in excellent condition; officers are awake and willing to work. Some seem to have a desire but not enough ambition to do the work properly. Others are not as energetic as might be.

Every stake president and her help should meet and say, "Such is the condition, and I desire to do better, so that the sisters can report as good as can possibly be expected." If the work is irksome and you do not love it, go to your president or your Bishop and say, "I do not desire to work when the work is irksome, and I feel I am not meeting requirements and wish to be honorably released." There is no disgrace in being released.

When we are chosen we raise our hands and say we will do our best with the help of God. Do we always do it? When we make such a promise, it is sacred. I do not believe any calling is by chance. Our Father in Heaven directs and we must do our work with our whole hearts. We should love all we work with and our neighbors as ourselves; forget all things which annoy us and ask God to give us a forgiving heart and we must be able to extend to all the hand of fellowship and love.

I could not work with my Board if we were not united and it is the duty of presidents to see that all are united who work with them. There is no one officer who can carry on the work of a Primary association. There should be one united whole of all officers. No officer can afford to come only when called upon to take charge or a part. If an officer cannot perform her duty then she should resign.

So much depends upon the Primary officers. We have the love, respect and support of the First Presidency and many of the Apostles feel that our work is of great importance. President Smith has told us that he wanted every Primary child enrolled on our books. This means hard work, great work, but we must do it because it has been required of us by President Smith, and he is full of love and good feeling towards us.

A word in regard to the General Board. There are many who are zealous officers, sisters filled with the importance of this work, and when they come and perhaps say things which hurt your feelings, they do not mean to do so, but only to give you the best that is in them. All they do they do with the desire to benefit and help you in your work. When these sisters go out the prayers of every other member of our Board follow them wherever they go. Their anxiety is to do you good, and not to hurt you, so let peace be between us all.

There are many things to be done today, and many things I would like to say, but the sisters can come to the office and settle all difficulties and get help.

May God bless us all and help us to do our duty.

STORIES.

Margaret C. Hull.

Story-telling is an art, it is passing on a message. No matter what the message may be, the story-teller is the passer on, the interpreter. She should always have something to give, for she cannot give that which she has not. Appreciate and feel the story. Understand it and make it a part of yourself. Get the thought, the feeling, the character, the very essence of it before you undertake to give it to another. Never tell a story you do not feel. Miss Sarah Bryant relates a little incident in her experience with story telling. She says: "There is a certain nonsense tale which a friend used to tell with such effect that her hearers became helpless with laughter, but which for some reason never seemed funny to me. I could not laugh at it. But my friend constantly urged me to use it, quoting her own success. At last, with much curiosity and some trepidation, I included it in a program before people with whom I was so closely in sympathy that no chill was likely to emanate from their side. I told the story as well as I knew how, putting into it more genuine effort than most stories can claim. The audience smiled politely, laughed gently once or twice, relapsed into the mildest of amusement. The most one could say was that the story was not a hopeless failure. I tried it again, after study, and yet again; but the audiences were all alike. And in my heart I should have been startled if they had behaved otherwise, for all the time I was telling it I was conscious in my soul that it was a stupid story. At last I owned my defeat to myself, and put the thing out of mind.

"Some time afterward, I happened to take out the notes of the story, and idly looked them over; and suddenly, I do not know how, I got the point of view! The salt of the humor was all at once on my lips; I felt the tickle of the pure folly of it; it *was* funny.

"The next afternoon I told the story to a hundred or so children and as many mothers, and the battle was won. Chuckles punctuated my periods; helpless laughter ran like an undercurrent below my narrative; it was a struggle for me to keep sober, myself. The nonsense tale had found its own atmosphere."

Know your story. Be able to give the events in logical sequence, not having to go back to tell something that has been forgotten. Do not try to memorize, but analyze the story; find out simply what happened and then fill in. Do this filling in in your own way, adapting the story to the conditions around you, not trying to use the exact words or expressions used in the story, except where there are particu lar phrases or parts of conversation that will benefit the child educationally, or express it more vividly.

The purpose of the story is to give joy and by that joy to feed the spirit of the child. Tell your stories joyously, that is, as though it were a joy to you to help them along the road of life.

We often hear the expression, "Know the child," when we begin to talk of the training of children, and in deed it is very important that we do know them. And in nothing is it more important than in story telling. We must know their virtues and their faults; their joys and sorrows. We must know when to sympathize and when to do otherwise.

As has been said, story-telling is an art, and we must prepare ourselves for the art. As children was there any time more joyous than when we could climb upon mother's knee and have her either tell or sing us a story. Stories were first told in song when the singers used to go from house to house singing and playing. How often mothers have taken us to bed at night and lulled us to sleep with some sweet song-story. Mothers may encourage children or correct faults without one reference to them by properly selected stories. How nearer and dearer they become to their little ones. So as teachers, we can be the same. Those whom children love, they will ask for a story either to be read or told. How often we hear the children say, "Oh, I just love my teacher, she can tell us such lovely stories." Often the love has been won just by telling stories, for never yet was seen the child who did not prize the story and love the story-teller. Miss Bryant relates the following:—

"My three-year-old niece, who had not seen me since her babyhood, being told that Aunt Sara was coming to visit here, somehow confused the expected guest with a more familiar aunt, my sister. At sight of me, her rush of welcome relapsed into a puzzled and hurt withdrawal, which yielded to no explanations or proffers of auntly affections. All the first day she followed me about at a wistful distance, watching me as if I might at any moment turn into the well known and beloved relative I ought to have been. Even by undressing time I had not progressed far enough to be allowed approach to small sacred night gowns and diminutive shirts. The next morning when I opened the door of the nursery where her maid was brushing her hair, the same dignity radiated from the little round figure perched on its high chair, the same almost hostile shyness gazed at me from the great expressive eyes. Obviously it was time for something to be done.

"Disregarding my lack of invitation, I drew up a stool, and seating myself opposite the small, unbending person, began in a conversational murmur: "M—m, I guess those are tingly-tanglies up there in that curl Lottie's combing; did you ever hear about the tingly-tanglies? They live in little girls' hair, and they aren't any bigger than *that,* and when anybody tries to comb the hair they curl both weeny legs around, *so,* and hold on tight with both weeney hands, *so,* and won't let go!" As I paused, my niece made a queer little sound indicative of query battling with reserve. I pursued the subject: "They like best to live right over a little girl's ear, or down in her neck, because it is easier to hang on there; tingly-tanglies are very smart, indeed."

'What's ti-ly-ta-lies?' asked a curious, gutteral little voice.

I explained the nature and genesis of tingly-tanglies, as revealed

to me some decades before by an inventive mother, and proceeded to develop their simple adventures. When next I paused, the small, gutural voice demanded, 'Say more,' and joyously I obeyed. When the curls were all curled and the last little button buttoned, my baby niece climbed hastily down from her chair, and deliberately up into my lap. With a caress rare to her habit she spoke my name, slowly and tentatively, 'Aunty Sài-ry?' Then, in an assured tone, 'Aunty Sairy, I love you so much I don't know what to do!' And, presently, tucking a confiding hand in mine to lead me to breakfast, she explained sweetly, 'I didn' know you when you comed las' night, but now I know you all the time!'"

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Some teachers can tell a story and never reach the children, while another may come and tell the same story to the same children and hold them spell-bound. Wherein lies the success? The one understood the child nature before and the others did not. One reached out the hand and drew them in and the others pushed them away. So it is with mothers. Some, though they have not the scholastic training and benefits, they have the child soul within them and know how to reach and hold their loved ones.

Avoid all unnaturalness. A soft, gentle voice, expressive but not emphatic. Be careful not to become too dramatic, but make it real. Children are great imitators, and when we allow too much of the dramatic to enter into our story telling they lose the story in watching the dramatics and when they repeat the story you will see which has made the greater impression.

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the ethical teachings from the religious. And yet we find people to this day who believe that by having children accept blindly some religious doctrine, say for example baptism, that they will be saved. I wish to say here that no one will be saved through baptism or any thing else, unless one works out his own salvation along the line of pure religion, of pure upright living. It all comes as a result of man's striving towards the Infinite. Salvation comes through the triumph of spiritual over material. This triumph is a result of man's great struggle in life.

Now the Bible teaches you and me the religious principles of life as well as the moral. It gives us the majesty of Shapespeare's moral law, of Hugo's sacredness of childhood, of Wordsworth's joy of humility, and Dickens' divinity of kindness. It is the book, therefore, from which we should get our understanding of the moral laws of life. Where we have made our mistake is in the fact that we have given to the child the word Mormonism without his first understanding just what the essence and thought of that religion is. We begin to define certain principles mechanically, and the child is left in the dark as to the real sacred meaning of them. We should not begin to expound great doctrinal points in Mormonism. We should first teach the child the sweetness of good actions, and the joy of pure thought. This may be given by one who has caught from Christianity a conception of life as it ought to be. The child should have as soon as possible an insight as to the meaning of right and wrong. He should be quickened to love those who do their best; to scorn those who do evil. He should learn to have a warm sympathy for the man behind prison doors, as well as for the man who is enjoying life as a free citizen. In that splendid book of Hamilton Wright Mabie on Nature and Culture, we find this statement: "The essence of culture is not possession of information as one possesses an estate, but absorption of knowledge into one's nature, so that it becomes bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. It means the enrichment and expansion of the personality by the taking into ourselves of all that can nourish us from without. Its distinctive characteristic is not extent, but quality of knowledge; not range but vitality of knowledge; not scope of activity, but depth of life. It is, in a word, the process by which man takes the whole world into his nature and is fed, sustained, and enlarged by natural, simple, deep relations and fellowship with the whole order of things of which he is a part."

This principle of Mabie's is very grand. It summarizes what we are aiming at in the teaching of the child. If you will notice a small boy in his play, you will find him very unconventional. He is simply expressing his thoughts and energy in quick, boisterous action. You can not give him anything formal. If you do, he rebels. I hold that this boy, however, will do the right always, if he can but see the right. For right action produces the greatest happiness, and no one will deny himself happiness, if one can see wherein it may be at-

tained. What will appeal to the boy is something that goes straight to his heart, something that will teach him his importance in life. So the principles of ethics or moral teaching should always precede the religious laws for man's salvation. True, religion in its truest sense means all that pertains to the life whereby man reaches heaven, but it is too often taken in a too conventional sense, and its meaning limited. So give ethical principles first. Teach the child the beauty of doing good things, of thinking clean thoughts. Take him into nature and let him see nature's trees, flowers, mountains, and rocks. Let him see the work of the fire-fly and the meadow-lark, the daisy and the oak. Then he will begin to realize his importance, and the fact that he, too, has a part to play in life. Tell him the story of Van Dyke's Lump of Clay, or Dr. Von Eeden's Little Fire Fly. He will swell with pride, he will bound out of your class with an enthusiasm that will be surprising. He does not want to hear all the time as to what repentance is going to do for him. He does not want to constantly run into the word baptism for the remission of sins. Approach him with the idea more that he has no sins. Then he will see that you respect him as a good soul, and not a bad one. We are doing too much to convince the children of the fact that they are "little sinners." Let us convince more of the fact that they are "little angels." They will think more of themselves then and their chances in life. The one thing that made Robert G. Ingersoll an agnostic was the fact that the good minister used to remind him and the other boys nearly every Sunday that they were going straight to hell. Such a thought injured his childish mind. He began to hate, he had been introduced to the bad things of life so much. He ended by renouncing Christ and the Bible, and lived his life by denouncing everything sacred. Was he wholly to blame? I think not.

We can never create ideals by injuring the child; nor can we get him to see the light by keeping him on the lower plain and conventional paths of life. We must take him into the higher realms. But we must first be there ourselves. Then we can lead. In that beautiful essay recently written by Dr. VanDyke, called the School of Life, he says with fervor: "Ideals must be personal before they can become communal. Life teaches all but the obstinate and mean how to find the best state and to grow therein. A true love of others is the counterpart of a right love for self; that is, a love for the better part, the finer, nobler self, the man that is

> "to arise in me,
> That the man that I am may cease to be."

So real heart morality comes first. The understanding of true religion comes only through the developed soul of man. Moral teachings must precede all formal or conventional law. The latter must be accepted and understood, it is true, but it is for the more matured mind, not the child.

But you ask, shall the teacher not inculcate into the mind of the child the fundamental principles of the Gospel? I say Yes, most assuredly. But let the principle permeate the heart and mind of the child first as a great vital law. Your name for it may come afterwards. Do not teach the conventional words Baptism, Repentance, etc. The words will be learned all right. I simply plead for the thought first, the name for the thought afterwards. Our modern education deals too much with the dead form and letter, and not enough with the spirit of truth, knowing always, however, that in order to give light and truth we must have it ourselves. So one last word directly with you. Have you consecrated your life as fully as possible to your work? Have you stripped your soul of all that hinders and retards? Have you given yourself up to God in the teaching of your children? Are you bending to your share of the burden? Are you lifting? Are you forever looking upward? If so you are the teacher. God will fill your heart with gladness and you shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free. The child will partake of your light and influence. His light and influence will begin to shine, then burn; then the great religion of Christ, the religion of eternal life, will thrill his soul forever.

PRESIDENTS AND COUNSELORS.

Clara W. Beebe.

When it becomes necessary for those in authority over us to select a new Primary President, I believe they feel a great responsibility in so doing, and in every case ask their Heavenly Father to guide them, that they may choose the right one, and the very best material possible.

When the President is chosen, she, in connection with the President of Stake or Bishop, try to secure the best material to assist her as Counselors, Secretary, Treasurer, Chorister, Organist and Aids, until they have a perfect organization.

This is very essential, in order to do the best work possible. I often wonder when we are selected to fill these positions, do we realize what this means to us, do we sense that we are called to act in one of the most responsible positions in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, have you made up your mind to place this position first and foremost—next to your own family—and to sacrifice if necessary, your own feelings, and in many cases, earthly pleasures that you might otherwise enjoy.

Do we take an inventory of ourselves, and see in what way we must improve, in order to fit ourselves for this particular position?

Do we build for ourselves a high ideal to work to? I would say, place our ideal high though we never reach the pinnacle.

When you choose your Counselors, choose those to assist you

that you feel can be real helps and counselors to you in your work. Never allow any personal feeling to enter into this step, and because Sister So-and-So is rich—a good soul—has lost a dear one and is lonesome—that she is a personal friend—or for any other sentimental feeling. Let us not be influenced to choose incompetent helps, but look for the strong character filled with the Spirit of God—then when you have chosen, don't forget to place the responsibility where it belongs—make each one shoulder her share, and feel that she must bear her part of the burden or pleasure as you feel it to be—and so on through the whole organization.

When you have chosen your Secretary—the most competent person to be found—place the secretary's work and responsibility on her, and expect good results and correct reports, and every labor that pertains to the Secretary.

The Chorister and Organist, the best qualified in music among you, and look to them, that your association is never without good singing and music, prepared and well in hand before meeting time.

Your Treasurer—trusted and true—that you may not have to carry the financial part of the work.

The Aids—that they may assist, in increasing the attendance, in the class work—visiting the different associations, and in the many, many ways that they can take responsibility.

Work as a united family, never expecting mother to carry all the load—but let each child in their particular place do their part.

I have visited associations where the Chorister, Secretary, and even the Counselors have said, "I might just as well not have a position, I have nothing to do." Now, dear Presidents, let us see to it that each one has plenty to do and that we are alive and awake, and see that all are doing their part well. Respect each one in her place, and remember that each link of the chain is necessary. If any one is missing it is incomplete. I firmly believe that this is the only way that we can accomplish that which is expected of us, and I will say to all that a great deal is expcted of us as Primary workers, more by far, than at any time in the history of our Church.

We feel this more and more as a General Board, and that we must be alive to our own individual duties, in order to fulfil the expectations of those who have placed us in the different positions. We feel that the time is past when we can sacrifice any part of Primary work to personal feelings or individuals. We feel that we must throw off self, and put ourselves in a position that we can take criticism, kindly, and in turn give it in the right spirit.

I wish you all could see a lesson given at a General Board meeting. Some fortunate or unfortunate member, is chosen to give a lesson, after which follows a discussion; and I am sure that sometimes you would feel very sorry for the class leader, before the members get through with her, but we have all come to realize that the true way to learn is to discuss the part that is not properly treated, rather than the

perfect part, so we put personal feelings aside and take all good naturedly, and in this way bring out the weak points that we may profit by the same.

We wish you to do this, and look to the advancement of the children, rather than any one person.

Learn to become unselfish. One writer says, "To overcome ourselves is better than to conquer the whole world." Another says, "We find ourselves through our children."

In the first Primary Convention, held June 13, 1900, President Lyman said: "Listen, children, and take advice from your Primary teachers, the best friends you have on earth, next to your own parents."

At the same convention, President George Q. Cannon said, in speaking to the Primary workers: "Growing up under your hands is the foundation of the character of the next generation, and upon your efforts depends the success that will attend these children, when they grow to manhood and womanhood."

Let us stop and think, dear sisters, of the great responsibility placed upon us—for it is great, when the servants of God stand and speak under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as these Apostles did.

Dear Counselors, be counselors in very deed. Rally around your beloved President, for beloved she must be, and ever be ready at her call to fulfil your part of the labor to which you have been called—for you have promised to be a true help, and try to be one in the full sense of the word. Do not, because you are not first, leave all detail parts of the work to the President, but help her at all times to see that the children are prepared for and that everything is in order at the appointed time—the house prepared, the best way possible; have good ventilation; see that the janitor has done his part in warming the room if necessary, and that all is in readiness for your flock, and that you are there also, to do the part assigned to you, be ready for all calls from your leader and never allow a trivial excuse to keep you from your duty as a true counselor.

Secretaries—one of the hardest positions—do your part well, be on time and keep your records correct and in order, for without correct records not only your Association will suffer, but the history of our Church.

Our records are becoming more valuable as time goes on, and there is a great responsibility on the shoulders of our Secretaries.

Our Treasurers—Keep your accounts in perfect order, that you do not have to waste hours in searching for cents.

What are our meetings without beautiful singing and music, for this we look and expect from our Choristers and Organists, and if they are giving their best efforts to the cause they are working in, they will never allow their meeting day to come, without handing to the presiding officer, a note with song and page, so there will be no delay while presiding, as delays from such causes are dangerous to the success of our meetings.

Our dear Aids—Be on hand for all things, and work in harmony with those placed over you. You have an important place in Primary work, and the wise President will find and place the responsibility.

To all, I would say, Be united; seek God in all things; stand as one, do not think for one moment your President can carry all the load. Remember when your monthly officers' meeting comes, it does not mean simply a representative, but every one of you, and you cannot keep up with what is expected of you, unless you attend these meetings.

Our prayer and preparation meetings we cannot do without. The prayer meeting prepares us spiritually for the children and places us in a condition that the Spirit can assist us. The preparation meeting we are a failure without, as God helps them that help themselves.

Our meeting will not be a success if we stand unprepared, book in hand. We work up a good attendance, but find that the attendance is less in a few weeks. Why? Not prepared; no food ready to give. Disorder and confusion; nothing to interest the bright and active minds that have come to us, eager to be taught.

Come to your meetings with love in your hearts, your lessons well in hand, looking for the beautiful in the children and in each other—keeping truth always before all, never allowing discouragement to creep into our midst, and remember that he that overcomes self is the greatest of all.

Be united among yourselves, for in unity lies your strength. If you have difficulties, settle them in the proper place. Do not step over your presiding officer in order to carry your troubles to someone in a higher position. This is out of order and not in harmony with the Priesthood. Love and respect the very name, and work in such a way that your Association is always necessary to your Bishop and President of Stake, for by our works we are known.

Let us be humble and prayerful, and above all set a good example by our everyday lives. Seek the hearts of the parents and in every way endeavor to interest them in Primary work—always trying to make our work an endless chain of love and harmony between Officers, Parents, Children, Priesthood and our God, and we will then be true Primary workers, trying in every deed to be noble helpers in rearing the youth of Zion.

Let the object of our lives be, to live better day by day, exerting an influence for good with all we associate with, that the environment of those around us may be better for our lives.

INSTRUCTIONS TO SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

Edna Harker.

On account of the similarity of the work, as well as the similarity of the positions, the offices of Secretary and Treasurer may be considered together. What is said about one may easily be applied to the other.

First of all, let us destroy the popular misconception of the importance of the position. Too many times persons are given these positions merely because they are able to write a legible hand, or because the officers think this little boy or that little girl will preserve better order and take more interest in their work if they are given some position. And the only offices which, on first thought, seem to be unimportant enough to trust to "the naughty boy" or "the unruly girl" are those of secretary and treasurer.

Let us now give a few ideas about what an ideal secretary ought to be, and then we will be able to see that "the naughty boy" or "the unruly girl" will hardly fit.

A secretary is of necessity the historian of the association. This statement alone will perhaps show more plainly than any other the importance of the work.

The secretary must be in a way the bureau of information, both for officers and members. She must have in mind the plans and schemes of the officers. She must know the working ability of the different members of the Primary association, so that when a child is needed for a part in the lesson or on the program, the secretary, having in charge the roll and minutes, may give the needed information.

It goes without saying, their must be absolute harmony between the secretary and all other officers. The secretary should be the president's "right hand man," and if the president is wide awake, she will know that that officer will be the person from whom she will very likely get her best suggestions and upon whom she may depend for her best help.

Let us repeat a few of the important details for the benefit of any new secretary or treasurer.

The secretary and treasurer are officers of the association, and as such, the importance of attending all meetings, whether local, stake or general, can not be impressed too strongly. The only way that interest in Primary work can grow is through hard, earnest effort, and the only way to make your position worth while is by work. The missing of meetings is the first step to laxity, and laxity is the first step to disinterest.

Don't forget! All recording must be done in ink, and don't forget that perhaps some one else may and should inspect your records. That's the business of the visiting stake secretaries. Don't forget your Bishop files that record away for future reference.

Be neat. The whole association is often judged merely by its record. They are the only outward signs to those who never visit. Don't let an untidy secretary throw her influence over a whole association. It's bad.

Be prompt and accurate in sending in your reports, and remember that the way to save time for yourself and for others is to do what you're told when you're told, and do it all, not half.

Presidents should see that the rule of keeping the roll and minute

books in the ward houses, and not running the risk of getting them either lost or soiled, should be observed.

From the above, one cannot help but see that the secretary and treasurer must work. Therefore give no one that position who is not capable to meet its every requirement.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

It seems that all are inspired to bear testimonies. You have made no sacrifice, as we all know, to travel such long distances, because you feel fully repaid. Take home that which will comfort and guide the children. What a multitude of children to preside over, and what a grand work to perform. If you go on and not get discouraged, God will multiply all good things unto you, and your hearts will rejoice, and the Spirit of God will be with you. President Smith loves children better than any one knows. I know of no one who loves children better, and I should like him to occupy the time today. We expect to have a fine new building for you by your next convention. It has all been planned, and work will begin before long.

May heaven's choicest blessings go with you to your homes. God's blessings be with Bro. Felt and Bro. Beebe, and may we acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things, and may His will be done.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

It has given me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to listen to the testimonies. It has filled my soul with joy and love to hear you express your love for your work.

I have been exceedingly blessed in my family, and especially in my children. I trust the future holds some measure of blessings and favors for the little ones, as has been the blessings of the others.

I am delighted to look into the faces of these sisters, mothers, daughters, sisters of Zion. When I heard the voice of Sister Rogers, founder of this organization, I thought of her father and mother and family. I knew her father, her uncle and her family, and know of their faithful work.

It gives me satisfaction to see the sons and daughters of brethren who have been faithful. I hope the day will never come when there shall not be found a representative of men who were faithful and helped to lay the foundation of this Church. I hope there will always be some of my father's house faithful and that the day will come when all will be faithful to the work for which the Prophet Joseph and my father laid down their lives.

Yours, workers in the Primary, is a great responsibility, next to that of mothers, a work of real, true mothers of Zion; a work where

the child may be brought in its tenderest years to a knowledge of Christ and His work. And I pray that God's blessings may be with you, that your light may so shine that the little ones may see your good works and thereby be led to glorify God.

While sitting here, I thought of my own mother. Nobody's mother to us is like our own. I recall my mother—left a widow in the midst of mob violence, with a large family. Why did not my mother do like some others,—go back to her home and friends? Mobocracy on every hand and homes burned, why, I say, did my mother not do like others? Because she knew the truth as some of you who have expressed yourselves here today. You know that the gospel of Christ has been restored to the earth and that it is the power of salvation unto those who obey. My mother took with her her husband's children and cared for them as if they were her own. She taught them to pray and see the light and through that all my father's children grew up faithful to the Church of Christ. Those who have died, died in the faith, and those who lived were faithful. And why? Because their mother taught them.

I look upon your faces and say, "Can any circumstances arise that would embitter your feeling against the Gospel of God." No, nothing could do it if you know the truth as my mother knew it. Nothing could ever come to turn you if you know and keep the Spirit of Christ within you.

"Had I the power to bestow
The choicest gifts of earth below,
And from above all blessings good
I'd grant as due to womanhood."

This is the way I feel towards woman kind. They are loved and blessed by our Father.

May God bless you and open the way to you, so that you can devote your labors to this work, and may peace be with you. Don't neglect your own homes, but seek the Spirit of God. Train the children to help and be able to take up the labors when you leave off until He comes whose right it is to reign. May peace abound with you in the labors you are performing.

"They are such little, simple things to do,—
To sweep a room, to bake a loaf of bread.
Kiss a hurt finger, tie a baby's shoe,
To mend a crying school-boy's broken sled,—

"Such little, simple things! but they above
Who on our little world attendant wait,
And joyful wait, note only if through love
The deed be done to count the work as great."

PRAYER AND POTATOES

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And pale and hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad and good,
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the Deacon over the way—
The Deacon so ready to worship and pray—
Whose cellar was full of potatoes:
And she said, "I will send for the Deacon to come,
For he'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the Deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes:
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the Deacon's religion didn't lie in that way,
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He arose up to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom and grace,
But when he prayed, "O Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes;"
And then at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

The Deacon was troubled, and what could he do?
'Twas embarrassing, very, to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes."
So, ending his prayer, he started for home;
But as the door closed behind him he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the way home—
In the midst of the night it haunted his room—
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; he rose up and dressed:
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste,
A bag of his *best* potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;
But there she sat in her old arm-chair,
With the same wan features—the same sad air:
And entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more of his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the Deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "*now* you may."

And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the Deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud "Amen."
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying "prevail."
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs:
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance—for all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes.

—*J. T. Pattie.*

THE MAN OF CHEER.

We love the man with a smile, the man with the roses on his tongue, the man who sees your boy's dirty face, but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat, but praises your studious habits, the man who sees all the faults but whose tongue is quick to praise and slow to blame.

We like to meet a man whose smile will light up dreariness, whose voice is full of the music of the birds, whose hand-shake is an inspiration, and his "God bless you" a benediction. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's dismal croak is forgotten when the wood thrush or the brown thrasher sings. God bless the men of cheer!

There is plenty of trouble here, but we need not increase it. There is a lot of dying done ahead of time. There are living men who have crossed Jordan two or three times, and, unfortunately, they are not of the type who "cross the river of Jordan happy in the Lord," but who sing, if they sing at all, dismalest, dreariest, deadliest music. The very tone is fatal to happiness.

If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them. If you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it. Find the bright side of things—God's side—and help others to get sight of it also.

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PANSY'S VACATION.

"I believe I could do it," said Pansy," with a sudden inspiration.

"You?" cried Violet, dropping her school books on the table and sinking into a rocking-chair, in a state of collapse.

"Yes, I. Why not? I'm a tip-top cook, am I not, mother?" and Pansy, her face as roguish as the little faces of her namesake flowers, tilted mother's tired head back in her arms and kissed the thin cheek. On the machine was a heap of cloudy pink muslin, one of Miss Pauline Duesenbury's summer gowns for the seacoast, of which Mrs. Maynard had made six.

"Yes, dear, indeed you are," she said, as she readjusted the tucker for another "mile run" over the ruffles.

"Of course, you could do it," said brother Jack, "and Uncle Ed will be glad to have you. I say, it'll be jolly with you in it, sis. Uncle Ed's crew is always a sober one, for he never hires a man who drinks a drop of liquor. He and I'll take care of you."

"Mercy!" wailed Violet; "cook for a thrashing crew, riding about in an old cook wagon! You must be simply crazy, Pansy Maynard, and Uncle Ed will be worse than crazy if he hires you. It's a regular Chinaman's job."

Pansy fanned her dainty little sister with the cover of her Mediæval History. "Yes, my dear, and a good Chinaman's first-class wages—thirty dollars a month. Think of it! Sixty dollars! Clothes and books for both of us next year, and maybe a week, at least, of sea breezes and rest for mother! May I apply, dearest? Say 'Yes!' Jack and Uncle Ed will take good care of me."

"But don't for the world let any of the girls at school find it out," said poor little Violet, with foolish pride in her genteel poverty. "I shall tell them you have gone to spend the summer with relatives of ours, and they needn't know it's with Jack, on Uncle Ed's thrasher."

"Yes, do! Tell them I've gone to rusticate on a large ranch—that the doctor advised me to go, for my health," and Pansy laughed gayly.

"But you might meet some of the girls who come from there to

school," Violet went on prophesying. "Ever so many of them are daughters of rich ranchers and have lovely country homes."

"Never fear, Violet, I'll not see any of them. They'll be on the coast, to get away from the heat. I'll just stay in my dining car and cook meals and wash dishes for the 'crew,' then lie down on the shady side of the wagon and read books. Oh, it will be splendid!"

Violet appealed to their mother to set her foot down firmly against such an absurd and "crazy" scheme. But poor little Mrs. Maynard had both feet set down so firmly on the pedals of the sewing machine that she could not stop them until she reached the end of the tuck.

"Oh, bother your silly pride, Violet!" blustered Jack. "Pansy's all right—she'll just suit Uncle Ed, and I guess, if it's no disgarce for her to cook for me at home, it will not be for her to do it in a traveling kitchen."

Pansy clapped her hands.

"And if Jack can work in the 'crew' all day, in the hot sun, why is it so terrible for me to go along under his protecting care and bake apple pies and johnny cake for him and the others?"

"But that is so different," murmured Violet. "You're a girl. People expect our big brothers to turn out and work in vacation."

At this, Mrs. Maynard stopped, right in the middle of the endless ruffle.

"And your mothers to 'turn in' and work all the year," she said, with a little flush in her cheeks. "Don't be silly, Violet, dear," and then she went on persistently tucking pink clouds. "Pansy may go with Jack if she wants to, and you can take her place here with me. You are a good cook, too."

Violet kissed her a little shamefacedly; but she "gave it to Pansy" when they were alone in the kitchen, getting supper.

"It's simply horrid, Pansy Maynard," she declared, as she shelled peas while Pansy scraped new potatoes. Pansy always took the "meanest jobs" good-naturedly.

"It's no such thing, Violet Maynard! I'm going to have the gayest summer you ever heard of—you see if I don't," retorted Pansy, warmly. "I'm ashamed of your ridiculous pride."

The white cook house of the thrashing crew waddled along a dusty road in the heart of California's great grain section, in the early twilight of a warm July evening. As far as the eye could reach stretched endless stubble fields, marked here and there by stacks of unthrashed grain, and off to the right, bordering the river, wandered a fringe of green willows, an alluring vision in the parched landscape.

"It will be lovely to camp under trees, this time!" exclaimed Pansy Maynard, sitting beside brother Jack, who drove the cook house.

"It'll be great," said Jack. "I tell you, sis, there never was anything so jolly as this scheme of yours. You're a daisy, and no mistake."

"Oh, no, not a 'daisy,' Jack; 'only a pansy blossom," sang the

girl's voice, merrily, and the notes of the song floated back to the ears of two girls in a double carriage that suddenly flew past the lumbering cook house toward the ferry just ahead.

"Please tell the ferryman to wait for us," Jack called to the man driving the handsome black horses, and then urged his own team, tired from the day's work, down the slope toward the river.

A girl's head was thrust out one side of the carriage. "Dear me! didn't that girl's song make you think of school? Pansy Maynard was always singing the dear old thing, as though it was her copyright," she laughed.

The ferry, whch had taken the thrashing machine and the rest of the crew across, on the last trip, pulled off from the shore as soon as Jack drove on and called "all aboard" to the ferryman. Pansy pushed back her blue sunbonnet as a little riffle of wind stirred the air into a grateful coolness, and sat quietly looking out over the wide, deep river. But, quick as a flash, she pulled it over her face again, as two girls, whom she instantly recognized as her classmates, sprang out of the carriage.

"I'm going inside," she said to Jack, slipping down and running round to the back door of the kitchen. She had observed quickly that the two girls were bent on inspecting the cook wagon of a thrashing crew.

"Oh, what a dear little kitchen—just like a playhoues!" cried one of the girls, her merry voice probing the sullen darkness within, as she stood on the steps at the door. Inside, the friendly gloom hid Pansy's crimson cheeks, and the sunbonnet her shining, sunny, hair. Outside, she could hear Jack talking pleasantly with the man in the carriage, who proved to be the farmer whose grain the crew was going to thrash.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I still stick to the old way of thrashing a little after harvest, instead of adopting the combined header and thrasher that does the whole business at one job. I think the wheat seasons better the old way, and, besides, it gives the thrashing crews their chance. Got a woman cook, I seek, instead of a Chinaman."

Jack was not ashamed of Pansy's "job," even though Pansy herself had capitulated.

"Yes, she's my sister," he said, frankly; "and she's a grand success. Our uncle owns the thrasher."

"Good," said the farmer. The girls at the door hinted in vain at the shadowy figure of the cook sitting on a chair beside the table, her arms folded on the white oil cloth; she would not invite them in. Brave, independent Pansy was as weakly vain and silly as little Violet, after all!

The girls went back to the carriage.

"We'll try again in the morning and make her be civil to us, the hateful thing! I'll tell her I'm the daughter of the man she's working for," and Laura Williams surveyed with a complacent smile the approaching shore, where her father's five-thousand-acre ranch began.

The next morning, when Pansy had finished the early breakfast, baked ten delicious apple pies for dinner, and supper, prepared vegetables, and set a savory stew to boiling on the gasoline stove, she took her book out under a clump of willows on the river bank, and was soon absorbed in the heroine of revolutionary times. Every now and then she looked up from the pages to enjoy the lovely scene before her, and to feel sorry for Violet at home working buttonholes for mother up in the little sitting room of the flat.

She was suddenly made aware of the presence of two girls by a half-smothered titter, and looked out of one side of her blue sunbonnet to discover the schoolmates who had crossed on the ferry with her.

"Good morning, Miss Cook. We just took a peep into your kitchen," Laura Williams said, merrily. "Father says you're the niece of the thrasher boss and the sister of one of the crew, and we came down to scrape up an acquaintance. It's terribly dull on the ranch. Dear me! I believe you're actually having a good time, between meals."

"Indade, an' I am, miss," said the voice within the sunbonnet, in the comical brogue that Pansy was famous for imitating. "But I must be lookin' afther me mate, or sure an' it'll be burnin' up."

"No, it's all right—we looked into the kettle," said Laura. "What are you reading?" Pansy handed the book to her sideways, not turning her face.

"Mercy! Janice Meredith! Why, that's a first-class, up-to-date book. You must be quite fine in your literary tastes, Miss Cook. My English teacher recommended this story of the Revolution for vacation reading."

"Yes," said Pansy, brightly, "that's why I'm reading it."

The voice was Pansy's own, now, and it suddenly emerged from the sunbonnet.

"Hello," she said, throwing false pride to the wind; but there was so little wind pulsating the hot July air that poor pride fell flat and Pansy broke into tears—just as dear, foolish Violet would have done. After all, she thought in a twinkling, there wasn't so much difference between a pansy and a violet—only violets were sweeter. Pansies had bolder face and more cheek, but people loved violets best for their fragrance—just as people loved Violet for her unobtrusive sweetness, in spite of her little foolish fancies that Pansy had regarded as weaknesses, when she had fancied herself so strong. Poor, crestfallen Pansy!

"Why—Pansy—Maynard!" cried the two girls.

"And what on earth are you crying for, baby?" demanded Laura, taking her in her arms.

"Oh, just because I'm a silly goose—as silly as Violet, who didn't want me to come with Jack, for fear people will think we're as poor as we are," said Pansy, laughing and crying.

'Why, Pansy Maynard! I think it's grand of you to do it, and I'm proud of you, Myrtle asserted.

"Will you invite us into your kitchen, now, dear?" inquired Laura, a little later.

"Of course—and I'm going to invite you to dinner with the 'crew,' too. Uncle Ed is splendid fun." The girls applauded heartily.

"And after dinner, we'll help you with the dishes, and then take you for a row on the river. Myrtle and I are famous rowers, and you'll soon learn the art, too. Oh, this is fun, sure enough—to find our Pansy Blossom here to put spice into the monotony of ranch life. I hope it will take a long time to thrash father's grain."

"Jack says it will take a good while, and that we can't camp more than a day or two here in the shade, the place is so immense," said Pansy, as the trio walked arm in arm to the cook house. "But why is it you are not at the seacoast, where it is cool?"

"Because father thinks he can't go until all his grain is thrashed and stored in the warehouse, and mother will not go until he can, so I got Myrtle to come and make us a visit. This evening you and your brother must come up to the house and join our moonlight songs on the veranda, and help us kill time with your sharp sword of wit. Is Jack as funny as you are?"

"Funny? Jack is a whole circus by himself—it's because he and I are such chummy-chums that I'm such a goose," laughed Pansy. She had never realized until now what real goodness and sound sense there was in these girls whom she had falsely judged to be proud of their father's wealth.

"Its only Violet's and my absurd way of taking it for granted that all the people who have more money than we have are proud of it," she said to Jack, as they walked to camp in the moonlight, after a merry evening on the vine-covered veranda of the handsome farm-house. "And it isn't so, at all, as any one can see by the delightful evening we have had. O Jack, I'm glad I came a-cooking, aren't you?"

"Indeed, I am. It was a happy thought of yours. You live up to your name, 'Pansies—that's for thoughts,' he quoted."—*Selected.*

CARL REYNOLDS' STAND.

The entire village, in which the Iliss Academy was situated, contributed hearty support to the boys' athletic contests. Each year more and more of the business men left their work on those afternoons when a game was played between "our boys" and some visiting team. The last season had closed with victory for the Ilisses, but, to use the language of Carl Reynolds, it was "victory seasoned with disgrace." The last game played, and the one that decided the championship, had been won by Iliss Academy. But how? Simply by two ringers taking the places of Harold Townsend and Guy Mauley, the weakest

fellows on the home team. "It's the last year I'll play—unless we can play honestly!" declared Carl stoutly, the evening of the victory. "It isn't fair; and then, too, we pose as champions of clean athletics!"

"You're right!" returned Howe Bayley. "I don't blame the Thorntons for feeling sore; we'd have felt the same way, everyone of us."

At the beginning of the next season, Carl Reynolds drew up the following resolutions, which were adopted by the Iliss Athletic Association:

"*Resolved,* First, that we stand for clean athletics.

"*Resolved,* Second, that we play no ringers.

"*Resolved,* Third, that we inform other teams that this is our position at Iliss Academy."

Through the baseball season the resolutions were kept to the letter, and the Iliss nine maintained first place in the Inter-scholastic League. But by the loss of Charlie Rand and Eugene Foster, the football eleven was sadly crippled. The first game played at the opening of the fall term was lost to Paxton Seminary. "I tell you, fellows," exclaimed Carl, in the gymnasium, after the defeat, "this mustn't happen again! Paxton never won from us before. And just notice the weight of their men! My 'twas a bad thing for us, losing Rand and Foster!"

"I'm afraid it means the championship this time for the Thorntons," declared Bob Taylor. "They'll make a hard fight for it."

The boys trained hard before the next game and won by a score of 12 to 10. "Too narrow a margin, fellows!" insisted Carl, on the way home. "We must hold them down better next time. I was afraid one time that we had lost the game."

To their great chagrin the Iliss lost the next two games. Then they won from Nichols Latin School, and were beaten both by Hebron and Paxton. To lose another game meant no hope for the championship. "I tell you, boys—" The captain didn't finish his sentence, but there was a strangely determined expression on his anxious face. The following Monday, when the boys went to the field to practice, there were two new men there in uniform. They had come out with the manager and captain.

"Who—I wonder"—Carl stopped short.

"We just had to!" explained the captain of the eleven, coming up. "It would never do to lose any more games!"

"But they're not members of the school," insisted Carl.

"No; but nobody need know it—if we keep mum!"

But—but our resolutions!"

"Bother the resolutions! It's the championship we want."

The captain went over to the quarterback. "Well." It was all Carl said.

The next day he wasn't on the field for practice. "He's not coming out; he's studying for his Latin exam." Willis Dean threw down a mask. "He's sore over the ringers."

"Now he'll spoil everything, just by his goody-goody notion!" exclaimed the captain, angrily. "He wants to see Iliss lose!"

Try their best, they couldn't move Carl to change his mind. He insisted on clean athletics or none at all.

"I prefer honor to victory!" he insisted. All the while he practiced the two boys whose places had been taken by the ringers. "We mustn't get out of training," he said to the two fellows.

"Say, will you play?" It was the afternoon before the next game with Thornton, and the manager and captain were in Carl's room, urging him to take his old place.

"No; unless we can do the square thing."

The fellows left the room. That night they held an after-supper consultation in the gymnasium. "I am of the opinion," it was finally said, "that, Carl's worth the two men put together. What do you say to letting them go?" After a warm debate it was so agreed. The next day, Carl and the two boys he had kept in practice, took their old position in the game.

Never had a game on the home grounds been so hotly contested. It seemed at the end of the first half that Thornton must win. In the second half, by a brilliant side play by one of the men who had been displaced, Iliss' luck began to turn. Two minutes before time would be called the score stood twenty to twenty. If the Iliss eleven could make one more touch down the game was theirs! One minute passed. They were a little nearer—still gaining—a breathless silence—Carl placed the ball over the line three seconds before time was up!

"Hurrah!" The voices of the Iliss boys were husky with shouting. So excited were they that they hardly noticed what the townspeople were doing. Each one of the flushed winners was caught up and carried from the field upon the shoulders of cheering partisans.

"I tell you, fellows," smiled Carl in the gymnasium, "a victory is all right, but a clean victory is a good deal better!"—*Selected.*

WHEN THE ANIMALS CAME TO TOWN.

The posters were big and bright and staring, and so *were* Patsey's eyes as he surveyed the pictures that covered the hitherto bare fence behind the station. Patsey had lived far from the world of books and of letters, as one might see at a glance, so that the animals that gazed back at him from the old fence were unknown, strange, marvelous indeed.

Lions and bears and tigers had been only names to frighten him before this, and now he saw them as they really were, and they did not seem terrible at all. In fact, most of them looked rather pleasant. The great tall giraffe smiling down from his superior height, even

the lions with their tawny manes, black bears, brown bears, white bears, monkeys of all sorts and sizes, dressed and undressed, and dogs—Patsey could hardly take his eyes from those dogs. None of the ones that he knew looked like tiny snow-white lions with thick, woolly hair, tied up with pale blue ribbon bows. Nor could they roll hoops or drill or do any of the other pictorial feats that these were performing. The wonders grew and grew as Patsey moved on. There was one huge animal that occupied nearly as much space on the fence as one of the box cars standing on the track would have done, and if Patsey's eyes could have opened any wider they would have done so now.

"Two tails," he exclaimed aloud in amazement, "an' the biggest one in front!"

"Huh," said a contemptuous little voice behind him, "don't ye know an el'phunt when ye see one? An' that ain't a tail in front, neither. Its' what they call a trunk."

Patsey squared round suddenly. There might have been a fight if the speaker had been any other than Danny Nolan, but no one could fight a poor little stunted creature who had only two crutches to serve him as legs, although he did rather put on airs because he had been to the night school and consequently thought he knew more than all the other boys in the alley put together. So Patsey contented himself with saying sarcastically: "Oh, ye think ye know everything, Danny Nolan, just because ye can read."

"Well," returned Danny, stoutly, "I know all them animals anyway, 'cause I read about 'em in the book me teacher give me, an' if ye don't be sassy, I'll tell ye the names of 'em so you'll be knowin' 'em too when they come next week."

"Be they comin' here?" cried Patsey, his eyes shining, "an' will I see em?"

"If ye've twenty-foive cents to git in," replied Danny. "This here's a show of trained animals, an' ye don't s'pose ye're goin' to see it fur nothin'?"

"Twenty-five cents," said Patsey, and his face fell. Only in his dreams had he ever possessed so much at one time.

"Yes, sir," went on Danny, "onless ye want to creep under the fence."

"I don't creep under no fences," interrupted Patsey, hotly, "even if I hevn't any money."

"Neither do Oi," returned Danny, importantly, "'cause Oi've got the money."

"I b'lieve ye," said Patsey, scorn in his eye, "when ye went to bed las' night without any supper 'cause ye hadn't five cents fur a loaf, an' ye hadn't no dinner the day before."

"That's nothin' new," replied Danny, loftily, "anyways Oi've got the quarter all right 'nough. It's buried in the ground,"—drawing nearer with a mysterious whisper—"Me uncle give it to me when he was here to buy a hat, 'To keep the sun off ye,' says he. But Oi ain't

used to taking so much care of me complexion, so Oi'll keep it fur something big, says Oi to meself. So Oi dug a hole good an' deep so Oi wouldn't be using it when Oi was hungry or sich like. An' do ye s'pose it won't be wuth it?" waving his hand grandly in the direction of the brilliant posters. "An' that ain't nothin' to the ones on the exhibition fence. Ten o' them el'phunts, each one holdin' on be his trunk to the tail o' the one in front—sich a string—a great big one in front and endin' up with the cutest little young one. An' dogs—them things there," pointing contemptuously to the berribboned white lions, "aint in it wid the ones down on the other fence. Me sister says these ain't natural anyway, fur they hev to do 'em up every night in curl papers. Come on down an' see the rest of 'em." And followed by his willing companion, Danny stumped away with a qickness acquired by long practice.

The great day came at last, and the street near the exhibition grounds was crowded; but in spite of that a small boy was turning cart-wheels there at an alarming rate, and each time his head came uppermost it showed the beaming face of Patsey, more glorified, if that were possible, with every turn, which was rather strange considering that for the last week, no boy in town had looked more unhappy than he.

Slap! His feet were held up by a tall man, whose chest they had struck with a resounding thump as they went around.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, looking down at Patsey's astonished face. "What's the meaning of all this, eh?"

"Goin' to the show, sir," returned the boy, wriggling out of his grasp and standing upright, his hand at his shock of yellow hair.

"To the show, eh?" laughed the man. "And is that your only excuse for trying to knock me down in this fashion? And how are you going to the show, pray? Quarters plenty down your way?" and he smiled down at the small figure in the tattered trousers and the apology for a shirt.

Patsey grinned. "No sir—never hed a quarter before in me life. Wouldn't hev hed this one, only I found it be the gate over there; so now I'll see the el'phunts, an' the lions, an' the tigers, an'—an' all the rest of 'em jist as well as Danny Nolan," and Patsey looked so much like turning another summersault there and then that the man moved off quickly and Patsey bumped, instead, into Danny Nolan. But such a doleful Danny! Patsey in his worse moments during the week that had passed, when he had not been able to save more than five cents towards a ticket, had not looked as bad as this. "What's the matter wid ye?" he asked in astonishment.

"Lost me quarter," said Danny, with what might have been a sob, only Danny had never been known to cry before to anyone's knowledge. Patsey's hand sought and clutched fiercely the one which he felt Danny must know was tied up in the corner of his ragged shirt.

"Ye did!" he exclaimed, and his voice sounded queer and muffled,

and he never looked at the lame boy. Then, for want of something better to say, he went on: "How did ye do it?"

"Over be the gate there. I was showin' it to Ted Malone 'cause he said he—he didn't believe Oi hed one an'—an' we've been lookin' an' lookin' an—" Then there was a a decidedly genuine sob, and Danny turned away to hide the big tears he was so much ashamed of.

And Patsey held the money—Danney's money—tightly in his hand and tried not to see the tears on the little drawn face. He had never had a quarter before either, and he wanted to see the animals as much as Danny did, and he'd found it fair and true, and he'd keep it—he would—he would!

Patsey had never heard of a conscience in his life, so he did not recognize the voice that kept reminding him of how long poor little lame Danny had kept his precious money buried in the earth, even when he was nearly starving, until "something big" came along, and of his delight and importance when the "something big" had come at last and he alone of all the boys in the alley would be able to see the strange animals he had read about and whose marvelous pictures had adorned every fence in town for the past week. Poor Danny! He had never had any pleasures in his life like other boys who could run and jump and play—nothing but pains and aches all day, and all night, too.

The crowd was surging round them again, for the ticket office was open by this time, but Patsey kept his eye on the little crooked back in front of him. He made a step forward. Then he thought of the elephants—ten of them—and the white, woolly dogs and the lions and the tigers, and the great tall giraffe—and drew back again. He drew out the precious quarter which would reveal them all, and other mysterious wonders to him, and turned it over lovingly.

Then as he lifted his head he caught sight of Danny's face again as the crowd twisted him around and he darted forward—Quick! quick! lest he should be sorry for it!

"Say!" Patsey whispered, breathlessly, "I found a quarter be the gate over there—guess it must be yours. Here, take it!" and he shoved it into his hand. He had a momentary glimpse of the wonder, delight and incredulity on Danny's face before he backed again into his tall acquaintance of a few minutes before.

"Oh," said the man, "It's you again, is it? Still trying to knock people down, I see. Now, what was all that you were doing just now?" and he laid his hand on Patsey's shoulder and drew him out of the crush.

Patsey blushed as guiltily as if he had been caught in the act of stealing. "Well—ye see it was this way"—describing strange figures with a very grimy toe in the dust—"It's me friend Danny Nolan, an'—the poor little feller's lame an'—'twas the only quarter he'd ever had, an' he'd kept it sich a long time, an'—talked an' talked all week of goin', he lost it an' I found it an'—" Patsey was getting rather mud-

dled and out of breath, but the big man seemed to understand, for he broke in with—"Yes, yes, I see, and now since you have given it back to him, I suppose you won't get in to see this wonderful show yourself, after all?"

"No, sir," said Patsey, his voice very low, while a big tear splashed in the middle of one of his nice circles.

"Well," said the man, "there's a pretty big crowd round that ticket office, and I guess a small boy like you could get there quicker than I could. Do you think it would be worth a ticket, to squeeze through and get me one too?"

"Yes, sir-r-ee!" and Patsey's eyes fairly blazed with excitement and delight, as he grasped the dollar bill held out to him.

In another minute he was back with the tickets. "A half an' a whole an' here's your change, an' long life to your honor!"

The man laughed good-naturedly. "Keep it, sonny. I guess you and Danny can find something inside to spend it on."

Oh, and didn't they! It sounded like a fairy tale when Patsey and Danny entertained an admiring and envious crowd of boys with stories of their adventures on that never-to-be-forgotten day, and of all they had seen and done with that quarter.

NAT'S EDUCATION.

Nat was sitting on the low sill of the barn door, listening eagerly to a few gentle, earnest words his father was speaking at intervals as he worked in the stalls. They were all about Nat's education.

"Your mother and I talked it over last night," his father said. "You know, son, there ain't much money to do with. We'd do more if we could. We never had any education ourselves, but we know what it is for young folks nowadays. We decided, your mother and I, that you might have more of your time to yourself for study, or to work for yourself, if you can get the chance. Maybe there's considerable work for a strong boy to do at the store down to the Corners. You better ask 'em. You can do what you like, and maybe if you're careful and saving you can get enough together by spring to pay for a term's schooling at the academy. Then by fall I'll see what I can do."

That was all. Corn must be hauled from the fields and wood brought for the winter fires. There was little time to stand idle or to talk.

It is hard to tell what is in a man or a boy until some earnest purpose takes him in hand and makes him show what he can do. It was so with Nat. Never before in the fourteen years of his life had the days seemed so full to overflowing with things to be done; never had there seemed so little time for the doing of them.

He must study to be ready for his examination; that was the most important of all. And then every minute of the rapidly shortening days must be economized, for it was the daylight which must be used to bring him his coveted dollars.

Old Mr. Bellaire, who owned the small store at the Corners, had listened with sharp curiosity when Nat spoke of work at the store.

"What's made ye so keen for work?" he asked. "Want an education? Well, now! That's the way to talk! There ain't many that would try it by themselves. Well, no, there ain't no work here that I know of. Ben an' I do it all, an' have time to rest. Sorry. If there is any thing, of course I'll let you know."

Nat thanked him, and was going out when Mr. Bellaire called:

"Hold on! Say, Nat, why don't ye pick nuts? There was a feller here from Detroit yesterday, selling goods, an' he said nuts were scarce down there this fall. Land o' mercy! They are plenty enough here—beech and walnuts, too. You might do well pickin' 'em, an' the next time a traveler comes in here I'll tell him you've got some to sell. See?"

Nat was about to answer when the old man broke in again: "An' say! I saw a mink down toward Scanlon's Creek yesterday. Muskrats an' rabbits an' squirrels are right plenty, too, an' there's some otter left up toward the timber, if you're smart enough to ketch 'em. Mighty scarce, though."

Nat had heard enough to bring up his hope and courage. With enthusiasm in his heart, he bent his small back willingly through the hours of daylight gathering nuts. He knew where they grew largest and best.

Then there were traps to be made and set, and he must pass hours in discovering where the muskrats and otters hid themselves. He grudged every minute, too, that must be spent away from his beloved books.

As the days slipped away and brought Christmas near, it seemed to Nat that there was but little to show for so much hard work. Seven weeks had gone since he had begun, and the small box which served as a bank held only twelve dollars, besides a few pennies. It was almost hopeless now to think of swelling the sum to forty dollars by March, but forty dollars, at least, he must have to carry him throguh the term.

There was Sammy, now; twelve-year-old, ruddy, light-hearted brother Sammy. He seemed to have hardly a care or an ambition in the world. He thought nothing of educating himself; and yet it seemed that the rarest and best of the skins were found in Sammy's traps. The animals seemed to hunt for his traps, wishing to be caught! He had actually saved fifteen dollars, while Nat, who had a purpose back of it all, had only twelve.

There were no nuts to gather now. They were buried deep under the snow. There were only the skins to depend upon, and he must study hard. That was the secret of it; Sammy gave all his time to the traps, for he had nothing else to do. It was too bad, thought Nat.

A feeling almost of despair had possession of Nat's mind as he made the rounds of his traps one day, with these thoughts uppermost. Why couldn't he get money, when it meant so much? He had passed three of Sammy's traps alreadv that day, which held a further store of skins for that lucky brother. They would add at least another dollar to his savings. Not one of Nat's own traps had been sprung. Why couldn't it have been different?

Why—It was a sudden, half-formed idea which flitted through his mind, but it started him and brought a swift color to his cheek. It made him feel hot and angry, as though some one had struck him. But there it was again, bobbing up as though it had nothing to be ashamed of. It was more definite this time, too.

"Sammy's skins!" "Sammy's lucky." "Sammy has fifteen dollars, and three more skins in his traps today." "What will Sammy do with his money when he gets it? Just waste it—spend it for some foolish thing or other. Why couldn't—"

No! Nat wouldn't think of it! And yet he did think of it; he couldn't help it.

"There are Sammy's skins. There is no one to see. Sammy doesn't need the money. You can pay it back to him, anyway, some time. Take Sammy's skins."

Oh, the shame of it! He would not listen. He turned far out of his way after that, so as to avoid seeing Sammy's traps, and hurried home as fast as he could, to find relief in his studies.

But when he lay awake in the night, the first drifting bits of thought were of Sammy's skins; he dreamed of his little brother's good fortune, and in the morning, when he arose and went down to his early hour of study in the kitchen, he could not fasten his mind upon his work, but sat for a long time with his eyes fixed upon the dancing red flames.

Today the thought did not wait for him to get to the woods before it attacked him. When he left the house it was busy in his brain, and had persuaded him to listen while it argued. Long and persistently it worked; and when he reached the dark shelter of the timber land he was too much occupied in his struggle with it to think of avoiding Sammy's traps today.

The very first one upon which his eyes fell held a beautiful red fox!

Was it ordered so? No one can tell. Nat hardly stopped to question. If it had been a rabbit or a muskrat, he might have resisted; now he did not struggle, but with a sudden fierce determination he released the fox and slung it across his back, then carefully reset the trap and covered all traces of his visit.

He did not care to stop to reason now; it was too late. He only forced himself to say, over and over again: "I'll pay Sammy back some day. Then he won't care."

After that, yielding was easier. It is always easier after the first struggle is lost.

Then Nat's dollars increased. It seemed to those at home that some kindly fate must be determined to help Nat on, his little hoard of money grew so rapidly. Sammy's grew, too, but so slowly!

"The beasts have found out it's Nat that wants the education," their father said, jokingly; "that's why they've quit coming to you, Sammy."

But Sammy had nothing to say; he only looked across at Nat, seated at the other side of the fireplace, bent over his books. Nat would much rather read the pages of his history than look into Sammy's honest brown eyes.

Well, and so it was accomplished. The first of March brought a new sense of living to the ambitious boy, when he realized that he had only three or four dollars more to win. He would trust to good fortune in earning them in some way at Belmont, in odd moments out of school hours. He would certainly not let that keep him at home.

Then came the day of leave-taking. That is a day always clear in the memory of every boy, until boyhood slips into the dreamy shadows of final forgetfulness. Belmont was only twenty miles away, down the river, but there was as much sorrow and hope in the preparations for leaving home as though it had been on another star.

"Good-by Nat. Mind what your mother tells you."

There was an unaccustomed warmth and tremor of feeling in his father's voice, it seemed to Nat, and in his mother's close clasp and words of counsel and blessing. Somehow it was the sound of the voices, more than the words, which hung in his brain as he started bravely down the road toward the station. He thought of this so much that he forgot to look for little Sammy, to say good-by, until he was far on his way.

Then he was glad that he had escaped it; he was better satisfied not to have to look into Sammy's face.

A sudden sharp turn in the road made his heart sink, for there, a little way ahead, stood Sammy, kicking his feet against a tree to keep them warm. When he saw Nat, he stopped exercising.

"Hello!" he said; "I been waiting for you. Gimme hold of your valise, an' let me help you."

Nat paused, but did not accept the proffered help.

"I'd rather go alone, Sammy," he said: "I don't feel like—like talking. I'd rather be alone and think. You'd better go back home and keep warm."

He spoke with half-averted face. He was willing to be rude to get away from his little brother's kindness. Sammy did not press it upon him.

"Good-by," he said; "you want to write to a fellow sometimes."

"I will," Nat said, hurriedly. "Good-by, Sammy. I'll write," and again he started on his way. Sammy stood for a moment, irresolute, and then trotted after him.

"Say, Nat," he began. His red mitten was off and he was tugging at something in the pocket of his old brown jacket.

"I wish you'd take this," he said, drawing out an old leather pouch and thrusting it into his brother's hand. "'Taint much, but you'll need it down to Belmont. It's twenty-five dollars. You take it. I been savin' it for you."

Nat stood suddenly still in the roadway, his whitened face turned full upon his brother. Then in a moment more he had thrown himself at full length upon the snow, burying his face upon his arms, sobbing with all the bitterness of his long pent-up feelings.

And this was Sammy! Careless, light-hearted, thoughtless brother Sammy, who, he had no doubt, meant to waste his money foolishly, whom he, the elder brother, had been robbing for weeks together!

Was there not enough in the thought of it, without this? Oh, why had it come just now?

Sammy stood by, waiting. There was wisdom in that small head of his, as well as brotherly kindness. He let Nat sob himself calm before he spoke.

"Don't do that, Nat," he said, at last, "what's the use cryin'? I didn't want to make you feel bad. You needn't take it if you don't want to. I'll keep it till you need it, an' then you can send for it. What's the use cryin'?"

Nat's passionate burst of crying had set his own honest heart beating again in his breast. Tears sometimes act so.

"I can't take it, Sammy," he said, lifting his stained face, "you don't know how mean I've been. I stole from you—I've been stealing from your traps all winter! Most of the skins I got since Christmas I took from your traps."

It was a plain, blunt confession, with no attempt to shield the wrong.

"There ain't no need cryin' about that," Sammy said, with a warm color mounting to his brown cheeks. "I knowed that. I seen you the time you took that red fox. I was back in the woods. I knowed how bad you wanted the money. I was goin' to give it to you anyway, so where's the difference?"

"No, no!" Nat cried, "I can't take it. Help me with this valise, Sammy. I'm going back home."

"Home!" the little brother said, with dismay. "Oh, my! Nat, I wouldn't do that. What you goin' to tell daddy an' mother?"

"I'm going to tell them the truth," Nat said. He was quite calm now. "I won't make my start wrong, not after this. I'm going to tell them the truth."

And at home, with his face bowed in his mother's lap, he did tell the truth, from the beginning to the end. Then he went to his work on the farm again, with a fresh and stronger courage and hope in his heart.

"Next fall," he told Sammy, "I'm going to Belmont. Then I can begin honest."

He was not afraid, now, to look into Sammy's big brown eyes.—*Youth's Companion.*

Officers' Department.

All back numbers of The Children's Friend up to July are sold. Under these circumstances we will take orders for the half year ending December, 1907. Fifty cents, prepaid.

Subject for the month: Honesty.

Divisions: Lesson 25, Honesty to Self; Lesson 26 Honesty to Others; Lesson 27, Honesty in Work; Lesson 28, Honesty in Purpose.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in Monthly Officers' meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

There are certain virtues and vices which very largely determine the happiness or the misery of every human life. Prominent among these virtues are those of truth and honesty; and to these are opposed the vices of lying and cheating.

Society is like a building, which stands firm when its foundations are strong and all its timbers are sound. The man who cannot be trusted is to society what a faulty foundation or a bit of rotten timber is to a house.

It is always mean for a man or boy "to go back," as we say, on a friend. It is still worse, if possible, to "go back" on one's self. A brave man or boy will manfully take the consequences of his acts, and if they are bad, will resolve to do better another time. The worst sort of deceit is that by which one lets another bear the blame, or in any way suffer, for what one has one's self done. Such meaness happens sometimes, but it is almost too bad to be spoken of.

There are certain kinds of cheating that the law cannot or does not touch. The man who practices this kind of dishonesty is even worse than if he were doing that which the law punishes. He uses the law, which was meant to protect society, as a cover from which he can attack society.

Lying is a form of dishonesty, and a very bad form of it. What would become of the world if we could not trust each other's word? A lie is always told for one of two ends; either to get some advantage to which one has no real claim, in which case it is merely a form of cheating; or to defend one's self from the bad consequences of something that one has done, in which case it is cowardly.

What contempt we have for a man who robs another, who picks his pocket, or knocks him down in some lonely place and strips him of whatever articles of value he may have. But the man who cheats is a thief, just as truly as the pickpocket and the highwayman.

There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his honor. We have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman, nothing else will.

Society never needed uncompromising honesty more than it does today. Young people never needed it more in going out into the great world than the young people of our day, for they will meet temptations to dishonesty everywhere. Designing and intriguing men who "have an eye to the main chance," and who claim that "every man is for himself," will press their way clear to the front. Mean, brazen, unscrupulous, licentious, desperate, despicable men and women will be met on life's great thoroughfares, but if thoroughly mailed with unyielding honesty, having a conscience void of offense, all these tempters will be powerless, for the highest authority declares, "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." If they are right inside, the temptations outside will be as though they were not.

The honest man may be unfortunate. In the ups and downs of business, he may become embarrassed, and even ruined financially, but he cannot be ruined morally. His unbending integrity is a guarantee against that; and, at the same time, it gathers a host of sympathizing friends around him in the hour of his adversity. A conflagration may sweep away his last dollar, or a sudden financial crash may leave him penniless, but all is not lost; the best survives the wreck. Honesty will never perish; and noble hearts bring their loving tributes of respect in the dark hour of misfortune. *Honesty triumphs!*

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—*James Anthony Froude.*

Be sure that straightforwardness is more than a match at last for all the involved windings of deceit. In your daily life do what you feel right, say what you feel true, and leave, with faith and boldness, the consequences to God.—*F. Robertson.*

Lesson 25.

Subject: Honesty to Self.

Introductory talk.

> "But above all,—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

No one can live for himself alone. Everything he does will help or harm others, as well as himself. A dishonest act hurts the one who

does it and is wrong also to others. If a boy is honest with himself, he will be honest with others. An honest man's word should be just as good as his bond. When a man owes money to another, he often gives a note, promising to pay it on a day named, and if he does not pay it, the law can compel it.

Boys and girls do not often owe money; but they make promises to do things for others. We ought to be just as careful in keeping our promises as a man would be in paying money when it is due. We sometimes say we will do a certain thing, and then forget all about it. This makes us false to our word. "It hurts one's own soul. It may appear only a little lie, and we may imagine we had an excuse for it." But we have not been honest with ourselves, and if we try to excuse it, we are only making it easier to do wrong again, and who can tell where it will end. It hurts us also with others. Our friends cannot trust us as they did before, even if they overlook it; and they will soon begin to doubt our word.

Of a former Duke of Buccleuch a very interesting story is told. He went out early one morning for a stroll in Dalkeith. As he was returning leisurely home along the road he heard a good deal of noise going on behind him. Presently a shrill voice hailed him with —

"Hi, man! Give us a han' wi' this auld coo, wull ye?"

He stopped at this, and turned round to see a boy struggling desperately to keep an obstinate cow in the road. The big-eyed creature had a will of her own, and her young keeper was in difficulties. As the duke did not make any attempt at assistance the boy called to him again, adding—"An' if ye'll but help us I'll promise ye half o' what they gie me!"

Such a generous offer was not to be treated lightly, so the duke gallantly went to the rescue. He saw that he had not been recognized, and determined to have some fun with the lad. The "wilfu' beastie" was at last, by their united efforts, persuaded to go in the right direction. The two then trudged on together behind her.

"His Grace bought the auld thing only a day syne (since), an' I'm takkin' it up tae the hoose," the boy explained.

"What do you think they'll give you for your trouble?" asked the duke.

"I canna just say," was the reply. "But they're guid folk."

"And you'll pay me half, whatever it is, eh? Very well."

When they had driven the cow up the long avenue that led to the palace gates the duke slipped away, and hastened round to a back entrance. There he called the butler, and, pulling out a sovereign, ordered it to be handed to the lad who had just brought the cow; then he hurried back to the avenue, to see if the boy would keep his promise, and give him his rightful share of the money.

The latter came out a few minutes afterwards with a beaming face. When he caught sight of the duke's figure among the trees, he darted forward eagerly.

"A hale shullin' man!" he shouted; "a hale shullin' in twa sixpences; an' there's the half o't for ye!"

"Is that all?" asked the duke, in a surprised tone. "Didn't you get any more than that?"

"That's a' I got. I'm thinking it will be enough."

"No, no, my lad," said the duke, taking him by the arm; "It is not enough. You come back again with me. His grace meant to have given you more than a shilling, I know. There's some mistake."

As soon as they were inside the palace the duke requested that all the servants should be assembled before him. This having been done, he turned to the trembling boy by his side, who now discovered that his friend was none other than the duke himself, and bade him point out the man who had given him the money.

The lad gave a quick glance round the group, and almost immediately singled out the butler.

"That's him, sir!" he exclaimed; "that's him; yon chap there, wi' the apron!"

Any attempt to deny the theft was useless. The butler knew that; so he sank down on his knees and humbly begged to be forgiven. The duke would not listen.

"You are no servant of mine any longer," he said angrily. "Give the boy his sovereign and leave the palace at once. And let this be a lesson to you for life!"

As for the little cowherd, the duke was so pleased with his honest, straightforward manner that he sent him to a good school and had him educated. And the shilling which he had been so ready to share with his friend of that morning was by no means the last earned in the latter's service.—*Scottish-American.*

It is dishonest to break promises, no matter to whom they are made, unless the promise is wrong, and in that case, the promise should not have been made.

It is related of an English nobleman, that one day, when outside of London, he came upon a child crying bitterly. He inquired the cause of her trouble, and learned that she had been sent by her mother with a pitcher to get some milk. She had stumbled and had broken the pitcher. She dreaded to return home, for her mother was very poor and the breaking of the pitcher was a great loss to her. The kind-hearted man felt in his pocket for money to give the child, but he had not even a penny with him. He then asked her to meet him there at the same hour next day, and promised to bring her money then to buy a new pitcher. When he went home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine with the Queen, tomorrow, but he declined the invitation, saying that he had an important engagement for the day. It was this engagement to meet this poor child to give her sixpence to replace her broken pitcher."

There is a feeling within us which makes us happy when we do

what we think is right, and unhappy when we do what we think is wrong. We call this our conscience. If we always do what we think is right, we shall be honest with ourselves. Sometimes we are tempted to do wrong—something we think no one will know about. We forget that we would know we had done it, and we would certainly only think less of ourselves for it; and then, too, our heavenly Father would know, and would He think more highly of us for doing wrong, even though we thought no one would ever find it out?

There are some good men today who will give up a great deal of money rather than do a dishonest thing, or even help in doing it, as is shown by this story:

It was a fine day on Wall Street. Old Trinity faced the usual busy crowd of brokers, some sad, some gay. In a private office on the first floor of a great building, a gray-haired man sat calmly at a desk. It was the sort of face that steadies one in a worldly atmosphere. The door opened, and a man entered whose bearing indicated the unscrupulous promoter. He began at once:

"You see, we are in search of men like you to become directors of our company. There are great prospects and lots of money. If one thing goes through all right, there will be a handsome profit for those concerned, especially for persons on the inside." Here there was a curious little wink.

"Big men are in the scheme, and we are in search of one or two more of your caliber. Will you go in?"

"I have no money to invest in such enterprises," said the older man.

"That's just it. You need not put in a cent. Only let us use your name, and we will do the rest."

"But I have not time to attend board meetings, and I certainly would not connect myself with any concern with the affairs of which I was not familiar. I cannot join you."

"Let us get down to business," said the promoter. "You have reputation; we have money. A fair exchange is no robbery. We will give you fifty thousand dollars in cash for the use of your name. You will be in good company. Now, will you join us?"

"No, I will not."

"What, not for fifty thousand dollars in cash?"

"No, sir; not for fifty thousand dollars in cash."

"Well, you are a queer man," said the promoter, as he reached for his hat to go.

This is a true story, and yet they say that every other man you meet on Wall Street worships the almighty dollar.

It is not honest to try to make people believe we are different from what we are—to try to have them think we are better than we really are. When we have done some wrong, it is far better, braver, and more honest to confess the wrong, and take whatever punishment may have to come, than to try to have our teachers or others think we have

not done it. Sometime it will be found out, and we will surely be the loser for our deceit.

If you've been guilty of a fault,
Oh, try not to conceal it;
For it will happen soon or late
That something will reveal it."

Memory Gems.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

"Above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest, manly heart, no man was worth regarding."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 369.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise.
Story: "Pansy's Vacation." Page 353.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 369.
Story: "Pansy's Vacation." Page 353.
Questions:—What is a promise? Why is it wrong to break a promise? What will people think of us if we do break promises? How do we feel when we do what we think is right? How can we be honest with ourselves? How can it hurt us to be dishonest?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 369.
Stories to be told by members of the class.

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD?

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So, pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me twenty-five cents for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment, and offered fifteen cents.

"Done!" said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy declared that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and, lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and, producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I have known a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is an honest boy, and shaking him by the hand he sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

HIS PROMISE TO PAY.

One day a little son of a well-known bank officer in Wall Street, New York, lost his purse while coming from Central Park, and a stranger, seeing his discomfort, paid his railroad fare. The boy, thanking him, said, "If you will tell me your name, sir, I will bring it to you tomorrow."

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, "never mind about it."

The boy persisted, saying his father never allowed him to run in debt.

"I will not give you my name," replied the gentleman, "but I live at number —, n — street."

The next morning the door-bell rang at that house, and our little hero told the amused servant-maid his errand.

"Which of the gentlemen is it?" said she; "there are several in the family."

The boy twisted on his heel, and after a moment's thought, said, "have you a photograph book in this house?"

She brought it, and, after a moment's inspection, he said, pointing to one, "That's my man. Please give him three cents, and tell him the boy who borrowed it in the cars yesterday left it to pay his debt."—*Selected.*

A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

"A lady about thirty-eight years of age, elegantly dressed, entered the shop of a gentleman in London in a state of great excitement, and asked if the owner of the shop were yet alive. On being told that he was living, she earnestly desired to see him. Being busy in watching

the making of some candy, he asked to be excused, and called his daughter to wait upon her. The daughter went at once with her into the parlor. After sitting a short time the lady burst into tears. When she was able to speak she stated that more than twenty years before, she was a pupil at a boarding-school near by, which school this gentleman had for nearly forty years supplied with pastry from his bakery, and while there she had been in the habit of taking small articles from his tray, unknown to the persons who brought it. She had now been married some years, and was the mother of six children, but still the memory of her thefts had so troubled her conscience that she was never happy. Her husband, observing her unhappiness, had, after many trials, got the secret of her trouble. He advised her to call on the baker and relieve her conscience by paying for the things she had taken, and also by making an apology for the wrong she had done.

"The baker, on being told the object of her visit, begged her not to make herself unhappy any longer, as she was not the only one who had acted in that manner. After begging his pardon, which he most readily granted, she insisted on paying him some money, which she thought was about the value of the things she had taken.

"After remaining a short time she left, feeling that a great load had been taken off her conscience, and that hereafter she could be a happier woman."

WASHINGTON AT DORCHESTER.

An anecdote of Washington, told by the Rev. Simeon Locke, who died in 1831, aged 83 years, is thus related. Mr. Locke, who was a respected clergyman of Hollis, Maine, was a frequent visitor, about fifty years ago, at a friend's house in Kennebunkport. "When I was a boy," writes Mr. Andrew Walker, the narrator, "I have heard him more than once relate the following anecdote, and I recollect it as distinctly as if told yesterday. He said:

"I was a soldier in the army of the revolution, and was detailed, with others, to build the breastworks on Dorchester Heights. A day or two after the works were begun, General Washington rode into the enclosure. I was a sentinel. Near me was a wheelbarrow and shovel; not far off was an idle soldier.

" 'Why do you not work with the others?" asked Washington, addressing the soldier.

" 'I am a corporal, sir," he replied.

" 'The general immediately dismounted, and marched to the barrow, shoveled it full of sand, wheeled it to the breastworks, dumped his load, and returned the empty barrow to its place. Without uttering a word, he mounted his horse and rode away.' "

False pride he despised, and he was always ready to rebuke it.

Story: "Pansy's Vacation."

Discuss the following:

"I care not so much what I am in the opinion of others as what I am in my own; I would be rich of myself and not by borrowing."

"Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired."

"To thine own self be true; and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

"No one can disgrace us but ourselves."

Memory Gem.

Lesson 26.

Subject: Honesty to Others.

Introductory Talk:

"In the far west to a home on the prairie came a baby girl. She grew to be three years of age without ever having seen a doll. She often heard her mother say: "Babe ought to have a doll," but she did not know what the mysterious thing she had been deprived of was like.

As Christmas approached the family agreed that Babe (as yet she bore no other name) should have a home-made doll in her stocking.

Muslin was a scarce article on the prairie, so a garment brought from the old home had to be sacrificed to make it. The mother drew the outlines of its form, which were carefully preserved in the cutting and stitching.

When finished and turned inside out it was filled with oats, the only available thing for the purpose. Under the thin muslin two round pieces of red flannel were sewed to simulate rosy cheeks, giving relief to an otherwise sallow complexion. A ridge of stitching formed the nose, and the eyes were two shining black beads. The supercilious expression of the arching eyebrows gave great offense to Babe's brother, a boy of tender years, who at once conceived a hatred for the new member of the family. "She looks as though she thought she was better than we be," he would repeat to himself, and he felt, so far as he was concerned, that she was an alien.

Spring came. The ice melted in the duck pond. Dolly and Babe made frequent visits to the ducks, and the doll was sometimes laid upon the ground beside the pond while Babe fed the ducks. One day the doll was forgotten, and was left lying there alone. The little brother chanced to pass and see it. Babe, whom he had learned to love, had discarded him altogether for this haughty rival. He felt he could endure it no longer. Giving way to an irresistible impulse, he doubled up his small fist, and struck the doll in the face, saying: "You ugly, proud thing, take that!" The doll was avenged; for brother's knuckles, coming into violent contact with the bead eyes, were cut and bleeding The boy, now beside himself with rage, lifted the doll

by its hair of brown knitting cotton, and plunged it under the water as deep as he could reach, and held it there until his wrath had somewhat abated.

"After all, it's Babe's doll," he reflected. He wouldn't do anything to grieve Babe for all the world. When the picture of his little red-haired sister with her sweet face and mouth drawn down at the corners ready to cry arose before his mind, he repented sorely of what he had done.

"What shall I do!" he asked himself, anxiously. "I will bury it out of sight, and I will give Babe all my playthings to make up for it," he decided.

But it was a very unhappy boy who listened to inquiries from everyone for the lost doll. He kept away from the house a good part of the day, and by so doing directed suspicion to himself. He was distressed at hearing his mother defend him when the others insinuated that he could tell, if he would, where the lost doll was. It grew more difficult every moment either to keep the secret or to tell it.

By some attraction he was constantly drawn to the spot where he had buried the drowned doll. One day, when the Spring sunshine lay bright upon the ground, the boy was startled to perceive outlined in tender green shoots the form of the buried doll, legs and arms extended, just as he had laid her under the ground.

With a cry of terror he fled to the house, and, taking refuge in the folds of his mother's skirts, he confessed his guilt, and told her of the apparation of the Green Ghost.

Upon going with him to the spot where the doll had been buried, his mother saw the sprouting oats which filled the wet body of the doll. But Babe never knew of her brother's action, nor why he gave her all his treasured playthings, and made no complaint, even when he saw them wantonly destroyed."

Who owned the rag doll? We have no right to touch anything belonging to anybody else unless the owner is willing for us to, not even if it is our brother or sister, we must remember the "Golden Rule." Who can repeat it for us? Did Brother remember this rule? In what way did he forget?

"There are many honest and good people among the Russian peasantry.

Here is an illustration from the life of a poor woman living near a town five miles from St. Petersburg:

A small cottage was her only possession, and the visit of a few shipmasters, on their way to St. Petersburg, her only livelihood. Several Dutch shipmasters having supped at her house one evening, she found, when they were gone, a sealed bag of money under the table. Some one of the company had no doubt forgotten it, but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and, the wind being fair, there was no chance of their putting back.

The good woman put the bag into her cupboard, to keep it till

it should be called for. Full seven years, however, elapsed and no one claimed it; and though often tempted by opportunity and oftener by want, to make use of the contents, the poor woman's good principles prevailed, and it remained untouched.

One evening, some shipmasters again stopped at her house for refreshment. Three of them were English, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing on various matters, one of them asked the Dutchman if he had ever been in that town before.

"Indeed I have," replied he; "I know the place but too well; my being here cost me seven hundred rubles."

"Why, in one of these wretched hovels I once left behind me a bag of rubles."

"Was the bag sealed?" asked the old woman, who was sitting in a corner of the room, and whose attention was aroused by the subject.

"Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal, here at my watch chain."

The woman knew the seal instantly.

"Well, then," she said, "by that you may recover what you have lost."

"Recover it, mother? No, no; I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest—besides, it is full seven years since I lost the money. Say no more about it, it always makes me melancholy."

Meanwhile the good woman slipped out, and presently returned with the bag.

"See here," said she, "honesty is not so rare, perhaps, as you imagine," and she threw the bag on the table.

The guests were astonished, and the owner of the bag, as may be supposed, highly delighted. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took out one ruble (worth seventy-five cents of American money), and laid it on the table for the hostess, thanking her civilly for the trouble she had taken:

The three Englishmen were amazed and indignant at so small a reward being offered, and remonstrated warmly with him. The old woman protested she required no recompense for merely doing her duty, and begged the Dutchman to take back even his ruble. But the Englishmen insisted on seeing justice done. "The woman," said they, "has acted nobly, and ought to be rewarded." At length the Dutchman agreed to part with one hundred rubles. They were counted out and given to the old woman, who thus, at length, was handsomely rewarded for her honesty."

Is it right to return to owners, property left like this bag? If you do right, ought you to expect a reward? Sometimes it is right to pay people for doing right, tell why you think it was a good thing to reward the old lady we have been telling about?

Memory Gem.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 376.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise.
Story: "When the Animals Came to Town." Page 369.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 376.
Story: "When the Animals Came to Town." Page 369.
Questions: If we find anything belonging to another, what should we do with it? Why is it wrong to keep it for ourselves? What would we like others to do if we lost anything and it was found? How do we feel when we have returned something that does not belong to us? That feeling is the best kind of reward. Who taught us to be honest with each other? There are other ways of being honest besides returning things we have found. Name some of them. Why is it wrong to try to deceive others? What is the Golden Rule? Who gave it?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 376.
Stories to be told from memory by the members of the class.

STOLEN PROPERTY.

"I know all about Sadie's birthday party, for all she tried to keep it such a secret," said Lottie Mills, with a look of triumph.

"How did you find out?" I asked.

"Why, you see, Josie and I were reading a story under the elm tree, and Sadie came and sat in the window with Carrie Richards, and they talked it all over, and we heard it every word. She's going to have—"

"Stop, stop! do you suppose I want to share any stolen property?"

"Stolen property, auntie? Why, we didn't listen—we couldn't help hearing, for she talked out loud."

"That's very true, but she didn't know you were there, so you have no right at all to her secret. A listener is like a pickpocket who creeps up and steals your secrets slyly; and you are like a person who sees another drop a purse in the street and picks it up. If you took the money and used it when you knew it was not yours, would you be any more honest than if you had taken it right out of a man's pocket?"

"Why, no, auntie! Of course I should give it back."

"Or if you could not give it back at once, you would keep it safely till you could. That is just what you should do with secrets when

people drop them accidentally, and you pick them up. You have no more business to use them than you have to use money which you get in the same way."

"I believe that is so, auntie; and I won't say a word about that party to any one."—*Selected.*

AN ARGUMENT.

There were three boys on the street-car, bright, handsome fellows, chatting together, having a good time. The conductor halted before them to take their tickets, and twang his bell for each. Two of them had passed up their tickets, when the watchful eye of the conductor saw a man running and motioning, and pulling the bell to stop the car, went to help the man, and his wife, and a little girl, and a baby, and a basket, and three bundles, to get on.

When all were settled he went back to his punching. "Did I take up your tickets?" he said to the boys, looking sharply at them.

"Yes, sir," said two boys in a breath; the other one said not a word. The conductor eyed them thoughtfully, for a minute, then passed on. The silent boy nudged the one next to him, slyly held up his ticket, covering it with the other hand, and chuckled. "See that? I'll get a free ride one of these days."

"That's stealing," said the boy, gravely.

"It isn't stealing, either! isn't the ticket mine?"

"No, it's his; you've had your ride, and that ought to be given up to pay for it."

"Why didn't he take it, then? I didn't ask him to go on and let me keep it."

"That's dishonest," said the third boy, gravely.

"No; it isn't dishonest. I didn't open my lips. He didn't ask me a question; he looked right at you."

"Oh, pooh!" said the second boy.

"Fudge!" said the third boy.

Then they all kept quiet. After a little the second and third boy began to talk together in low tones; but the first boy had nothing to say; all the pleasure had gone out of his face. His ride seemed to be spoiled. What do you suppose spoiled it?—*Selected.*

AN HONEST BOY.

During a terrible fire in Virginia City, while thousands of houses were being burned, a boy presented himself at the house of W. H. Smith, superintendent of the Belcher, and asked what he could do to render them assistance. The servant girl handed him a small box containing jewels and other valuables to the amount of six thousand dollars, asking him to take it to the express office.

He did so, and, with a business tact far beyond his years, de-

manded a receipt therefor. This was refused. He was told the vault was closed, but that they would put the box with other things. He told them that the box belonged to Mr. Smith, and if they would not give him a receipt for it, he would take charge of it himself.

The fire passed. The home of Mr. Smith went with the other buildings, and he was compelled to find accommodations elsewhere. He in this way missed the boy, and the boy him. He advertised in the papers for the boy, and the lad, as soon as he knew where to find him, returned the box, not a jewel missing.

One does not know which to admire most, his honesty or the keen business tact which told him that a receipt was necessary to prove he had been faithful to his trust.—*Selected.*

A MANLY BOY.

A few years since, a manly boy about nine years old, stepped up to a gentleman in the Grand Central Depot, New York, and asked, "Shine, sir?" "Yes, I want my shoes blacked," said the gentleman. "Then I would be glad to shine them, sir," said the boy. "Have I time to catch the Hudson River train?" "No time to lose, sir; but I can give a good job before it pulls out. Shall I?" "Yes, my boy; but don't let me be left."

In two seconds the bootblack was on his knees and hard at work. "The train is going, sir," said the boy, as he gave the last touch. The gentleman gave the boy a half dollar, and started for the train. The boy counted out the change and ran after the gentleman, but was too late, for the train was gone.

Two years later the same gentleman, coming to New York, met the bootblack, but had forgotten him. The boy remembered the gentleman, and asked him, "Didn't I shine your shoes once in the Grand Central Depot?" "Some boy did?" said the man. "I am the boy, and here is your change, sir."

This boy began life in a very humble way, but as time went on his reputation was established as that of an honest man, and he was given positions of trust and responsibility; and finally became a partner in a very large and important business.—Selected.

Story: "When the Animals Came to Town." Page 369.

Discuss the following:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"The basis of high thinking is perfect honesty."

"God looks only to the pure, not to the full hands."

Memory Gems.

After discussion of the above quotations, let children choose the one which best expresses the point of the lesson.

Lesson 27.

Subject: Honesty in Work.
Introductory talk:

"Would you feel at close of day
  Blythesome as a linnet?
While the moments speed away,
  At your work or at your play,
Whatsoe'er you do or say,
  Put your conscience in it.

"Is your task a tiresome one?
  With a will begin it!
Well begun is half-way done;
Yours may be, ere set of sun,
Honor by the effort won,
  With your conscience in it.

"Is it for renown you look?
  Up, my lad, and win it;
Fame comes not by 'hook and crook,'
Save in silly story book;
He whose work the laurels took
  Put his conscience in it.

"Who the heart of youth would chill,
  Or the warmth within it?
Leisure hours with gladness fill,
Be as merry as you will,
Have a jolly time,—but still,
  Put your conscience in it."

There was once a mason who did his work so carefully and so well that people said he put his conscience into every stone he laid. He was not ashamed of any part of his work when it was finished.

The part that was not to be seen was done just as carefully as any other. That mason always had plenty of work. Why?

There is work for all to do, and those who do it honestly will find their work lasts. Even in school, only honest labor counts.

The boy and girl who stay with their lessons and study carefully and never try to make their teachers believe they do more than they really perform, never cheat in any way, are the ones who make the very best scholars.

"Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all."

And the boy who is honest in his work will be the honest man when he grows up. You all know the story of the boy named Abraham Lincoln, who worked in a store, walking a long distance before breakfast

to take a little tea to an old lady, because he found that the night before he had not given her quite enough. He was just as honest when he was older, and earned the name of "Honest Abe." In all his work he was careful and just.

At one time he was postmaster in a small village. Years afterwards, he became a lawyer and a legislator. He had gained his education by many hardships, and had met with many temptations, so great that few people could have resisted, to use any money he might have in his hands. One day, seated in the law office of his partner, the agent of the Post-Office Department entered, and asked if Abraham Lincoln was within. Mr. Lincoln responded to his name, and was told that the agent had called to collect a balance due the Department since the New Salem office had been closed. Mr. Lincoln looked perplexed, and his friends noticed this. One of them said at once:

"Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you."

He made no reply, but suddenly arose, and pulled out from a pile of books a little old trunk, and, returning to the table, asked the agent how much the amount of his debt was. The sum was named, and then Mr. Lincoln opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coin wrapped in a cotton rag, and counted out the exact sum, amounting to something more than seventeen dollars. After the agent had left the room, he quietly remarked that he never used any man's money, but his own. Although this sum had been in his hands during all these years, when he needed it so much, he had never regarded it as available, even for any use of his own.

The little things in work need so much attention—as much as the great ones; for the great things are usually made up of many smaller ones. A small boy stole a ride on a street car. "Not much harm in that," some will think. Well, it was cheating, that's all; and the one who begins cheating in small things, sometimes cheats in more important ones. Attention to small things usually brings success.

" 'He'll do,' said a gentleman, decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

"What makes you think so?'

"Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and although a procession with three or four brass bands in it, went by the office, while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room was the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and although there were a lot of picture-papers and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention at all to them, but kept right on addressing those envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough and dead in earnest about everything."

"You may be naturally a very smart person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will lack perfection if you do not do it with all of your heart and strength."

"Men said the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and only wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed.

"Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and the ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended upon *this one chain*. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain! But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into *every part of it*, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over."

Why was that honest work?

It does not pay to do anything that is not right, even though someone will give money for such work. Dollars will never make up for dishonest work.

"Never put your name to a certificate of a piece of work, unless you know it is worthy," said Senator George F. Hoar, in an address to students; "throw up your job first. Let no employer's command move you to do that which you know is wrong.

"The city of Lowell was built on the Merrimac River. Dams and canals were constructed to conserve the water-power. There was no competent engineer for such work in America at that time. A young Englishman named Francis came over, and was employed. He looked over the work already done. He learned that, sixty years before, there had been a great flood in the valley. He went to the directors of the company, and said: 'Gentlemen, you must rebuild Lowell, and the works.'

" 'We can't do that,' was the answer; 'we have spent large sums, and must take a risk.'

" 'Then, gentlemen,' said Francis, 'here is my resignation.'

"The directors reconsidered, and rebuilt under Francis' direction. In a year a flood came, and the town and the works stood the test. Under the former conditions they would have been swept off the face of the earth. There is a lesson. Learn it."

Our work in school, Sunday School, and Primary Association should be our best—our honest work. We should answer every question in the way we believe is right, do our part, whatever it may be, in the best possible way, and with our whole heart; then will our work be earnest, honest, and true, and worthy of us and be an example for others.

"But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Have honesty *through and through*, boys!
Leave to others the shamming,
The cheating and 'cramming;'
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!"

Memory Gems.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"'Tis better to do with a will
The duties that come one by one;
'Tis better to say
At the close of day:
'I have tried to leave nothing undone.'"

"What is worth doing is worth doing well."

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 382.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise.
Story: "Nat's Education." Page 363.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 382.
Story: "Nat's Education." Page 363.
Questions: How could the mason put his conscience in his work? How did President Lincoln earn the name of "Honest Abe?" Why did the chain made by the careful smith last when others broke? What is honest work?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 382.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

ALEXIS AND THE WORKMEN.

The Gand Duke Alexis, son of the Emperor of Russia, uses his eyes to good purpose. During his walks through the Bridgeport cartridge factory, while on his visit here some years ago; he pointed to some workingmen and inquired of Governor Jewell:

"Are these men what you call in this country the common people?"

The governor replied that they were a fair specimen of our working-men.

"But, do you mean to say that these get into official positions?"

"Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor Jewell, "but men of their class do. They are educated men, most of them; that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers."

"Do you know of any instances where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious Alexis.

"Oh, certainly," the governor said: "I myself worked in the shop as a tanner, till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the duke a good deal.

Here was the governor of a state, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters; it was more of an enigma than the young duke had as yet met; but during his tour through the country he ascertained upon inquiry that very many of the public men have come direct from the workshop.

In Massachusetts, Governor Claflin was a shoemaker, Senator Wilson was a cobbler also, and General Banks was a machinist. In every state just such self-made men can be found. They fill the highest places. President Grant was a tanner, and Vice-President Colfax a printer. President Lincoln split rails for a living. President Johnson was a tailor. There is no end of these examples of promotion of men who have been honest and conscientious in their work.

A HINT FOR THE GIRLS.

A wood engraver being asked why he did not employ women, replied, "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged, but the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work he feels that it is his life's business. Wife, family, home, happiness, are all to be carved by his hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with a girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for her living, but she feels that she will probably be married by and by, and then she must give up her wood-engraving. So she goes on listlessly. She has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that her happiness depends on it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

Questions to be asked by the teacher on this story.

"What does the Bible say on the subject of labor?"

("Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.")

"What is meant by doing work with thy might?"

(It means that work should be done earnestly, honestly, and faithfully.)

"What must every one do to become an efficient workman?"

((Work without complaining and without being watched, or driven.)

HELPING A CONVICT.

Many a convict, after getting out of prison, would lead a respectable life if he could only begin well. But people are afraid of him, and won't trust him or give him employment, and so he falls into roguery again to make out a living. The late Henry Raymond, of the New York Times, made a convict honest by lending him ten dollars.

One day while busy in his room, there appeared to him a man, saying:

"Is this Mr. Raymond?"

Being assured of this, he continued:

"Can I speak to you a few moments, sir?"

The manuscript was moved aside.

"I have just come from Sing Sing," hesitated the man.

Not from prison, I hope," said the editor, by way of putting the caller at ease with a joke.

"Yes, sir," said the visitor; "I got my discharge a few days ago."

"Well, my man," said Mr. Raymond, "I hope you were innocent."

"No, sir," replied the convict, "I was guilty. You see, sir, I am an engineer and machinist by trade. I want to lead an honest life, and when I get a place, and at work very well, some kind friend comes along and tells my boss that I am a prison-bird, then I have to leave. I get another place and begin again to work well, and the same thing happens again. Now I am looking for another job, and I am going to begin by telling what I am, and when I get anything to do, I shan't lose it in the same way."

"How can I help you, my man?" said Mr. Raymond.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "I haven't got the price of a dinner about me now, and I don't know where I am to sleep tonight. I think if I had ten dollars I could get on until I found somebody to take me for what I am worth, and give me some honest work to do. I don't want to go down hill, sir."

The ten dollars closed that conversation on the instant. Perhaps a year afterwards Mr. Raymond was at a fair of the American Institute, and while looking at some machinery on exhibition a decent man in charge of it approached him and said:

"Is this Mr. Raymond?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I don't remember you."

"Don't you remember the man from Sing Sing?"

"No," said Mr. Raymond, "I don't remember any man from Sing Sing."

"Why," said the man from Sing Sing, "don't you recollect?" And then he rehearsed the story here set down, and said he had lived on Mr. Raymond's loan until he found employment in his own line with a good man, who knew his story, and was well pleased with him, giving him good ages and steady work in a place of honorable trust and responsibility.

Taking a bank-note from his pocket the engineer repaid the borrowed money, saying that he had carried it for some months without finding an opportunity to leave his work and come to town for the purpose.

"It's a good ten dollars, Mr. Raymond, for it's just the cost of saving me from ruin."

When he told the story afterwards, Mr. Raymond thought it was cheap, and said he had charged all his other loans to the account of the engneer, and balanced it.

THE YOUNG CHAIR-MAKERS.

A gentleman hearing one remark on the "good luck" of certain boys in obtaining places, replied that it was not "luck" that gave a boy his rise in life, but something else; and then he told the following story:

"My father was a chair manufacturer. He had a very large establishment, and employed many workmen and boys. He used to pay them according to their work,—that is, the number of chairs each made was counted at the end of the week. The chairs were then tried or tested to see if they were well made. If the chair 'passed' or came up to the regulation, then the man or boy was paid for it.

"In our employ were two boys whose names I well remember—Rufus Loundes and Henry Mallin. Both worked very well, and hardly ever had a chair fail.

"One day, father wished to select an under-superintendent for the boys' department.

"'Now,' thought father, 'I desire an honest, conscientious boy.'

"And how do you think he went about finding one? He assembled all the boys in a large room, and told them that, until further notice, no test would be required; each boy should make his chairs, and at the end of the week obtain his pay according to the number made.

"'Now,' thought father, 'I shall discover what boys made their chairs well simply for pay, and what ones do their work for conscience's sake.'

"Father was as good as his word. He found that far more chairs were made than usual, but he paid each boy in full; yet he carefully

marked the chairs, and had those of each boy placed by themselves. At the end of three weeks they were all examined.

"It was discovered that all the chairs of Rufus Loundes were as good as before; on the average he had not made a larger number, but they were just as strong as ever. Half of Henry Mallin's broke down at the first trial, and those of the other boys were more or less defective. 'Ah,' said father, Rufus is my man.' He became under-superintendent, then superintendent, and afterwards a partner."

Doing right when there is no one to watch you but your own conscience is the kind of self-respect that wins the respect and confidence of others and the smile of God.

Story: "Nat's Education." Page 363.

Discuss the following:

"Thinking well is wise; planning well, wiser; doing well wisest and best of all."

"There are many ways of being frivolous, only one way of being intellectually great; that is honest labor."

"Hard workers are usually honest; industry lifts them above temptation."

Lesson 28.

Subject: Honesty in Purpose.

Introductory talk.

There once lived in Poland a good man by the name of John Kane. It was his rule, always, to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong.

One night, while riding through a dark wood, he suddenly found himself at the mercy of a band of robbers, who demanded his money and other valuables about his person. He promised them all—dismounted and handed them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and a prayer book with silver clasps. He was sternly asked by the robber-chief, if that was all—if he had given all his money, to which he replied in the affirmative, and they let him go.

He proceeded on his way—was soon out of sight, and felt glad he had escaped without personal injury. But immediately it occurred to him that he had some gold pieces in the hem of his robe, which he had entirely forgotten when asked if he had given up all his money.

At first he considered this fortunate, as it would be sufficient to pay his expenses home. But his conscience admonished him not to lie, and he could not rest.

Some people would say that a promise made to thieves, under such circumstances, need not be kept. But he did not stop to reason. He immediately went back to the robbers, told them that fear confused

him—that he did not tell them the whole truth—asked their pardon, and offered them the gold pieces.

To his great surprise, not one of the robbers would take them. A very strange feeling was at work in their hearts, saying: "Thou shalt not steal!" and they were deeply affected. Then, as if all were moved by a common impulse, one gave him his purse, another his ring, another his prayer book, and another led up his horse and assisted him to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if ashamed of intending harm to so good a man, went up to him and asked his blessing, which he gave with a devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for such a strange escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart. It certainly was a very singular incident. Few would have done as John Kane did. It proved to be the best course for him to pursue in that particular instance, for by telling the whole truth, he lost nothing, and was, perhaps, instrumental in making an impression on the minds of those robbers which was conducive to repentance and better lives.

This man was honest because he believed that to be honest was right, he did not think of any reward and did not want any; and perhaps he was better pleased that the men were sorry for their bad doings than he was with the return of his property.

Boys and girls can be honest in so many things, perhaps it is in keeping their word to mother, father or friend. One day Queen Victoria and her ladies were going on a journey, all were ready at the time appointed for the start but one, a lady of very high rank; soon she appeared, very much flurried and excited at being late, as she approached the queen to make her apologies, her majesty took from her neck a gold chain on which hung a watch set with beautiful jewels, and handed it to the tardy lady. It was received in silence, but the lady was so humiliated that she could not keep back the tears; and it has been said that she was never late again. This lady did not need a watch. Why do you think she cried?

Here is a story of two little girls, and you listen and see if you can tell why one was honest because she thought it was just right to be honest:

"Aunt Helen lifted the lid of the basket, and as some long, furry ears and pink noses lifted over the rim Bell and Betty each gave a little squeal of delight. "I thought that perhaps you would rather have rabbits this year than dolls," Aunt Helen said, as she lifted them out.

"Oh, indeed we would," was Bell's quick response. "We've had dolls almost every birthday since I can remember."

"Dolls are nice," added Betty, as she cuddled one of the rabbits in her arms; "but we have to play they are alive, while these really and truly are."

Bell and Betty were cousins who lived in adjoining houses, and

whose birthdays came on the same day. "We're most twins," Betty used to explain, "only Bell's a year the oldest." And because their birthdays were the same, Aunt Helen, whose home was just around the corner, always gave them presents alike.

"Yes," she said in answer to Betty's remark, "the rabbits are very truly alive, so you must take good care of them, and see every day that they have food and water. I know little girls who sometimes forget and leave their dolls out over night, or even through a shower; now the dolls cannot feel, but the rabbits will depend on you, and will suffer if you neglect them."

"We'll never forget our bunnies!" exclaimed Bell. "Betty and I both belong to the Circle of Mercy. We've promised to always be kind to all animals, and, of course, we will be to these little darlings."

"They're such sweet pets," said Betty, as they walked homeward with their rabbits. "And I never had a pet of my own before, except a kitten."

"Yes, they're little dears," admitted Bell. "But I'll tell you what I'd like best of all for a pet; it's Aunt Helen's Jewel."

Betty turned and looked at her in wide-eyed surprise. "Jewel! tame as he is and with all his cunning little tricks! Who wouldn't like him? Why, Mr. Green, the bird store man, told mamma that Jewel had the finest notes of any canary he ever heard. Aunt Helen wouldn't part with Jewel."

"Yes, but when she goes on that trip to Europe next fall she can't take Jewel, and she will have to let somebody have him then. I heard her say it. So I asked her wouldn't she give him to me then, and she said she'd see about it. You know when Aunt Helen says that she most always means yes. And, of course, if she let either of us have Jewel she would me, because I'm the oldest."

"I suppose so," assented Betty meekly, for she was used to Bell's assertions of the privileges her added year gave.

When Bell and Betty reached home they found in each yard a cunning little rabbit house waiting them. In these the rabbits were made at home, and for a time both the little girls found the daily care of their new pets only a pleasure. Indeed, the bunnies were almost given a surfeit of attention, the water in their drinking cups was kept full and fresh, and they were plied with mid-meal lunches of the tenderest grass and clover.

But with the passing of weeks the rabbits became an old story. One day, just after they were home from school, Bell rushed over to Betty's. "Get on your things, quick!" she panted. "Your mother says you can. Uncle Jim's going over to Wallford, and he says we may go with him and stay till evening, but he can't wait a minute; it's train time now."

Betty gave a little skip and caught up her hat; then she stopped, "Oh, my rabbits! I must feed them first."

"You can't now; they'll have to go or you'll miss the car."

"But I can't let them go; they've only had a handful of clover today."

"Neither have mine, but I guess they won't die till tomorrow. In fact, they've gone over a day once or twice before, and I don't see as they were any the worse for it. Hurry up! Come along!" and away Bell ran.

For a moment Betty looked after her with a lump in her throat; she even took a step or two to follow, but the thought of the hungry rabbits held her beak. "Poor little bunnies," she said to herself, as she resolutely turned, "how would I feel to be penned up with nothing to eat or drink this hot afternoon?" She was crossing the yard with a dish of water and a handful of carrots when the whistle of a car told her that she was too late.

Aunt Helen saw her and came down from her veranda. "How is this, Betty?" she asked. "I thought you were going with Uncle Jim and Bell."

"I had to feed the rabbits, and they couldn't wait for me," and there was a tremble in Betty's voice.

"So you wouldn't leave them unfed even for the trip?"

"Why, Aunt Helen, how could I? I knew I'd be thinking all the time how hungry the poor little fellows were."

"And how about Bell's?"

"I've something for them, too."

A few weeks later Bell came to Betty with a rabbit in her arms. "One of my rabbits got away last night, and I can't find it; so you may have the other. It would be lonesome alone, and I'm tired of them, anyway."

A little longer and Aunt Helen was making ready for her journey. The day before she was to start she came over to Betty's. "Here, Betty, is my parting gift to you."

"Jewel," cried Betty, her eyes wide with delighted surprise, "Jewel for my own?"

"Oh, Aunt Helen," exclaimed Bell, who stood by, "you promised Jewel to me."

"No, I said I would see. And I have seen who it was that took care of the rabbits I gave her. Jewel has always had the tenderest care, and I am sure in Betty's hands he always will."

And Betty, when the best place had been found for Jewel's cage, ran out and gathered a handful of clover for the rabbits. "Dear little bunnies," she said, holding it out to them, "how glad I am that I never forgot you."

Memory Gems.

"Be honest in your dealings all—
In every word you say;
Then you may never fear to fall,
Nor shun the light of day."

"Do your level best, boys,
All honest work will tell;
Though the task be irksome,
Resolve to do it well."

First Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 389.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise.
Story: "Carl Reynold's Stand." Page 357.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory talk. Page 38.
Story: "Carl Reynold's Stand. Page 357.
Questions: Why did Carl refuse to play football? How did he show that he was honest? Why would it have been wrong for boys who did not belong to their school to play in their foot-ball team? What did the man promise the robbers? What did he find when he had gone from them? What did he do? Why did the robbers feel sorry when he came back? How was the man honest?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory talk by teacher. Page 389.
Stories to be told from memory by the members of the class.

AN ENVIABLE REPUTATION.

Frederick Tudor, the original ice exporter of Boston, was a man whose word counted for as much as his bond. His personal character and methods of doing business, won for him universal respect. In his business career it was a frequent remark with him, "I could not do that and respect myself." First of all, he desired to live and do business so that he could respect himself. If he could do that, the respect of others would follow. His ice business proved a success, and for twenty-five years he pursued it without engaging in any other enterprise. At the close of twenty-five years, however, friends persuaded him to engage in other business also, the result of which was bankruptcy. Calling together his creditors, whom he owed two hundred thousand dollars, he assured them that his honor was pledged to pay that debt; and that if they would give him time, every dollar, with interest, should be paid from the ice business, which continued to be

profitable. His proposition was accepted, and in fourteen years his entire indebtedness, with interest, amounting to nearly three hundred thousand dollars, was met, his self respect attaining its maximum power when he paid the last dollar. The praises of his fellow-men were lavished upon him deservedly, but it was his own honest self respect that won for him an enviable reputation. Up to the time of his misfortune, he had respected himself because his life had been guided by principle, and the only way to continue to maintain self-respect was to pay the debt.

HIS WORD HIS BOND.

Among the characteristics of a good man described in the fifteenth psalm is this: "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." The late Samuel Brown, Esq., a merchant of Boston, who once owned "Brown's Wharf," and a large amount of real estate, now the property of the Gas-Light Company, seems to have been a man who answered the psalmist's idea. A correspondent of the Traveler tells this incident:

"When the elder Quincy was Mayor, with his wonderful sagacity he saw the necessity of moving the almshouse and the house of correction (then on Leverett street) to South Boston. Mr. Brown owned a very large vacant estate where the buildings now stand, and Mr. Quincy called upon him and stated his purpose to induce the city government to remove the institutions to South Boston, and asked the price of the estate referred to. The reply was thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Quincy said that would do, and asked thirty days' refusal and a bond on it, in order to endeavor to persuade the city council to agree to the measure. Mr. Brown replied that he should give no bond, as he said his word was his bond always. The mayor took his word, and in twenty-eight days had obtained the proper authority, and again waited on Mr. Brown, saying that he had come to complete the sale of that land.

"'What land?' said Mr. Brown.

"'Why, the South Boston land we spoke of," said the mayor.

"'At what price?' asked the former.

"'Thirty thousand dollars,' replied the latter; 'the price agreed upon."

"'Did I say that amount, sir?"

"'You did."

"'Have you any writing to that effect."

"No, sir, none."

'"Well,' said Mr. Brown, 'since you were here I have been offered sixty thousand dollars cash for it, and can you expect me to sell it for thirty thousand dollars to the city?"

"'I do,' replied Mr. Quincy, 'because you agreed to.'

"'Have you any proof of that?'

"'Yes, I am the witness.'

"'But you, being an interested party can't be a witness. Have you any other witnesses or proof, and do you ask me to refuse sixty thousand dollars for the land and sell it to the city for thirty thousand dollars?'

"'I do.'

"'You have no bond for it, have you, Mr. Quincy?'

"'None, sir, wh tever,' replied the mayor, stretching himself up with great dignity, 'none whatever, but your word, and that you said was your bond."

"'And,' replied Mr. Brown, stretching himself up with equal dignity, 'so it is. My word is my bond, and for thirty thousand dollars the land is yours.'

"And it was. The buildings were erected upon that estate, and there they stand, a monument to Mr. Samuel Brown's mercantile integrity.

"Today that land is worth millions of dollars to this city. Can any person but feel proud of this instance of sterling integrity? In those times thirty thousand dollars was a fortune, but the world could not bid high enough to bribe Mr. Samuel Brown to a mean action."

THE INCORRUPTIBLE DUKE.

The Duke of Wellington was a distinguished example of determined fidelity. It has been said of him that he just escaped being "stupid" but his stupidity consisted mainly in his peculiar aversion to the "advantages" of doing wrong. When tempted to treachery or inveigled into any crooked dealing he "couldn't see it."

When Lord Wellington was commander of an army in India, a certain rich man offered him five hundred thousand dollars for some secret information on a very important question. Wellington looked thoughtfully a few moments, as if he was weighing the temptation. But he was not. He was only considering the best way to answer his tempter. At length he said:

"It appears that you can keep a secret, sir?"

Certainly," replied the man, feeling sure he had gained his point.

"So can I," rejoined Wellington. "Good morning, sir." And the man went away with a chop-fallen air.

GEORGE PEABODY.

At eleven years of age, George Peabody had to go out into the world to learn his living. His promptness and honesty won for him the esteem of his employer. At the age of fifteen he was left fatherless, without a dollar in the world. An uncle in Georgetown, B. C., hearing that the boy needed work, sent for him and gave him employment. His genial manner and respectful bearing gained him many friends. He never wounded the feelings of the buyer of goods, never

seemed impatient and was strictly honest in all his dealings. His energy, perseverance, and honesty made him a partner in the business when only nineteen years of age. At the age of thirty-five he became the head of a large and wealthy business, which his own industry had helped to build. He had bent his life to one purpose, to make his business a success.

Discuss the following:

Name over the properties that belong to a city or state; why are they called public properties; how did they come to be built and who paid for them and keeps them in repair?

If they belong to the people, what should be the actions of the people in taking care of their own property? What would you think of a boy or girl who would wilfully deface or injure public property. How are school buildings cared for by the boys and girls? What do you think of a home whose outside says that people who live in it are not very particular about being either clean or neat? How about a school whose walls, desks and seats are defaced and abused? Who is to blame? If each one is honest in his treatment of public property what effect will such honesty have upon the school?

Take up the question of Houses of Worship and sacred things in the preceding manner and impress upon the children that it is dishonest to abuse property that is for the general use of the people and also that sacred places and things should be treated with respect because it is a commandment of God to His people.

"Story: "Carl Reynold's Stand." Page 357.

Memory Gems.

WHO WILL JOIN?

We've formed a new society—
The Order of the Smiling Face,
An honored member you may be,
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth drop down,
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show,
For if the angry tears arise
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And if it seems a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see.
Make up your mind to join today.
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

—*Selected.*

The Children's Friend

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A KNIGHT OF TO-DAY.

"Please, Miss, I've brought the clothes."

Miss Margaret looked down from her graceful height with surprised interest upon the boy standing on her threshold. He was such a little fellow and the basket so very big.

"So you are Mrs. Sullivan's boy?" she said, as she took his burden from him. "Come in and rest while I get the money for you. Your poor arms must be almost broken."

"Oh, no, Miss!" protested the little fellow, sturdily. "I'm strong, I am! It's the good muscle that I've got in my arms altogether. I kin pitch a ball clear across the schoolyard. There ain't any other kid o' my size that kin beat that!"

Miss Margaret took her cue.

"I should think not!" she said heartily, laying her white hand on his patched sleeve and feeling the arm stiffen proudly under her touch.

"I like a strong boy because—he is going to grow into a strong man!" and she gave him a smile so dazzling that—although the day was cold and his jacket thin—the brightness of it seemed to warm him through and through.

"It's right ye are, Miss, and then—"

"Then—what?"

He colored, twisting his ragged cap between his hands.

"Nothin', only when I'm a man my mother shan't work so hard any more."

A moisture glistened in Miss Margaret's blue eyes like the dew on violets. She wanted sadly to draw the boy upon her knee and make much of him, but she comprehended that such a thing would never, never do. So she only said quietly:

"That is quite right—you haven't told me your name."

"Micky, Miss."

"Micky, no boy or man can use his strength better than in taking care of his mother."

She counted the money for the washing into his hand and

would have added another coin for himself, but he waved it back, saying:

"Thank ye, Miss, but I'm paid a' ready!"

Miss Margaret wondered what he could mean, which is not strange since she had never thought of computing the value of a smile. But in that Micky was wiser than she.

After that Micky came twice each week—on Monday evenings for the washing, and on Fridays to bring it back. Miss Margaret learned to look for his coming with so much pleasure that only some particular engagement took her from home when she was expecting him. But if she herself was sorry to miss him, Micky's disappointment, whenever he heard the heavy step of Bridget, the maid, at the door, instead of the soft, silken rustling of Miss Margaret's approach, was so much greater that he was forced to wink hard to swallow a lump in his throat.

They had the loveliest talks together—the beautiful young lady and the freckle-faced little boy—although Micky could never stay very long.

"My mother'll be worritin'," he would explain.

But when two people come to know each other very well, indeed, a great deal can be said in a few minutes.

Micky knew by heart every detail of the exquisite room. Miss Margaret thought she had never had a sweeter compliment than when he once said to her:

"Seems as if it fitted you just like your dress!"

So, when she had hung some pictures which had been sent for her birthday, she could hardly wait to know what Micky would say.

The pictures were prints of two of Abbey's paintings in the Quest of the Grail on the walls of the Boston Library. One was of the vigil of the young Sir Galahad, where he kneels all night, praying alone before the altar in preparation for his mission. The other showed him all in shining armor beside his beautiful horse, ready to mount and ride away into the world.

Micky had hardly made six steps into the room before he stopped short with the color coming and going in his face. He was usually talkative, but now he said not a word.

"How do you like them?" asked Miss Margaret, at length.

He turned his shining eyes upon her, saying very low:

"What does it mean?"

She pulled him down beside her on the sofa, and put her arm about his shoulder.

First she explained to him what a man must be to become a true knight, how he must keep his hands and his heart pure, be afraid of doing nothing but doing wrong, and ready to give his life, if need were, to defend the weak and comfort the suffering.

Then she told a beautiful story of a knight of old.

In the middle of the story a strange light had come into the boy's face.

"If I could only be a knight, too!" he said. "But I s'pose there aren't any now-a-days."

Not of the old sort, with armor and swords and horses," answered Miss Margaret, "but every man who always speaks the truth, who is brave and kind, forgetting himself and quick to help those who are weaker than he—every such one is as true a knight as ever lived in the olden days."

Micky's breath came fast and he whispered:

"Miss Margaret!"

"What, dear?"

"Would you— would you—give me just a little bit of a braid of your hair?"

Miss Margaret bent over him, and her lips touched his forehead.

"Yes, Micky," she answered very naturally, "you shall have it the very next time you come."

When Micky came on Saturday a little box lay on the table with the name of a famous jeweler printed on the cover. Miss Margaret opened it, and there lying upon the white velvet was a slender gold chain and a locket. On one side of the locket she showed Micky his own initials, "M. S." and on the other beautifully engraved, the words, "My Knight." Then she touched a tiny spring and the locket flew open. There under the crystal was a braid of the same golden hair which waved in little curls about her forehead. She made Micky unbutton his little collar, and she clasped the chain around his neck.

"Nobody can see it there," said she. "It is a secret between you and me. Always after this you are to be my knight, but not mine only. Whose besides?"

"My mother's and—God's," answered the boy.—*Mary A. P. Stansbury.*

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

In a certain valley, hemmed by mountainous rocks, there was one precipice, whose huge bolders forming which were so arranged that, at a distance, they had the unmistakeable appearance of a gigantic human face. Among the inhabitants of this valley a very old prophecy was current, that one day a child should be born in the neighborhood, who should become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to this Great Stone Face. A little boy

called Ernest grew up in the valley, whose mother told him the prophecy; and there sprang up in his affectionate, sensitive heart an overmastering longing that he should live to see the great man who was thus foretold. The expression of the Great Stone Face was noble, grand, and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections; and it became to the boy his best and only teacher. He would gaze at it for hours, and came almost to worship it. About this time there went a rumor through the valley that the Great Man had appeared at last. There came to reside in it an old man, who had been born there, but had gone into the world, and in business, had amassed a large fortune. He was so extremely wealthy that he was called Mr. Gathergold; and when he built a beautiful marble mansion on the place where his father's little farmhouse once stood, the people thought they discovered in his features the long-looked-for resemblance to the Great Stone Face, and welcomed him with enthusiasm. But the boy Ernest, when he saw the newcomer and observed his low forehead, thin lips and wrinkled face, knew that the Great Man had not yet come, and turned sadly away; and when, years went by, Mr. Gathergold lost his immense wealth, the people ceased to honor him, and when he died they forgot him. The years went on, and Ernest became a young man. His boyish simplicity and enthusiasm still remained, and marked him out from the rest of his companions; and the Great Stone Face inspired his life with thoughts and feelings which were unshared by those around him. Next, there came back to his native valley a general, who had acquired world-wide fame as a brave soldier. And every one again was ready to testify to the resemblance; and a great banquet was given in his honor. But again Ernest alone saw that in the soldier's stern and commanding countenance there were lacking the gentle wisdom and the tender sympathies that shown from the Great Stone Face. After the others had in time come to see their mistake, there came another stranger to the valley, who won great eminence as a statesman. And again the people hailed in him the prophesied Great Man. But when Ernest saw him, and beheld, beneath his striking and lofty features, an aspect of weariness and gloom, as of a child that had outgrown it's playthings, or a man of mighty faculties, but little and selfish aims, he felt again that the world must wait longer, and that the hero had not yet come. But he was hopeful, and his heart whispered that some day the Great Man would appear; and he looked up at the Great Stone Face lovingly and contentedly. The years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native village, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man he had always been. But he had felt and thought so much, he had given so many of the

best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good for mankind that it seemed as thought he had been talking with the angels, and imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficience of his daily life, the quiet stream of which made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always teach a blessing to his neighbors. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths which wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. And in time he ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he dwelt so quietly. Men came from afar to visit and to converse with him. One day there came to visit him a poet, who likewise was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life out of it. His poems were widely read, and had reached all hearts, and, ere they met, Ernest had often hoped, from the noble spirituality of his verse, that there at last was a man worthy to resemble the Great Stone Face. And as they talked together and the glow of mutual high thought and lofty feeling lit their faces with an unworldly r- diance, Ernest told him his hope. But the poet's face saddened, and he replied that, pure and true as his writings might be, his life had not corresponded with them. He had not lived out his dreams and aspirations; the reality had been poor and mean; and so he was not worthy to fulfil the prophecy. And again Ernest's longing was disappointed. That evening Ernest spoke to the people in the open air, as usual, not far from the Great Stone Face. His words had great power, because all knew that they were the expressions of his own life; and as the poet watched the glow upon his face, grand, and strong, and sweet, he was moved irresistibly, and suddenly cried out, "Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!" Then all the people looked, and saw that the deep-sighted poet said what was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by-and-by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

PIPPA.

All the year in the little village of Asola the great wheels of the mills went round and round. It seemed to the very little children that they never, never, stopped, but went on turning and singing, turning and singing. No matter where you went in the village, the hum of the wheels could always be heard; and though no one could really say what the wheels sang, everyone turned gladly to his work or went swiftly on his errand when he heard the busy song.

Everyone was proud of the mills in Asola, and the children most of all. The very little ones would go to the lowest windows and look into the great dim room, where the wheels were, and they wondered, as they looked, if ever they would grow wise enough to help make silk.

Those children who were older wound thread on the bobbins, or helped at the looms. And whenever they saw the bright stuff in shop windows, or a beautiful woman passed in silken robes, they looked with shining eyes. "See how beautiful," they would say. "We helped. She needs us; the world needs us!" and their hearts were so full of gladness at the thought.

The poet tells us there was a child there whose name was Pippa, and she worked all day in this mill, winding silk on the little whirling, whirling spools.

Now in the year there was one day they gave her for her own—one perfect day when she could walk in the sweet, sweet meadows, or wander toward the far, strange hills. And this one precious day was so shining and full of joy to Pippa that its light shone all about her until the next, making itself into dreams and little songs that she sang to her whirring spools.

One night, when the blessed time would be next morning, she said to the day:

"Sweet day, I am Pippa, and have only you for the joy of my whole long year; come to me gentle and shining, and I will do whatever loving deed you bring me."

And the bessed day broke golden and perfect!

She sprang up singing; she sang to the sunbeams, and to her lily, and to the joy in the world; she ran out, and leaped as she went; the grass blew in the wind, and the long yellow road rolled away like unwound silk.

She sang on and on, hardly knowing. And it was a sweet song no one had ever heard. It was what the birds sing, only this had words; and this song was so full of joy that when a sad poet heard it he stopped the lonely tune he piped, and listened till his heart

thrilled. And when he could no longer hear, he took up the sweet strain and played it so strong and clear that it set the whole air a-singing. The children in the street began dancing and laughing as he played; the old looked up; a lame man felt that he might leap, and the blind who begged at corners forgot they did not see, the song was so full of the morning wonder.

But little Pippa did not know this; she had passed on singing.

Out beyond the village there were men who worked, building a lordly castle. And there was a youth among them who was a stair-builder, and he had a deep sorrow. The dream of the perfect and beautiful work was in his life, but it was given to him to build only the stairs men trod on. And as he knelt working wearily at his task, from somewhere beyond the thicket there came a strange, sweet song, and these were the words:

"All service ranks the same with God:
. . . there is no last nor first."

The youth sprang up; the wind lifted his hair, the light leaped into his eyes, and he began to do the smallest thing perfectly.

Farther down the road there was a ruined house; a man leaned his head on his hand and looked from the window. A great deed that the world needed must be done; and the man loved the great deed, but his heart had grown faint, and he waited.

And it chanced that Pippa passed, singing, and her song reached the man; and it was to him as if God called. He rose up strong and brave, and leaping to his horse, he rode away to give the great deed to the world.

At night when the tired Pippa lay upon her little bed, she said to the day, "Sweet Day, you brought me no loving deed to give in payment for the joy you gave."

But the day knew.

And on the morrow, the child Pippa went back to the mill and wound the silk bobbins, and she was so full of gladness, she hummed with them all day.—Adapted.

JUST THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing; but she looked up, and answered Maggie:

"Then, it is the time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross." "Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good."

"I remember, when I was sick last year, I was so nervous that, if anyone spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat, soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corner of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? it's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes; and her voice trembled, as she answered:

"Thank you, dearie. It will do me a world of good, if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom, as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good word, "The very time to be helful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—Selected.

COMPANY TO TEA.

There was something the matter with Elizabeth Duncan's head and heart since Dorothy Schuyler came to board at the Hill's. Elizabeth first admired Dorothy from a distance. Then, as soon as Mary Hill invited her to call, she lost no time before doing so. She had never before seen anyone like Dorothy, and she fell in love

with her at once. It was no wonder that she did, for Dorothy was unusually attractive. It was not so much her beauty as her charming ways that drew Elizabeth. In fact her "ways" attracted every one she met.

During the next two weeks Elizabeth called frequently at the Hill's, Dorothy returning the calls promptly. There seemed to be a mutual attraction between them. But whenever Dorothy was at the Duncans, Elizabeth seemed restless and troubled. Dorothy wondered why.

"She acts as if she were afraid a ghost would appear," was Dorothy's thought.

What she was afraid of, however, was that her mother might appear on the scene.

Probably you are wondering what was the matter with Elizabeth's mother.

Was she ugly, or deformed, or cross? Oh, no.

Was she a slattern? Oh, no.

Was she disagreeable in any way? Oh, no.

What was the trouble, then?

I think I hear you ask all these questions.

The truth is that Elizabeth was ashamed of her mother. She had never been ashamed of her before, but she was now, since Dorothy came.

Dorothy was so refined and cultured, so dainty in her dress and manner, with a "something" about her that could only be defined thus, "to the manner born," that Elizabeth hoped her mother would remain in the background. This she bid fair to do, since Elizabeth made no endeavor to lighten her domestic burdens, which were heavy.

As the days passed on Elizabeth felt a desire to have Dorothy to take tea with her. But there was "mother." She was old-fashioned in dress and manner. She wore her hair smoothed down and put up in a tight knot at the back of her head. Her hands were red and somewhat rough, on account of the housework that never failed to be in evidence. There were lines on her face that told of sorrows and struggles. A keen observer could easily read other things, such as sweetness, patience and a courage that marks only a victorious soul.

But Elizabeth was not a keen observer; she saw only the one side, hence her dissatisfaction.

"Mrs. Hill is such a pretty woman," Elizabeth said to herself, "and dresses so tastefully and youthfully that it doesn't seem as if she could be Mary's mother."

Notwithstanding this was a fact, Dorothy Schuyler was not specially attracted toward Mrs. Hill, although she was always kind and courteous to her as she was to everyone.

After the question whether she could have Dorothy to tea or

not had been tossed about for a long time in her mind, Elizabeth decided in the negative. The silly, selfish girl believed that her new friend would care less for her if she should see her mother.

One afternoon she took a long walk on some errand of her own, and, being detained much longer than she had expected to be, it was nearly five o'clock when she reached the village. She stopped at the home of the Hills just to say how do you do to Dorothy, but the latter was not there.

"Why," said Mary, "I don't see where she can be. She left the house before three o'clock. She said she was going to see you, and she took her embroidery along."

Elizabeth's face grew pale. She wondered if Dorothy had met her mother and if so, what she thought. She wondered if she had stopped at the house at all and where she was now.

She hurried homeward. When she came in sight of the house her sister Elsie came dancing down the walk. Her eyes were glowing, her yellow curls blowing about her happy face.

"Oh, Elizabeth," she cried out, "We have company to tea!"

"Who?"

"Miss Schuyler."

Elizabeth stopped the dancing by taking firm hold of Elsie's shoulders.

"You needn't try to fool me," she said, crossly.

"Who's trying to fool you?" demanded Elsie; "let loose of me."

"What made you say Dorothy was here to tea?"

"Because she is."

"Who invited her?"

"Mamma did."

Elizabeth's glance took in the sitting-room windows and the front piazza.

"I don't see her," she said, feebly. "Where is she?"

"In the kitchen with mamma."

"Oh, dear me!"

Elizabeth hurried into the house, and there, with a song upon her lips, Dorothy met her with outstretched arms. She had never seen her looking so beautiful.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come at last, but I'm rejoiced you didn't get here earlier," she remarked, laughing. "I've had the loveliest visit with your mother, and she's invited me to tea. What a dear she is! Why didn't you let me get acquainted with her before?"

"I—I—thought you came to see me."

Dorothy did not answer. She went into the sitting-room and looked out of the window. Elizabeth followed her wonderingly.

"What's the matter, Dorothy?" she asked. "Have I offended you?"

Presently Dorothy turned. There was a smile on her face, but her eyes were tear-wet and her lips a-quiver.

"That's what I did come for," she said, gently, "but after this when I come it will be to see you both—you and your mother. Oh, Elizabeth, I'm in love with your mother. I've never told you about mine. She died two years ago, and oh, how I've missed her! We were comrades, mamma and I, and we had such good times together. I've never met anyone until today who reminded me of mamma. Your mother is very much like my mother."

Elizabeth was amazed. If she had thought of it at all she would have imagined Mrs. Schuyler as a most elegant lady.

"Looks like her?" she questioned.

"I don't know that she looks so much like her, but she is like her, so sweet and dear and kind! And you'll pardon me, Elizabeth, because I love her for being so, but she's just a little old-fashioned in her manner, and that, too, is my mamma right over again. Papa used to tease her about it sometimes, just for fun, you know, and then I can hear Grandma Schuyler say to mamma, 'Never mind, dear, it's just the Van Horn blood (mamma was a Van Horn), and you've reason to be proud of it.' "

Presently Elsie tripped into the sitting-room where Elizabeth and Dorothy were talking.

"Come to tea," she said, taking Dorothy's hand in a loving clasp, "mamma made soda biscuits because you're here."

Elizabeth's thought was, "I should think Elsie was big enough not to tell Dorothy that mamma made biscuits just for her."

Dorothy's thought was, "Oh, the dear child; I wish I had a little sister like her. 'Come to tea,' how good that sounds! I haven't heard it before since Grandma Schuyler died. That's what she used to say, 'Come to tea, Dorothy.' And to think that Elizabeth's mother made the soda biscuits just because I'm here."

A smile came into Elizabeth's face as she saw the table. The best linen and silver were in evidence, also the rare old china that had been Mrs. Snow's grandmother's. In the middle of the table was a low bowl filled with fragrant June roses. At each plate was a beautiful half-opened bud with a long stem.

"Hey!" called out little Bernard, Elizabeth's brother. "I say, Bess, you don't know who set the table?"

"I know you didn't," was the answer; "Miss Schuyler did," he announced jubilantly, " 'twas after Elsie and I got home from school. I say, she's jolly."

"You didn't, did you?" was the questioning look in Elizabeth's eyes.

Dorothy laughed.

"Yes," she said, "when your mamma invited me to tea, I wanted to help because you weren't here. It seemed so good to help get tea, and no servants around."

The "tea" was a dlightful affair. The six o'clock dinner at

home, with the old butler in attendance and its several courses, came into Dorothy's mind, but she liked this "tea" much better. It was so simple, so delicious, and, best of all, crowning the board was the dear mother's face that she had already enshrined in her heart.

"Come," said Elizabeth, when "tea" was over, "let's go out on the piazza."

"I'm going to wipe the dishes first," said Dorothy, smiling joyously, "Your mamma promised me I could."

Elizabeth looked at her mother wonderingly.

"You don't want our company to wipe dishes, do you, mamma?" she questioned.

Mrs. Snow laughed.

"If the company wants to, I have no objection," she said.

"You don't wipe dishes at home, do you Dorothy?" asked Elizabeth, wonderingly.

"No," was the answer, "I'd be in the way there, but I've wiped them for Grandma Schuyler scores of times. Grandma would never let her china and silver go into the kitchen. Peggy always brought in a little tub of hot water for grandma to wash the dishes."

Dorothy washed the dishes, Elizabeth meanwhile clearing up and putting away. Then they went out on the piazza. Elsie and Bernard were playing in the yard. Presently quite a strong breeze arose as if a shower might be coming. Almost simultaneously with the breeze, Mrs. Snow appeared with two fleecy shawls. Elizabeth exclaimed, with some impatience:

"Oh, mamma!" but Dorothy sprang up, and accepting the shawl, pressed the hand that offered it.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Snow, for all your loving thoughts of me today. It seems almost as if my own dear mamma were near me once more."

It looked so much like a storm that Dorothy went home, Elizabeth accompanying her to the door.

Upon the daughter's return she found her mother sitting on the piazza. It was so dark that she could not see the latter's face distinctly, but she thought she detected the trace of tears. She sat down beside her.

"Mamma," she said, "How do you like Dorothy?"

"I love her, my dear."

"How did you happen to invite her to stay to tea?"

"I was sure she wanted to stay. I had just finished my housework and was mending stockings when she came. It seemed so warm and close in the house that I came out here in the shade. My head ached a little and I'd closed my eyes for a minute to rest it when I heard a soft step, and there she was. I started to get up, but she wouldn't let me. 'I'm Dorothy Schuyler, your daughter's friend,' she said, 'and

you must not be formal with me.' She sat down beside me, and the first thing I knew she was helping me darn stockings."

"Oh, mamma!"

"I couldn't help it, she wanted to do it. She mends beautifully, her grandmother taught her how to do such work. She said that she and her mother used to have a mending bee once a week."

"What else did she do?"

Mrs. Snow's sweet face flushed. "You would make a good lawyer, my dear," she said.

"But please tell me what else Dorothy did for you?" Elizabeth pleaded.

"She seemed to know I had a headache, I didn't tell her. I don't know just how it came about, but she told me that her mother had been troubled with headaches and that she had often cured her. One thing led to another until there she stood behind me, rubbing my head with her dear hands. And she took my hair down to do it."

"And she put it up again," exclaimed Elizabeth. "I didn't know what to make of your hair arranged so prettily; I never dreamed that it was Dorothy's work."

"Yes, after she'd cured my headache, she put up my hair, asking if she might arrange it as she used to arrange her mother's."

"I don't wonder you love Dorothy, mamma. And I don't wonder Dorothy loves you."

Elizabeth was kneeling on the piazza floor with her arms around her mother.

"Mamma, dear," she sobbed, "can you forgive me? Will you?"

"For what?"

"For being an undaughterly daughter."

"If there is anything to forgive, you are forgiven, my child," was the sweet reply.

One of the dear, untiring hands stroked the brown head gently.

"Oh, mamma, I love you dearly."

"I am sure you do."

"I haven't shown it," regretfully.

"It was there, in your heart."

"Covered up."

"Well, perhaps so."

"Who uncovered it, mamma?"

"Who did, dear?"

"Oh, it was Dorothy, dear Dorothy."

Many years have come and gone since the day that Elizabeth's eyes were opened, but never once has her love for her mother been covered.—*Young People's Paper.*

AN ATTEMPT AT ELEGANCE.

Good evening, John; I am delighted to see you, Miss Tyler, allow me to present Mr. Morse."

"Why, Poll Parker, you goose! Smiling and smirking in front of a mirror. Before I would! Here, try it on me. Most charmed at the undeserved pleasu-ah, I am su-ah!" and a jolly-looking boy bowed with his hand on his heart in a very absurd way.

But his sister didn't see anything funny in it. "You may as well understand, Harold Parker, that this is to be a fine party. Margaret Tyler is from the city, and is used to elegant things. I shall wear my blue organdie"—

"Jolly cold you'll be!"

"People in the city think nothing of wearing thin clothes in the house evenings. I shall tell all the girls to do the same, so Margaret will see that we are not quite countrified," and Polly gave her whole attention to the respective merits of a pale blue rose, and a butterfly bow in her auburn hair.

"If you do that, Janet'll not come," said Harold; "so that ends it."

Polly put the butterfly bow carefully away, and tossed the rose into her drawer. The bow was decidedly the thing. There seemed to be at least an extra inch in her height as she said: "I don't know why. I am capable of having a party without Janet, I hope."

Harold gave a long-drawn whistle. "Well," he said, "I'd like to see a boy treat his chum like that. I suppose you'll have roses all over the house, and a caterer, and cover the stoves up with screens so the elegant Miss Tyler will think we have steam heat, and speak of 'the carriage' and 'our cook!' "—

But Polly had fully her share of that quality which is said to accompany red hair, and Harold suddenly found himself in the hall, outside a locked door, his sentence still unfinished.

The next day ten girls and boys received stiff little notes requesting their company at Pauline Parker's on Friday evening at half-after eight. Polly would have put it nine, had she dared, thinking that the later the hour the more elegant the party would be, but Mrs. Parker rebelled at this. She was a nervous, unassuming woman, who was only too glad to give over household cares to her self-reliant daughter. But even she protested against such a late commencement for the evening. "No, Pauline," she said, "I cannot be kept awake all night. In my day we used to leave at nine. Such times! Whatever shall we come to?" and she rocked to and fro, with a helpless look at her tall, young daughter.

The news of Polly's party spread through the town like wildfire. The Parkers' house was always open to the young people, but usually they were all asked informally to spend the evening pulling candy, or

to make up a few sets of ping pong. This time only ten were invited, and the girls were asked to wear light gowns. "Mother says it is poor taste for schoolgirls," said Sally Farron, "but if all the rest do, of course I will."

Janet Haliday went to Polly in distress. "I am so sorry, Polly," she said, "but I had no muslin last year—on account, you know"—her sweet, honest, Scotch face flushed, for it was part of her family creed not to parade their poverty. "Even my pink silk waist is worn out, so I'll have to come in a shirt waist. Will it be very bad?"

Polly reddened as she replied, "Of course the rest will wear light clothes." She hesitated, expecting that Janet would say that she wouldn't come, but Janet never once thought of refusing an invitation from her best friend. It would hurt Polly's feelings to think she stayed away because of her clothes. She would pretend not to care, so Polly needn't worry. "I'll be the one to admire the others' pretty dresses," said she, cheerfully unconscious of what Polly expected.

Friday night came, and Polly stood before her mirror again, arrayed in blue, and trying to poise the butterfly bow at exactly the right angle. Her thoughts were rather a medley, after this fashion: "I do hope the man with the ice cream'll not come to the front door. Dear me! Will Hannah O'Neil act as if she was our own maid? Suppose that awful Harold should let out that she is hired for the occasion, and that we usually do our own work! I'm glad mother's room is upstairs where she'll not be disturbed by the noise. I suppose her headache was because of baking all those fancy cakes. I hope Margaret will think they're from a confectioner's. I wonder just how elegant she will be?" For Margaret Tyler was a stranger, and had arrived only that day to visit her grandmother. All that was known about her was that she was a city girl and the daughter of a wealthy man.

The sound of the bell sent Polly hurrying down the back stairs, to see that Hannah had on a white apron. From the sitting room she overheard that individual remark, "Walk upstairs, if ye plaze, but be sure to wipe yer feet, for the whole house has been swept aginst yer comin'."

"Thank fortune, that's only Sally and Rob," breathed Polly, as a familiar laugh greeted this welcome.

When all the guests had arrived but the city girl and Janet, a timid voice was heard asking Hannah, "Is this Miss Parker's?" and a minute later a small girl, in a dark skirt and simple light waist, entered the room and looked in dismay at the gayly-dressed girls. Polly went through the introductions stiffly, in spite of, or perhaps because of, her practice, and there was an awkward pause until Janet came in—rosy, broad-faced Janet—not waiting to go upstairs, but unfastening her wraps in the hall as was her custom. "You will die when you see me!" she cried. "My white shirt waist lay on the bed in state, and the whole family were admiring mother's laundry work"—

"She doesn't 'put on!'" commented Harold, approvingly.

"When," went on Janet, " mother said that it needed just a touch of color in front to be becoming: We noticed that Baby Bess trotted upstairs with a mysterious air, and when I went to put it on behold!" and Janet threw open her jacket and displayed a white waist with a red and green daub on the front. "The dear baby did it with her crayons, and, if you please, it's a 'wed wose, to make my sister Janet becomin'!' There wasn't time to get it out, and I thought it would make you all laugh, anyway."

Everyone said that Janet saved the party from being a failure. Margaret was put at ease by finding another girl even more simply dressed than herself. The spirit of fun overcame the attempt after elegance, and Polly was really glad when her worst fears were realized and a shrill voice was heard at the front door, calling, "Ice cream, Miss! all we had, but it's enough for ten, if you go shy on your own help."

"Harold Parker," she said, when the guests had left, "this is the last time your sister ever 'puts on,' and I don't blame Margaret for liking Janet better than any of us peacocks."

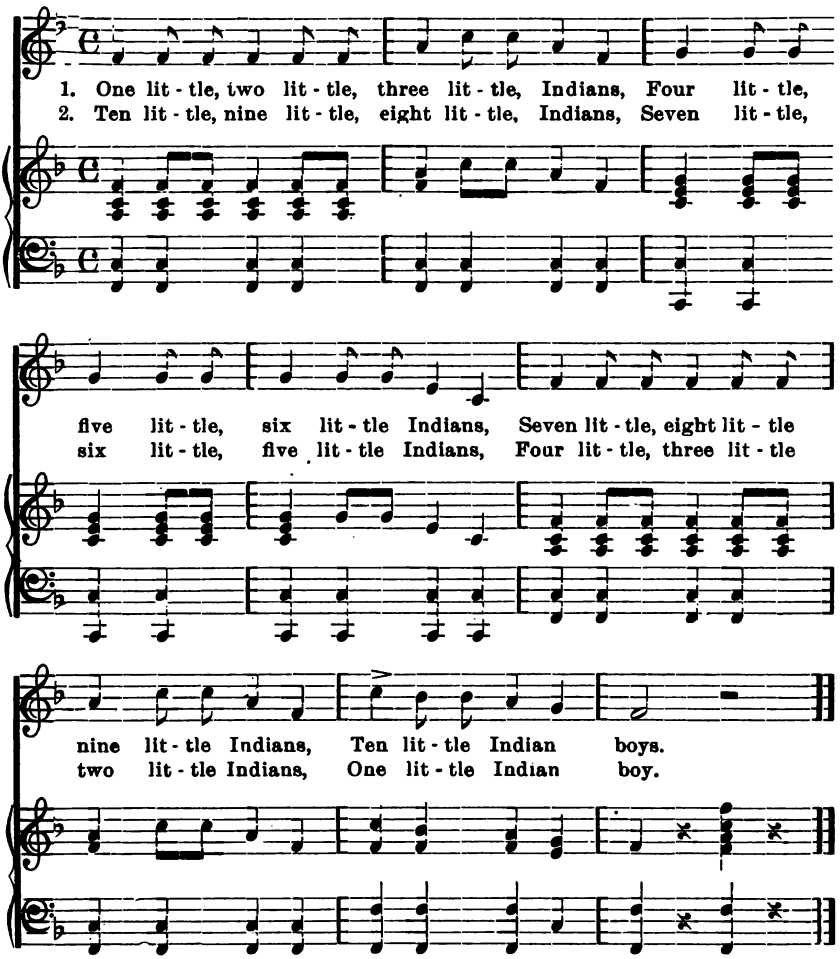
PRACTICE THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

The exercise of patience involves a continual practice of the presence of God; for we may be called upon at any moment for an almost heroic display of good temper, and it is a short road to unselfishness, for nothing is left to self; all that seems to belong most intimately to self, to be self's private property, such as time, home and rest, are invaded by these continual trials of patience. The family is full of such opportunities.—*F. W. Faber.*

A HAND FOR THE TEMPTED.

It is no great virtue to be brave when we have neither trials nor temptations. One man may walk down the avenue with the liquor interests flaunting their devices on ever hand, and he may have only a deepening disgust for the whole business. There is there no temptation and it requires neither courage nor self-control for him to walk in the midst of these enticements. But to some unfortunate one who is addicted to the use of strong drink, and is trying manfully to overcome his besetting sin, to him it is a temptation to go down that avenue. He must walk with a prayer on his lips and courage in his heart that he may overcome the snares that are set for him. He is running a gauntlet of fire. He needs the help of God and a brother's hand. It is the man with an appetite who needs to pray that the angel of the Lord may be round about him.

He should have our sympathy and our help that he may pass through his furnace of fire unscathed. To place temptation in the way of the man who is doing his best to reform, is worse than to put a stumbling block in the way of the blind.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS.

1. One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, Indians, Four lit - tle,
2. Ten lit - tle, nine lit - tle, eight lit - tle, Indians, Seven lit - tle,
five lit - tle, six lit - tle Indians, Seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle
six lit - tle, five lit - tle Indians, Four lit - tle, three lit - tle
nine lit - tle Indians, Ten lit - tle Indian boys.
two lit - tle Indians, One lit - tle Indian boy.

DIRECTIONS—While singing one, two, three, etc., children suddenly appear one by one and stand in a row, disappearing to the second verse in like manner. After counting up to ten the children may all join hands and hop to the singing of the first verse, then silently disappear to the counting of the last verse. Let them come in hopping, Indian fashion, also hopping in the circle instead of dancing.

Officers' Department.

Subject for November: Gratitude.

Subject for the month: Courtesy.

Divisions: Lesson 29, Courtesy in Action; Lesson 30, Courtesy in Speech; Lesson 31, Influence of Courtesy; Lesson 32, Courtesy in Dress.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

Paper to be read and discussed in Monthly Officers' Meeting. (Where it is impossible to meet regularly, this part of the work should be taken up in the Local Preparation Meeting.)

"As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, well and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits which form it. One of the most marked tests of character is the manner in which we conduct ourselves towards others. A graceful behavior towards superiors, inferiors, and equals, is a constant source of pleasure. It pleases others because it indicates respect for their personality; but it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves. Every man may, to a large extent, be a self-educator in good behavior, as in everything else; he can be civil and kind if he will, though he have not a penny in his purse. Gentleness in society is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to all nature; it is far more powerful than loudness or force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way quietly and persistently, like the tiniest daffodil in spring, which raises the clod and thrusts is aside by the simple persistency of growing.

Manners are the ornament of action; and there is a way of speaking a kind word, or of doing a kind thing, which greatly enhances their value. What seems to be done with a grudge, or as an act of condescension, is scarcely accepted as a favor. Yet there are men who pride themselves upon their gruffness; and though they may possess virtue and capacity, their manner is often such as to render them almost insupportable. It is difficult to like a man who, thought he may not pull your nose, habitually wounds your self-respect, and takes a pride in saying disagreeable things to you. There are others who are dreadfully condescending, and cannot avoid seizing upon every small opportunity of making their greatness felt.

The inbred politeness which springs from right-heartedness and kindly feelings, is of no exclusive rank or station. The mechanic who works at the bench may possess it, as well as the clergyman or the peer. It is by no means a necessary condition of labor that it should, in any respect, be either rough or coarse. The politeness and refinement which distinguish all classes of the people in many continental countries show that those qualities might become ours, too—as doubtless they will become with increased culture and more general social intercourse—without sacrificing any of our more genuine qualities. From the highest to the lowest, the richest to the poorest, to no rank or condition in life has nature denied her highest boon—the great heart. There never yet existed a gentleman or gentlelady but was lord or lady of a great heart. And this may exhibit itself under the hodden gray of the peasant as well as under the laced coat of the noble. Robert Burns was once taken to task by a young Edinburgh blood, with whom he was walking, for recognizing an honest farmer in the open street. "Why you fantastic gomeral!" exclaimed Burns, "it was not the great coat, the scone bonnet, and the saunders-boot hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

"There is yet a harder and higher heroism—to live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little occasions; to accept unmurmuringly a low position; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching; to banish all ambition, and pride and all restlessness in a single regard to our Savior's work.

Moreover, to do this for a lifetime is a still greater effort, and he who does this is a greater hero than he who for one hour storms a breach, or for one day rushes onward undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell. His works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes; and though the builders of Nineveh and Babylon be forgotten and unknown, his memory shall live and be blessed.

I think that it was the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke who once uttered these wise and true words:

"The power of being able to keep a household from fretting and complaining, and from violent tempers; the power of being able to encourage, nourish, and stimulate the freedom and growth of others, is gained from there having been built up in the minds of all in the house, as the first motive of life, the great Christian law—Christian because entirely human—'Think of the others more than of yourself, and of others' happiness more than of your own unhappiness.'

"Of this law the best definition to remember is a word of St. Paul's 'In honor preferring one another.' This is true courtesy. It is its very flower; it is the essence of Christ's teaching set to music in daily life. It will bring out all the good in others; it will bring out what is best in yourself; it will make your home like very heaven."

Of all the mischief-making elements that creep into many homes, discourtesy is one of the most common and most fatal in its results. When a wife begins to speak sharply and rudely to her husband, and when she finally descends to the low estate of "nagging" him, she is in a fair way to lose both his love and his respect; and when a husband begins to be less courteous to his wife, he is in danger of losing both her respect and love.

The rock of discourtesy is the rock on which many a matrimonial bark has stranded. If the father and mother are discourteous to each other, it is not to be expected that the children of the home will be gentle and polite. There is no greater imitator than a child, and there is no one more alert. The child takes note of everything, and it is susceptible to the general atmosphere of the home.

If the father is faultfinding and generally irritable, the child is likely to be of the same disposition. If the children are not taught courtesy in the home, it is not to be expected that they will be courteous outside of the home.

There is a story told of an old German who was engaged in the back part of his place of business when one of his clerks came and told him that there was a lady waiting to see him in his office. He had thrown off his coat, and the work he was doing had soiled his hands.

Hurrying to a basin he washed his hands, threw on his coat, straightened his tie, and made himself as presentable as possible before going forward to meet the lady. Returning a few minutes later, he said, with an aggrieved air, as he threw off his coat: "I put on my coat and make myself clean for noding. Dot vas youst my vife."

Now there are a good many intelligent, entirely respectable, and well-meaning men, who do not feel it to be incumbent upon them to observe the ordinary rules of courtesy towards women, when the woman in question is "youst my vife." And so there are wives who fall in the habit of negligence regarding their personal appearance, and who are indifferent to many of the ordinary little courtesies of life, when there is no one around but "just my husband."

It is an evil day in any home when the husband feels that he can be less courteous to his wife than to other women, and it is an equally evil day when the wife feels that she can put aside many of the little courtesies.

No household can be kept from fretting and complaining, no household can be kept free from an atmosphere of unrest and general depression, if the great law of kindness does not obtain in that household. And kindness is the foundation of all real courtesy. It is true that "life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort."

Nothing will secure greater comfort in the home than habitual smiles and kindness combined with the courtesy that is not based on

mere "good form," but that is the outgrowth of moral force, self-respect, and kindly consideration for others. Could there be any better motive for self-control, patience, forbearance, and kindness, than a desire to make home happy?"

Lesson 29.

Subject: Courtesy in Action.

Introductory Talk.

It was eight in the evening; the theater car swung along toward the city, full to overflowing with its crush of humanity. The greater number of these were women richly gowned, and with their escorts in immaculate evening attire.

Many a matron and maid entered the crowded car; there was the rustle and swish of silken skirts, and the air was heavy with the scent from sachet and fresh violets.

On the platform stood a lad of twelve. Strapped across his shoulder was a square leather knapsack of a large drug firm; the boy had been delivering medicines.

Maybe this small man-boy had eaten supper, maybe he had eaten merely a sandwich, possibly his evening meal was yet to come.

That he was some mother's baby was attested by the carefully mended clothes and clean collar; that he was some loving mother's wage-earner was writ on the strong, sweet little face, with its brave, unafraid eyes, looking forward unflinchingly to meet the issue of their daily bread.

And then—the "angel-lady" came, and in soft cream laces, and heavy cream-colored roses—maybe not a pretty lady, but with the most beautiful eyes in the world.

The boy basked in the graciousness of her smile—and then the miracle happened. The "angel-lady" saw the tired lad, and with swift comprehension she chose from her dress a choice rose. Smiling, she pressed the stem into his empty hand.

"For your mother, little boy," whispered the "angel-lady," and she slipped her slender fingers against the man-boy's mouth, that he might not give her thanks, and nodded a smiling goodby.

But the man-boy went on his way infused with a new and delicious joy; was it not worth while to live? His own pleasure was to be shared by the patient mother at home, and the face of the whole world had changed.—*Selected.*

"A poor Arab, traveling in the desert, discovered a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used, as he was, only to brackish wells, such as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and, filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it

to the Caliph himself. The poor man traveled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The Caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and, thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the Caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a joyful heart, the Caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," he said, "the water in his bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. I know, however that had I suffered another to partake of it, he might not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

"Oh, don't behave like so many wild Indians!"

Many a distracted mother will say this to her children on one of those rainy days so dreaded by mothers because they keep their boys penned up in the house after school hours, resulting in so much noise that the mother complains that she cannot hear herself think.

The uproar of half a dozen imprisoned boys may be very disturbing to grown-ups, but war-whoops, and romping, and the whittling habit, which some English writer says the Americans have probably learned from their neighbors, the Chippewas, are not so bad as the indulgence of another Indian propensity. The right sort of a boy would much rather have his mother say to him: "You are as rough as an Indian," than to have her accuse him of bearing mailce like an Indian. When a boy about to run indoors out of a sudden shower, sees his sister's favorite storybook lying on an exposed seat in the garden, and leaves it there because she said or did something the week before to offend him ,that boy, though he may be quiet and gentlemanly in his manners, is frightfully suggestive of a Comanche."

Memory Gems.

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kinds thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

"View that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 417.

Songs chosen by the teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 413.
Story: "A Knight of Today." Page 397.

Memory Gem.

Recitation for First Grade. (Use one verse each week.)

BE POLITE.

"Hearts, like doors, will ope' with ease
To two very little keys;
But don't forget the two are these:
"I thank your, sir," and "If you please."
Be polite boys; don't forget it,
In your wandering day by day,
When you work and when you study,
In your home and at your play.

"Be polite, boys, to each other;
Do not quickly take offense;
Curb your temper; you'll be thankful
For this habit seasons hence.
Be respectful to the aged,
And this one thing bear in mind:
Never taunt the wretched outcast,
Be he helpless, lame or blind.

"Be polite, boys, to your parents;
Never let them fail to hear
From their sons the best of language
In the home you should love dear.
To your brothers and your sisters
Speak in accents kind and true.
Be polite; 'twill serve you better
Than princely gift can do."

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 417.
Story: "A Knight of Today." Page 397.
Questions: How should children act towards each other? Why should we be polite? Who gave the "Golden Rule?" What is it? How did the Arab show his love for his ruler? Why did the ruler not ask the others to taste the water the Arab brought? How do you wish to see your friends treated?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 417.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

TRUE POLITENESS.

The following beautiful incident is related of the late Prince Consort. On one occasion a humble but very worthy man who had befriended the Prince in early life called to see him, and was invited to come to the family table. He began to eat with his knife, as he had always been accustomed to do, and this excited a little quiet merriment among the young people. Prince Albert looked around upon them, as if to say "Stop that!" and at once began himself to eat with his knife, and continued to do so to the end of the meal. After dinner, one of the children asked him why he did so. The Prince replied: "It is well enough for us to observe the etiquette of the day; but it is far more important to avoid insulting people. I wanted my old friend to enjoy his dinner, which he could not have done had he seen you laughing at him. He is accustomed to use his knife." This was genuine politeness. The world would be a happier one if the same feeling were always shown.

GETTING THE SWEETNESS OUT.

The rose had such a long stem when Miss Carrie gave it to her that Sunday afternoon, as a reward for bringing a new scholar to the Primary class, that it almost trailed on the floor in the child's fat little hands. Get all the sweetness out of it, Mary Catherine, before it withers," the teacher had said, and the little girl wonderingly had promised to try.

After a few minutes' thought, the little girl slipped down the street a half square to where grandmother lived quite alone; she pushed open the door, and peeped in; grandmother was sitting before the window, fast asleep. Mary Catherine placed the flower across her folded hands, and grandmother awoke with a start.

"Why, child, you here!"

The little girl touched the flower, and said: "I brought it so's to get you to help use up the sweetness. I couldn't get it to lose any as long as I kept it myself. It just seemed as sweet as ever."

Grandmother kissed her. "How did you guess the wonderful secret, child, that you get the most joy out of what you give: 'It is more blessed—'" but Mary Catherine interrupted her: "Oh! let me finish it, please; it was our Golden Text once—'to give than to receive!'"

Mary Catherine placed the pink rose in a vase on the window-ledge, just where it could catch the brightest rays of sunlight.

Grandmother smiled. Let it stay there a bit, dearie, and then it must go traveling again!" Mary Catherine's eyes sparkled; this was surely getting sweetness out!

Grandmother continued: "There's an old lady next door, older than I am, even, who cannot see the sunlight, or the beautiful colors

of things; I think, though, that she understands getting sweetness out of things so well that she will enjoy our rose! I'll take it to her after we have had tea."

When Mary Catherine went home she told her mother that she had enjoyed that rose better than any present she had ever had before, and I think she had.—*Adapted.*

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

"Mr. Conductor," said little Louis Rhodes, pulling at a gilt-buttoned coatsleeve, "please tell me a story."

"Bless my life!" exclaimed Captain Sam, of Express No. 55. The train had just pulled out from Newcastle, and as there was a long run without a stop, the tired conductor had dropped into a seat to rest a bit, when Louis came up and asked for a story.

"Bless my life!" said Captain Sam, "I don't know a story to my name, except 'Here is the house that Jack built.'"

"Don't tell me that!" answered the little boy. "I know that myself," and began to rattle off:

"This is the house that Jack built;

"This is the rat that lived in the house that Jack built;

"This is the cat that caught the rat—"

"Stop right there!" said the conductor; "that reminds me of something. On my last trip east, as I went through one of the coaches to look at tickets, I found a girl about your size sitting in a seat by herself. 'Tickets,' I said, without thinking. 'Mamma has 'em,' says she, 'an' she's gone to get a drink of water. But won't you please take my orange to that little girl back there with a red hank'cher on her head? Her mamma has forgot to give her any.'

"I looked for the little girl with the red handkerchief and saw a poor woman with five children. They didn't have on much clothes. They didn't look as if they had had much to eat, but nobody was paying any attention to them.

"Maybe your mamma won't like you to give away your orange," said I.

"The little girl opened her eyes very wide and says she: 'Why Cap'n, my mamma loves me to give away things!'

"'All right,' says I, and I went back to the little party and gave the orange; and says I, in a loud tone of voice, 'This is from a little girl whose mamma just loves her to give things.'

"At that, ever so many mothers pricked up their ears, and presently I saw another little girl bring a box of lunch to the poor children. 'Ah,' says I to myself, 'this is like that old song about the house that Jack built. This is the cat—' When I got that far a lady pulled a pretty little cap out of her bag, and, says she: 'Won't you let your little girl wear this Tam-o-shanter?'

"I went on easy singing to myself. 'Where is the dog that wor-

ried the cat, that killed the rat that lived in the house that Jack built?' And sure enough, here was a boy giving some thing out of his pocket —I don't know what. So it went on till those forlorn little chicks had more things than a few; all because one little kind heat gave 'em her orange. Now small boy, get off my knee. I've got to ring the bell for the engineer to whistle. Go and see if you can't start another 'house that Jack built.' "—*Dew Drops.*

MUTUAL TRUE COURTESY.

True courtesy is the "beauty of the heart." One day, in hastily turning the corner of a crooked street in the city of London, a young lady ran with great force against a ragged little beggar boy and almost knocked him down. Stopping as son as she could, she turned around and said, very kindly, to the boy, "I beg your pardon, my little fellow; I am very sorrow that I ran against you." The poor lad was astonished. He looked at her for a moment in surprise, and then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap he made a low bow, and said, while a broad smile spread itself all over his face, "You can have my parding, miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me, you can knock me clean down, and I won't say a word." After the lady had passed on, he turned to his companion, and said, "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had anybody ask my parding, and it's kind o' took me off my feet."

One very cold day the American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, bought a paper from a ragged little newsboy. Poor little fellow," said he; "ain't you very cold?" "I was, sir, before you passed," replied the boy, with natural good manners.

Discuss the following:

"The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them."

"A good action is never lost; it is a treasure laid up and guarded for the doer's need."

"Think that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"Nothing ever happens but once in this world. What I do now I do once for all. It is over and gone, with all its eternity of solemn meaning."

Story: "A Knight of Today." Page 397.

Memory Gem.

Lesson 30.

Subject: Courtesy in Speech.

Introductory Talk.

"I've broken him in now," a country boy will sometimes say of the big horse he rides to school. "He used to plunge and rear at such a rate that mamma was afraid to see me mount him, but papa said I ought to begin young to learn how to manage a horse, and so I insisted on riding him although he threw me twice and nearly broke my neck. He knows now that I am the master, and he has stopped cutting capers." A boy deserves a good deal of credit for taming an unruly riding horse at the risk of breaking his bones in so doing, but he would be much more worthy of praise if he were to put a strong curb on a creature so small that it is carried about in the mouth, and yet is harder to tame than any wild horse that ever galloped over the prairie. An unruly member the tongue is called in the Bible, and sometimes one is inclined to think there are boys and girls who would be more agreeable to live with if they had never learned to utter a word. "Have a slice of a tongue that never told a lie," a wise mother used to say to her children when she prepared tongue sandwiches for them to take to school. There are boys and girls who would no more think of telling a lie than they would of setting fire to the house they live in, and still have so little control of their tongues that it would seem to be impossible for them ever to give that soft answer which turneth away wrath."

"Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart, manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a western railroad. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly-dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

'"Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it? I haven't western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to a clock on the wall.

"Oh, yes; thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes until nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said:

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied:

"I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss."

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out:

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—"

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later to his sorrow. Anyone needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employment.

Some years ago, when the present Queen of England was Princess of Wales and her children were very small, they were staying at a quiet watering place.

Once, on returning from a short sail, one of the little princesses was walking up the plank. An old sailor instinctively said:

"Take care, little lady!"

The child drew herself up haughtily and said: "I'm not a lady, I'm a princess!"

The Princess of Wales, who overheard the kindly injunction, and the rather ill-bred reply, said, quickly:

"Tell the good sailor you are not a little lady yet, but you hope to be some day."

Memory Gems.

"Keep watch of your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things:
They are sweet, like bees' fresh honey—
Like bees they have terrible stings."

"A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 423.
Song chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 413.
Story: "The Great Stone Face." Page 399.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 423.

Story: "The Great Stone Face." Page 399.

Questions: How can we guard our tongue? How can the tongue do harm? What should we say when we ask a favor? What should we say when we receive one? Why should we not speak harshly to each other? How should we greet our father, mother, brothers and sisters in the morning? Why should we be polite at home? How should children speak to older people?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 423.

Recitation by member of the class.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

"Cease to find fault one with another." (Doc. and Cov. 88: 124.)

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own.
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And one that works full well;
I try my own defects to cure
Ere I of others' tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember, curses sometimes like
Our chickens—"roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—*Selected.*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

A DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

The following is said to be Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman. The standard is indeed set high, but it is better to aim high, and fail somewhat of the mark, than to lessen the ideals of life:

"It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. . . . He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no care for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments or insinuates evil which he dare not say out."

"THANK YOU."

"Several winters ago, a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue; and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion.

"No; what?"

"Why, the lady said 'Thank ye' to the like o' me."

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away; and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, whom she thanked.

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments, stocks and bonds."

THE EARTHEN JAR.

"Rabbi Joshua, the son of Chananile, was a very learned and very wise man, but he was ugly. His complexion was so dark that he was nick-named "The Blacksmith," and little children ran away from him. Yet his wisdom and learning caused him to be esteemed by every one, and even the Emperor Trajam treated him with much consideration. One day, when the Rabbi went to Court, the Emperor's daughter laughed at his ugliness, and said, with a smile, "Rabbi, I wonder how it is that such great wisdom as yours should be contained in such an ugly head?" Rabbi Joshua kept his temper, and, instead of replying, asked, "Princess, in what vessel does your august father keep his wine?" "In earthen jars, to be sure," replied she. "Indeed!" exclaimed the Rabbi, feigning surprise. "Why, all the common people keep their wine in earthen jars! The Emperor's wine should be kept in handsome vessels." The Princess thought that Rabbi Joshua, who always said such clever things, was really in earnest; so off she went to the chief butler, and ordered him to pour all the Emperor's wine out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels, earthen jars being unworthy of such precious drink. The butler followed these orders; but when the wine came to the royal table it had turned sour and tasted quite flat. The next time the Princess met the Rabbi Joshua, she expressed her astonishment at his having given her such a strange piece of advice and said, "Do you know, Rabbi, that all the fine wine which I poured into the gold and silver vessels turned sour?" "Then you have learned a simple lesson, Princess," was the Rabbi's reply. The next time the Princess met the clever Rabbi, she did not laugh at his ugly face."

Discuss the following:

"A superior man is modest in his speech, but exceeds in his actions."

"There are three things that ought to be considered before some things are spoken—the manner, the place, and the time."

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words, or in good order."

Story: "The Great Stone Face." Page 399.

Memory Gem.

Lesson 31.

Subject: Influence of Courtesy.

Introductory Talk.

"It was a crowded railway station and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the center of the room. A small boy called, "Tillygram and broken needle," which last meant "The Brooklyn Eagle." Another boy shouted, "Cough candy and lozneges, five cents a paper."

Every few minutes a stream of people flowed out through a door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York."

"The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was on old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

"Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"'See there, Harry; see Fred, that's what he dashed back for!'

"'No; you don't say so? I thought he went for peanuts.'

"'No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?'

"'Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her bundles. I gave it a good kick.'

"'Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?' And they pounded on the window and motioned for Fred to come out.

"But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"'Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be left again.'

"'Never mind, boys; off with you. I'm going to see her through.'

"And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train:

"'Isn't he a goose?'

"'No,' was the indignant answer; 'he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself.'

"'Pooh, you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push.'

"'I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket.'

"The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

"The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown to his mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with a grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly youth."

"A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts." Without good manners a good action is stripped of half its value.

"John," said a lady in the office where John was employed, "don't you live near the corner of Fifth street and West avenue?" Yes, he did. "Then, will you take this parcel around there on your way home?"

John did not quite dare to say "No," but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away: "There's no money in working overtime." He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better position, nor that his surly remark lost him the chance.

"A habit of courtesy is like a delicate wrapping, preventing one personality from rubbing and chafing against another. It is perhaps most of all proper from the young toward those who are older than themselves. There is too little of this in our day. Boys and girls speak to their elders, perhaps even to their parents, with rude familiarity, such as would be hardly proper among playmates.

One should always show courtesy to his companions. Boys, even in their play, should be courteous to one another. One who is always pushing for the best, without regard to others, shows his ill-breeding. A "thank you" and a "please" on proper occasions, are not out of place even among the closest companions.

Perhaps in the family, courtesy is more important than anywhere else. There people are thrown more closely together; and, thus, nowhere do they need more the protection of courtesy. From all this, it appears that courtesy is simply an expression of thoughtfulness for others; and that rudeness and boorishness, though sometimes they

spring from ignorance, are more often the expression of selfishness, which forgets the feelings and the tastes of others."

"Children should be seen and not heard,—that is, generally—but I am going to give a little lecture to the boys, and I want to be heard.

First: Do you want to know how to be happy all day, boys? Let me tell you.

When you get up in the morning, don't forget to slip on your "good natured coat" before you go down stairs. You all have one, haven't you? And then you won't care if everybody is done eating breakfast and the buckwheats are cold.

Secondly: When everything goes wrong at home, at school, or in the street, and you think you have enough trouble to put any boy into bad humor, then you may depend upon it, boys, some one is trying to rob you of your "good natured coat." But don't let it go. Hold on to it with a tight grip, and when you feel it settling firmly back into its place, oh, my! how jolly you will feel.

Thirdly: I have found out, boys, that it pays to wear this coat. And the beauty of it is you can wear it in all kinds of weather. It is just as useful on a rainy day as it is on a sunshiny day. You never need an umbrella to keep off the showers of trouble if you wear this coat. Try it and see."

"The ferry-boat was filling up, and when an old gentleman and his wife entered the cabin, only a single seat, here and there, was left unoccupied. He glanced up and down. The stairs were too great an obstacle for either to surmount, so he placed his wife in one of the few remaining seats, and stood near her.

"A plain—very plain—market-woman sat next the old lady. She was not one of the trig and tidy sort, whom it is a pleasure to see. Her shawl was frayed and old, her petticoats were draggled, her apron had once been white, and her face was almost grotesque in its ugliness. She had looked at the old gentleman and his well-clad wife, and then, rising, slipped across to a place under the stairs, which every one had passed by.

"For a moment the old gentleman seemed hardly to realize how there should be room for him beside his wife, but a glance of her eye, guided his. Then, turning toward the poor old woman, he lifted his hat with all the deference he could have shown to a duchess, and then, availing himself of her courtesy, he took the vacant seat.

"I watched the old woman. A light came into her face that transfigured it. A smile followed that softened its ugliness, and when the boat struck the wharf, the influence of that stately bow was still visible in her countenance. She left the cabin with her face ashine.

"It was such a little thing, and yet so good and noble a thing; a courteous favor, from poor to rich, as courteously accepted, and three hearts warmed in its glow to a sense of kinship, that of the giver, the receiver, and the observer."

Memory Gems.

"A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy-chair,
A turning of a window blind
That all may feel the air,
An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,

A voice to softest whispers hushed,
To spare an aching head,—
Oh, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose."

"Do not look for wrong and evil,—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you."

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage,
In the glass you meet a smile."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 427.
Song chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise. Page 413.
Story: "Pippa." Page 402.

Memory Gems.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 427.
Story: "Pippa." Page 402.
Questions: How do you feel when some one does a kindness for you? How can you repay it? Why did Fred's companions feel ashamed? How did Fred show that he was a gentleman? How can we be polite at home? Why should politeness begin at home?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 427.
Recitation, by member of the Class.

THE THREE OLD LADIES.

There was an old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;
And thinking this world was a sour old place,
She carried its acid all over her face.

Another old lady, all dressed in patches,
Lived upon nothing but lucifer matches;
So the world, it made her strangle and cough,
And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

Another old lady, all sunny and neat,
Who lived upon sugar, and everthing sweet,
Exclaimed, when she heard of their troubles, "I never!
For the world is so nice I could live on forever."

Now, children, take your choice
Of the food your hearts shall eat;
There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,
And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on,
Dear children, trust to me,
Is precisely what this queer old world
Will seem to you to be.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

A COURTEOUS CHINAMAN.

"True courtesy consists in that gentle refinement and grace of manner displayed toward others, which springs not so much from polite culture as from a genuine goodness of the heart. It is the honor due to man as man, and especially to women. It is a grace which is too often unrecognized and undervalued; but, when of the true order, it is a jewel of great price.

It is to be found in all lands, and in every grade or order of society.

A Chinaman was rudely pushed into the mud by an American. He picked himself up very calmly, shook off some of the mud, bowed very politely, and said in a mild, reproving tone of voice, "You Christian; me heathen; alle samee, good-bye." Courtesy, as a duty, has been sorely neglected by Americans. "If a civil word or two will make a man happy," said a French king, "he must be wretched indeed who will not give them to him."

TWO SAILORS.

"One day a hearse was observed ascending a steep hill on its way to Monmartre, bearing a coffin of poplar-wood with its cold corpse. Not a soul followed—not even the living dog of the dead man, if he had one. The day was rainy and dismal; passers-by lifted their hats, as is usual when a funeral passes, and that was all. At length it passed two English sailors, who found themselves in Paris on their way to Spain. A right feeling spoke from beneath their serge jackets. "Poor wretch!" said the one to the other, "no one follows him;

let us two follow!" And the two took off their hats, and walked bare-headed after the corpse of a stranger to the cemetery of Montmartre."

THE CORNERS OF YOUR MOUTH.

Round the restaurant table sat an agreeable little company, composed of some gentlemen, a lady, and a girl with charming face and vivacious ways. Meals and conversation were proceeding pleasantly, until—the waiter upset a cup of chocolate in the girl's lap!

After an interval, during which chairs were thrust back, napkins flourished and exclamations launched, the frightened waiter doing his best to repair damages, the flurry subsided somewhat and the party reseated itself.

"My dear Harriet," cried the lady, ruefully, "your pretty suit is ruined!"

"Oh, there are more in the shops," was the gay rejoinder.

The waiter, having got a smile from the heroine of the accident, went off in a dazed condition. The gentlemen were staring silently.

"Now look here, Miss Harriet," began the man with white hair, recovering first, "tell us how you did it!"

"Did what?" mischievously.

"Kept your equanimity, when most women would have—well, no matter! I was looking right at you when it happened, and the corners of your mouth went back instantly in a smile and—"

"Oh, *did* you notice that?" asked the girl, suddenly interested. Then she checked herself, coloring. But the others scented a story and insisted, until Miss Harriet yielded, laughing.

"Well, since Mr. Pierce is so discerning—but, really, there's nothing to tell, you know. I had a new hat sent home once, the night before Easter. I was to sing in church, and that hat was the *prettiest* thing! Oh, don't be frightened,"—she laughed merrily,—"I won't describe it. In fact, I never got very familiar with it, anyhow; for, when I left my room a moment, my puppy found it and had a personal interview with it.

"No, I *didn't* shake the puppy—he was a dear. I just dropped into a chair and contemplated the ruins.

"But presently I caught sight of my face in the dressing table mirror, and—I forgot even the ruins! I was so shocked that I said right out, 'Is *that* you, Harriet Corey?' Why, it was the most woebegone, forbidding countenance—my mouth made a perfect capital U, turned upside down.

"It came to me that *that* was how I probably looked whenever things went wrong.

"Well, I experimented immediately. I made the corners of my mouth move back and up, and I decided that a presentable face was better than an Easter hat. And I concluded *right* there that when

things went wrong I'd at least see that the corners of my mouth stayed up.

"Really, you've no idea," she finished, ingeniously, "how it helps when horrid things happen. You just *can't* feel cross and blue if you keep your corners right."

Miss Harriet, absorbed in her narrative, had been unaware of admiring eyes. Now her cheeks began to redden.

"It's better than controlling corners in wheat!" murmured Mr. Pierce.—*Youth's Companion.*

Discuss the following:

"No act falls fruitless; none can tell how vast its powers may be; nor what results, enfolded dwell within it silently."

"The least movement is of importance to all nature. The entire ocean is affected by a pebble."

"Good words do more than hard speeches, as the sunbeams, without any noise, will make the traveller cast off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him." (Have some member of the class tell the old story of the sun and the wind.)

Story: "Pippa." Page 402.

Memory Gems.

Lesson 32.

Subject: Courtesy in Dress.

Introductory Talk:

We owe it to others that our bodies and clothes are clean and neat. A dirty person cannot respect himself, nor can others respect him; besides he is neither comfortable nor healthy. How can we take care of our clothes and body?

"A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

"'I should like to know,' said a friend, 'on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him.'

"'You are mistaken,' said the gentleman, 'he had a great many.' He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was very kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite. He lifted up the book which I had laid on the floor purposely, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest. When I talked

with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me.'"

At the table, also, we owe a duty to others. What is that duty? If *we* have no care for our personal appearance, which we certainly should have, we must have regard for the feelings of others. Robinson Crusoe, on his desert island, could act as he pleased; but we are not like him. We should never go to the table without having our hair brushed and our faces and hands well washed; and while we are there, we must remember that we are ladies and gentlemen, although perhaps small ones.

"'If I didn't have to be washed and combed so many times a day, I'd be happy,' said Harry, after mamma had called him three times to wash his hands after playing in the sand pile. 'I don't see why my hands won't do this way.'

"'Because you touch and handle books and papers and furniture, and leave marks,' said mamma. 'It is so much nicer to be clean that I should think you would be glad to get your grimy fists into this warm, soapy water.'

"'Then I wish I didn't have to live in a house,' said naughty Harry. 'I'd like to be an Indian and live in a tent where there are no books and papers. I'm tired of sitting up to a table and being careful not to spill things.'

"'You may live in a tent if you like,' said mamma, putting away the hair brush. 'We will make a nice little Indian hut with the strips of old carpet in the back yard, and you may live there without washing as long as you please.'

"'Goody! Goody!' cried Harry, dancing up and down. I'll be the Chief Pale Face, and have the best times you ever heard of. When may I begin.'

"'Right away,' said mamma, and in half an hour the carpet tent was ready.

"Harry carried out the old blanket and made a bed of straw in one corner, but then there seemed to be nothing else to do. He thought Sarah was baking cookies, but she said she could not have dirty Indians about her clean kitchen, so he was forced to run away, though he was very hungry.

"'Mamma!' he called, running up to the sitting room window. 'Where do Indians get things to eat?'

"'The little Indians have to take what the big ones give them,' said mamma. 'Presently dinner will be served, and you can have something in your tent.'

"Once or twice Harry thought of washing his hands very clean on the back porch, and asking Sarah for cookies, but he felt that no Indian would do such a thing, so he wandered about the yard with the little bow and arrow Santa Claus had brought one Christmas, and he played he was shooting bear for Winter. Going hunting is very hungry work, and by the time his mamma came out with some dinner on a tin pan, he thought he was starved.

" 'You may eat with your fingers, Chief Pale Face,' said mamma. 'That is the way Indians do,' and she walked away, leaving the dinner on the ground floor of the hut.

" 'I can't eat rice pudding and mashed potatoes without a spoon, mamma,' he said; but his mother only said: 'You surely must be mistaken. Your mother is a squaw wrapped in a blanket. I am a white woman.'

"Chief Pale Face was not very pale when at last he finished his dinner. He managed to eat part of the food, but most of it he spilled on the ground and great swarms of flies gathered all about making the hut a very unpleasant place to be. The food on his face and hands also attracted the insects, so that he had a hard time, indeed. He tried to get into the kitchen to wash his hands and face, but the screen door was latched and Sarah called him to hurry away, as she was afraid of Indians.

" 'Mrs. Smith, won't you please let me have some soap and water?' asked Harry, going to a neighbor's, with tears making white streaks on his dirty cheeks, after he had wandered forlornly around for several hours. 'I have been playing Indian, and I don't like it a bit.'

" 'Why, how do you do, Harry?' said Sarah, as he appeared at the kitchen door all cleaned up and happy. 'Come right in and try some of my warm doughnuts. I missed you all morning.' And Harry has never wanted to be an Indian since that day."

The finest dresses do not make the finest people, and our dress should be suited to our occupation. A silk dress is not the proper thing to wear for play, such as making mud pies; no good time can be had in it, for the fear of spoiling the dress. Neither is it polite to wear fancy clothes when we know that everybody else will wear plain ones; for we do not want to make others envious of our pretty clothes, if we have them. We must remember that it is the heart and not the clothes that count? Why?

"Jenny Wren was very happy and contented in her nest in a bush; when, one day, a canary, who had foolishly escaped from her cage, was driven by a storm to seek shelter there.

The wren took pity on the canary, helped her into her nest, plumed her feathers for her, and acted toward her as a sister.

The canary felt very grateful to the wren; and, when the storm had passed over, she said: "I will go back to my home, now, and to my

companions, and get in at the place where I got out. And, Mrs. Wren, you must come with me, and spend a few days in our beautiful cage."

The wren made a few excuses at first, saying that her dress was plain and her manners homely; but the lady canary would take no excuse, and so they set out together for the cage,

The other canaries, I am sorry to say, did not behave as they ought to have done.

One said: "What a little, brown, dumpy thing that is, with her cocked tail sticking up so comically at the end of her back—so different from the way in which we wear ours!"

Another exclaimed: "Look at her feet—ugly things, with black claws! I wonder what she could mean by coming here, or how Lady Yellowbreast could think of bringing her!

Poor little Jenny Wren! When she heard these unkind things, her feelings were very much hurt.

But the foolish bird, instead of bearing them patiently, or else returning immediately to her own quiet home in the bush, and to her friends, who loved her for her good qualities, did a very silly thing.

She hid behind a great bunch of chickweed, and, having picked up the cast-off feathers of the canary-birds, she struck them all over her back. Then she tied a great pebble to her pretty little tail, to keep it down.

How the canaries did laugh at her for aping them, and trying to look stylish!

"Go home to your companions," said a wise old canary; "your finery may astonish them, but here you can only be laughed at."

Poor Jenny Wren slipped through the wires and hurried home. But the love of finery had taken hold of her little heart, and she could not help taking with her some of the second-hand plumage of the fine birds.

When Jenny Wren reached the grove in which her nest was, what an uproar of laughter greeted her! The plainly-dressed birds felt themselves insulted, and Jenny would have had a sad time, if an old robin had not stepped forward and begged the others not to be too hard upon her.

But, at the same time, he felt it right to say this. "It is best for plain birds to avoid the temptation of fine feathers."

Memory Gems.

"What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful manner."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 434.
Song chosen by teacher and children.

Rest Exercise. Page 413.
Story: "Company to Tea." Page 404.
Supplementary Story: "An Attempt at Elegance." Page 410.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 434.
Story: "Company to Tea." Page 404.
Supplementary Story: "An Attempt at Elegance." Page 410.
Questions: How can we care for our clothes? What duty do we owe to others about our clothes? How should we act at the table? Why should we not wear our best clothes for play? How can we hurt the feelings of our playmates about our clothes? Why did the man choose the tidy boy for his errand boy?

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 434.
Recitation by member of the class.

INWARD BEAUTY.

"Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain.
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose,—
She was plain.

"But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain
Heaven sent;
So full many a beauteous thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content."

"Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the holy face
Lovelier grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light,
Shining through."

"So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty, not of earth,
Will endure."

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class:

HEART QUALITIES.

Heart qualities make the true lady. No outside influence or decoration can do it. Her evolution is from within. By this arrangement, the humblest girl may become a true lady. Were riches or position necessary to this end, she would be excluded, which would be unjust and shameful. Now she can become a lady in the best sense of the term.

Memorize and recite Solomon's description of a real lady as found in Proverbs, chapter 31st, from the 10th to the 31st verse.

WASHINGTON'S SIMPLICITY OF TASTE.

The following anecdote of General Washington illustrates the practical good sense which he usually manifested in everything. His personal friend, Governor Morris, was going to Europe, and Washington, along with several letters of introduction, gave him this charge: "To buy him at Paris a flat gold watch; not the watch of a fool, or of a man desirous to make a show, but of which the interior construction shall be extremely well cared for, and the exterior air very simple." What a mine of wisdom do these words suggest about men, as well as watches: "The interior well cared for, and the exterior air very simple!"

THE MOSS ROSE.

Krummacher illustrates simplicity in dress by the following little fable: The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shadow of a rose-bush. When he awoke, he said: "Most beautiful of my children, I thank you for your sweet scent and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!" "Adorn me, then, with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose bush, in a beseeching tone. So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the moss-rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

HONESTY IN DRESS.

The Dublin printer, George Faulkner, once called on Dean Swift on his return from London, dressed in a rich coat of silk brocade and gold lace; and seeming not a little proud of the adorning of his person, the Dean determined to humble him. When he entered the room and saluted the Dean with all the respectful familiarity of an old acquaintance, the Dean affected not to know him; in vain did he declare himself as George Faulkner, the Dublin printer; the Dean declared

him an imposter, and at last abruptly bade him begone. Faulkner, perceiving the error he had committed, instantly returned home, and, resuming his usual dress, again went to the Dean, when he was cordially received. "Ah! George," said he, "I am so glad to see you, for here has been an impudent coxcomb, bedizened in silk and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself for you; but I soon sent the fellow about his business, for I know you always to be a plain dressed and honest man, just as you now appear before me."

Discuss the following:

"No man is esteemed for gay garments, but by fools."

"The vanity of loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing ourselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly."

"Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake."

"The body is the shell of the soul, and dress the husk of that shell; but the husk often tells what the kernel is."

Story: "Company to Tea." Page 404.

Supplementary Story: "An Attempt at Elegance." Page 410.

Memory Gems.

"OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE."

An old Quaker was once visited by a neighbor who complained that he had the worst servants in the world, and everybody seemed to try to make him miserable.

"My dear friend," said the Quaker, "let me advise you to oil yourself a little."

"What do you mean?" asked the old gentleman.

"Well," said the Quaker, "I had a door in my house some time ago that was always creaking on its hinges, and I found everybody avoided it, and although it was the nearest way to most of the rooms, yet they went around some other way. So I just got some oil, and after oiling it a few times, it opened and shut without a creak or a jar, and now everybody goes to that door and uses the old passage. Just oil yourself a little with the oil of kindness. Occasionally praise your servants for something they do well. Encourage your children more than you scold them, and you will be surprised to find that a little sunshine will wear out a lot of fog, and a little molasses is better than a great deal of vinegar. Be courteous."—*The Friend.*

The ruler of a mighty state
One day passed through the churchyard gate.
He stood beside two mounds of green:
"My mothers true, both these have been.
"The one gave birth and blood and brain,
And one to which I am did train.
Which one did give or love me most
God only knows. His judgement's just."

The Children's Friend

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THE GRATITUDE OF POCHOKE.

"Howdy, John," said Lewis Matthew, the owner of a suburban grocery store in the frontier town of Cacheton, of the Comanche country.

"How?" said the prospective customer. "Me no John; me Pochoke (pronounced Po-cho-ke); you?"

"My name is Matthew. I'm glad to meet you, Pochoke. What would you like, today?"

Pochoke was a Comanche Indian, about eighteen years old. He wore "white man's clothes," a passable suit consisting of coat, vest and trousers; a dark woolen shirt, good shoes, and a wide-brimmed black felt hat. A red silk handkerchief was knotted about his neck. His coarse, black hair hung in two braids from behind his ears, down over his chest. The braids were wrapped their entire length with strips of bright-colored cloth.

Pochoke was a bright-looking boy, but he assumed great ignorance. He approached a case of dried fruits. "How much?" he asked, pointing toward the pears.

"Two pounds for two bits."

Pochoke nodded, and said: "Ugh; two bits." He then bought twenty cents' worth of coffee, five cents' worth of candy and five cents' worth of oranges.

Mr. Matthew placed the packages on the counter and said: "Fifty-five cents—four bits and five cents."

Pochoke appeared perplexed, slowly counted over some coins several times, then placed two quarters and two nickels on the counter.

"Too much," said the merchant, pushing a nickel toward the customer.

"No," said the Indian boy, refusing the coin.

"Yes, too much. Twenty-five and twenty-five are fifty, and five are fifty-five. See? You keep that."

Reluctantly Pochoke put the disputed coin into his pocket, picked up his packages and left the store.

Pochoke, who could count money as accurately as the merchant, believed he had found an honest "white man." That was one of his tests.

Lewis Matthew, by his honest dealing with the Indian boy, who seemed so ignorant, had gained a valuable friend.

A week later, Pochoke again came into Lewis Matthew's store. His voice shook as he told that his father was dangerously sick and that he had no money to get medicine or food.

"You let Indian have one dollar," he continued, "get medicine, medicine man" (meaning the physician at the government schools), "tell what to get. You give poor Indian food. Pretty soon me get heap pasture money; then me pay you all."

"Pochoke, you look to me like an honest Indian. I wouldn't trust every white man; neither would I trust every Indian; but I will let you have what you want."

"Ugh; chat!" (good) "You heap good man. Me pay you pretty soon. Me no drink whisky. Pochoke temperance man."

"Good! good! Here's your dollar. Now, what food do you want?"

Pochoke left the store swearing eternal friendship for that man; swearing that, if possible, he would help him in every need. Daily he watched for an opportunity; then, when least expected, the opportunity came.

It was in the glad springtime, but the people of Cacheton were not rejoicing. The wheat was dying for want of rain. The corn, cotton, potatoes and gardens had been seriously injured by a late frost. Starvation was staring the farmers in the face, and the merchants realized more keenly than ever before, how dependent the town is upon the country. Proprietors were despondent. Clerks were idle. Commercial men could not get paying orders.

On Saturday of a very gloomy week, as Pochoke entered Lewis Matthew's store, he saw a very important looking man with a large billbook in his hand. Mr. Matthew did not notice the entrance of his Indian friend.

"Now, Matthew," that important personage was saying, for he was no other than collector for a wholesale house, "we've carried you just as long as we can. If you don't have the money by Monday morning we shall be compelled to close the store."

"I'm sorry, indeed," replied the discouraged merchant, "for all I have is in here. I have sold very little of that last bill I got of you. The people can buy only necessaries when they have no money, and no prospect of raising anything. Nearly all I have sold lately has been on time to those who soon would be suffering if they were not accommodated."

"You can't carry sentimentality into business," sneered the collector.

"You can carry humanity anywhere," firmly responded the merchant.

"Well, business is business; we must have the money by Monday morning. Two hundred dollars isn't much to raise. You ought to sell that much today."

The merchant laughed bitterly. "My cash sales have not averaged ten dollars a day, lately."

"Well, we must have the money or close you out. Good morning."

Pochoke left the store unobserved. "He no close store," he said to himself, "if Pochoke can help him."

Pochoke sought the curious crowds of gayly dressed Indians which always fill the main streets on Saturday after pay day, and to each and all he said:

"You go buy today of my friend. He fed us when hungry. He gave money for medicine. They take store if he no get heap much money today.

"You go to my friend in red store. He good man. He my brother-friend. Are you Pochoke friends? Then buy of Pochoke brother-friend."

Pochoke's appeal was effective. All day long the Indians came to buy of the brother-friend because they loved Pochoke.

It was nearly dark when the merchant's friend-in-need again entered the little store.

"How you?" he asked, cheerfully.

"Oh, Pochoke! It has been a wonderful day. Your people had never traded much with me, but today there was a crowd in here all the time.

"Do you know," he added, in a lowered tone, "if I had not had an extra day, my store would have been closed next Monday. Now, I can meet all my bills. Your people have saved me, Pochoke, and I want you to thank them for me."

"Pochoke glad," said the Indian boy, sincerely, and he went home with a light heart.

Soon Pochoke had another opportunity. Cacheton was on fire!

The people lived in tents or little pine houses. The drought continued, and everything was dry and very inflammable. A hard south wind was blowing, and, the fire being in the extreme southern part of the town, made it seem impossible to save the temporary dwellings.

At the first alarm the men rushed from their homes to help put out the fire; but seeing that was impossible they hurried back to protect their own. Hundreds of small fires were started by the burning fragments, which fell in showers all over the town. Every child old enough to tramp out sparks without endangering himself, was called to help.

Pochoke was just going to bed when he saw the fire, and thought of his friend. Seizing a blanket, he mounted the first horse he came to, and headed it toward the burning town.

In the hollow, near Pochoke's home, were the wells which furnished the town with water, for Cacheton had no wells. Men hauled

the water into town in tanks. These men lived in tents by their wells. The tanks were all filled ready for the morning customers.

"Fire! fire!" yelled the Indian boy, as he rode through the settlement of water haulers. "Fire! fire! The town's on fire!"

A prize of five dollars had been offered by the city council to the first water-hauler who would reach that town in case there was a fire; so, in a few minutes, twenty-five tanks of water were being hurried over the road.

Pochoke stopped at one of the tanks and thoroughly soaked his blanket, then pressed forward. Turning his horse loose at the edge of town, he made his way as rapidly as possible to Lewis Matthew's store, over which lived his family. He saw at a glance that his friend's property was in great danger, being in the direct path of the fire.

As he approached, an upper window was raised, and a woman lowered a string made of sheeting, then, taking the clothes of her new born babe in her mouth, she slipped down the string and lay in a senseless heap on the ground.

In an instant Pochoke was beside her; then, forcing open the store door, he carefully carried the unconscious woman and helpless but uninjured infant inside, then sought Mr. Matthew, who had been compelled to leave his sick wife to fight fire. Mrs. Matthew, becoming crazed with fright, fancied her husband had been killed, that the building was burning, and that she and her babe were left to perish; so she had gone down her improvised fire-escape.

"You go get pony, get wagon; take woman away if store catch fire," commanded Pochoke, after telling Mr. Matthew of his wife's condition, "then stay with woman. Pochoke fight fire."

The Indian fire-fighter seemed everywhere present. His wet blanket quickly blackened the flaming brands. Several times he ran across the alley, toward the burning buildings, to put out fire among some tents which had been deserted, because their burning would increase the danger of the Matthew property.

At another time, he burst open the door of a house, deserted because it contained a large quantity of powder. He chopped holes in the floor, so he could put out the fire which had started in the thick grass over which the house had been built.

Then, there seemed little hope. The back door of the store blew open, and a blazing shingle whirled inside. In a few feet from the barrels of gasoline and coaloil a fire was started which spread rapidly.

Pochoke realized the danger, but did not hesitate. In a moment he had wet his hat and coat in the barrel of water which stood at the back of the house, then, by almost superhuman strength, he set the barrel inside and shut himself up in the burning room. The flames had made great headway. The air was hot and filled with smoke. But the brave boy did not falter. His only thought was to save his friend. Carefully, judiciously, he threw the water, making each pailful do as much as possible. At last the flames were quenched. How he suc-

ceeded, he did not know, no one could imagine, for the whole interior of the back room seemed to have been on fire.

Half dead from suffocation he dragged himself outside only to discover that the roof was on fire. Had his efforts been in vain? He was exhausted, there was no more water, and the wind was still blowing a gale; yet, he felt an inner satisfaction that he had done what he could. Wearily he climbed the back stairway, to warn the occupants to flee for safety, but, before he had reached the door, the rain was pouring down. The smoke had been so dense that he had not noticed the approach of the storm.

Mr. Matthew, knowing nothing of the great danger in which he had been, came out when he heard the rain.

"Surely, we ought to be thankful for God's mercy to us," he said, devoutly. "Our store is saved, our town is saved, our country is saved, for the drought is broken. Come, Pochoke, you must have something to eat after your hard work."

"No, me go home," said the boy, not wanting his friend to know how badly his hands and face were burned.

"My friend, my brother, I do thank you from the depths of my heart. You saved the lives of my wife and babe, you saved our property."

He wrung Pochoke's poor burned hand with a hearty "God bless you;" then Pochoke left, happy in the thought that again he had been permitted to aid his brother-friend. Thus did the boy whose ancestors were savages, committing most atrocious deeds, show his gratitude for small favors; thus did he risk his life for the man who treated him as an honest man should, and who trusted him when he was in need; thus did he illustrate a characteristic of a race which ever remembers a kindness, no matter how trivial, and considers nothing too great to do in return.—*Selected.*

BILLY'S TELEGRAM.

Waves of spicy fragrance flashed through every crack and crevice of the little farmhouse while from the kitchen came the important clatter of egg-beating and the chatter of Mrs. Hollister's excited voice.

"You needn't tell me, Melissy, that eggs don't know the difference between one of them new-fangled beaters and a fork that's been in the family ever since Billy was a kiddie big enough to stand on that there stool and lick the leavings stricking to the mixing bowl. Perhaps the machine-made ones do froth up a mite quicker, just as you can raise more chickens by an incubator than with a good old-fashioned hen, but I'll be bound they miss the cluck."

"Sakes alive, Eliza," retorted Miss Bartlett, with an impatient click

of her knitting needles, "if you're going to attribute feelings to raw eggs, I'll quit!"

Mrs. Hollister laughed good-naturedly, as the silver fork with its work-worn prongs tested the stiffness of the shining piled-up whites flashing up and down the platter atilt upon the aproned knees. "I reckon I am a bit daffy this morning! But don't it often seem that way to you—like as if your own feelings spilled over on to everything about you? Land of love, the day Billy went to Centerville when I came to make up my bread the dough sucked in its breath and heaved and sighed fit to beat the circus band, and now he's coming home for Thanksgiving—well, Melissy, you can see for yourself how the smiling faces of them pans grin at you!"

Melissa turned a scornful back upon the row of jelly cake pans ranged along the table and stared stonily into space, but Mrs. Hollister, unconscious of being snubbed, began a happy-hearted song.

"Melissy," she broke off at last, "help yourself to them cookies over on the dresser. I got up betimes this morning and made the whole batch before breakfast. To my way of thinking they're positive lumpy with raisins, but you can't get in enough to satisfy Billy."

"H-u-mphy!" snorted Melissa, munching critically. "If you don't spoil that boy terrible!"

"Well, ain't he worth spoiling?" was the smiling retort, as Mrs. Hollister rose, bearing the heaped platter to the mixing-bowl on the table.

"I don't mean that Billy's an angel," she continued, gently lapping the beaten whites into the golden batter awaiting them. "He's just a real live boy, brim full and running over with mischief and teasing and playing pranks fit to beat the circus band! But he's the lovingest rascal! Thinks a heap sight of his mother and ain't ashamed to show it, either!"

Melissa's needles clicked sharply. "Nowadays young folks' affection ain't very deep." She gave an ugly little laugh. "Mother's apron strings snap pretty quick when a boy gets away at school."

"But a mother's heart strings hold for life if they're tied right, Melissy Bartlett!"

Mrs. Hollister had opened the stove door to test the oven but the sudden red spots on her cheeks were not from the heat of the fire.

"You needn't get huffy, Eliza," sniffed Melissa. "I only judge by what I see. There's Jim and Jack Carter—my sakes, last summer they tagged their ma's heels everywhere, and now they ain't even coming home for Thanksgiving."

"Ain't coming home for Thanksgiving?" gasped Mrs. Hollister. "I want to know!" She stood speechless, her unlifted spoon dripping the light creamy cake dough into the pan that she had begun to fill. "Why, Mrs. Carter told me herself that the boys would come on the train with Billy tomorrow morning! And she give up the new bonnet with violet strings that she's been hankering for, just to send them an

extra check so they wouldn't have to take their pin money to pay for tickets!"

"They'll have tickets to pay for all right." Melissa counted off stitches to hide a malicious smile. "I suppose Billy's wrote you as how the Centerville High School team is going down to Milton tomorrow to play football against the Academy fellows? There's to be a lot of doing at Milton, Friday, too, and Jim Carter wrote that they wouldn't miss the lark for all the turkey and pumpkin pies at Cloverdale."

"Land of love!" ejaculated Mrs. Hollister indignantly. "As if turkey and pumpkin pie was all there is to Thanksgiving day! I'd like to hear our Billy talking that way!"

Melissa pinned up her knitting and turned toward the porch door, where her wraps hung upon the big hospitable pegs.

"Jim and Jack 'lowed they might coax Billy into staying with them." The home thrust was given as she tied the strings of her hood into a tight, stiff bow.

"They're welcome to try!" snapped Mrs. Hollister. "They could coax till kingdom come and they'd never budge Billy. I can tell by his letters! Why, if the dear boy hadn't been so ambitious for an education, nothing could have kept him in Centerville all these three homesick months, and as for your insinuating that—"

Mrs. Hollister's eyes still blazed, but biting her lips she forced back the threatening torrent of angry words. "Wait a minute, Melissy," she said, abruptly, "I want that you should take one of my pumpkin pies." And she pattered hurriedly across the kitchen into the pantry, shutting the door behind her.

"There, I did swallow my temper! But land of love! it went down harder than castor-oil in one of them egg-sized capsules I took when I had that bad turn last summer!" She folded one of her best fringed napkins over the golden circle of pumpkin surrounded by the flaky, fluted rim of crust. "Poor Melissy, I'm sorry I got so riled up." As she smoothed out a sheet of brown paper for the final wrapping, a growing light softly pushed away the vexation from her face. "I reckon," she said to herself, "it ain't *all* for the enemy's sake that we was told to feed him. It helps *you* a lot even to give him a snack like this!" And with her old familiar smile she pattered back into the kitchen again.

"Melissy," she said, almost tenderly, "sleep on it another night—the invitation to take dinner with us tomorrow. It ain't natural to be alone Thanksgiving and father and me wants all that can to share Billy with us."

Melissa Bartlett gone, the bustle of preparation for the morrow's love feast went on with unabated breath, but a note of discord had been struck and again and again Mrs. Hollister's thoughts sang out of tune.

Would the heart-strings really hold? Had her boy already changed? A hundred questioning doubts pricked her faith and hopes.

And when the cake had been thickly spread with Billy's favorite

jelly she stole stealthily into her bedroom, opened her Bible and gazed lingeringly at the baby curl she had cherished between the worn leaves.

"It kinked the prettiest way!" she murmured aloud, "and—" She gave a start, flushing like a bashful girl. "Why, father, in them rubbers you make no more noise than Tommy Atkins! I never heard you come in at all—what's happened? You look terrible down in the mouth!"

"I'm all took back by this here pesky thing in my pocket!" He fumbled in the inside of his overcoat and brought out a crumpled scrap of vivid yellow paper.

"A telegram!" cried Mrs. Hollister. "Is anything wrong with Billy?"

"Nope, the lad's all right enough. It begins that way. 'Nothing the matter'—wait till I get my specs."

Mrs. Hollister's hands impatiently played a tune on the table, while her husband adjusted his spectacles with great deliberation and carefully smoothed out the paper on his knee.

"'Nothing the matter," he read at last, in his high-pitched reading voice, "'but cannot come home tomorrow as expected. Will explain later'"—now what in the name of gumption does he mean by that?"

"Football!" flashed back Mrs. Hollister. "I ain't a mite surprised, not a mite! I've been feeling it coming on ever since Melissa Bartlett left!"

He gazed at her, a bewildered expression on his kind, unimaginative face. "What coming on? One of them spells like you had last summer, mother?"

"No! Feeling the telegram coming on just as plain as if I'd been one of them telegraph wires that brought it! John, the new generation is perverse, and without natural affection! Billy has stayed with them Carter boys to go to the Thanksgiving football game!"

Mr. Hollister shook his head disconsolately. "I suppose young folks will be young folks, but it won't be much like Thanksgiving without Billy, that's sartin! Still, mother," he added, attempting comfort, "it ain't as bad as though tomorrow was Christmas."

"It's worse!" declared his wife, decidedly. "Christmas belongs to everybody alike, but Thanksgiving to parents most particular. Ain't it our harvest home day? Does that only 'ply to pumpkins, and grain and fruits that perish.' Haven't fathers and mothers a right to gather in something more lasting? Since Billy was a little toddler, clinging to our hands to keep from falling haven't we been digging and watering, and trying to plant good seeds in his character! And if he turns out selfish and indifferent and—and not caring for things that are worth while, ain't our harvest a failure just as much as though there's been grasshoppers and dry rot and—listen! What was that?"

Clear and triumphant as the song of the first bird of springtime a meadow lark's note rose and fell in the November out-of-doors.

"It's Billy! Our Billy, John!" And Mrs. Hollister flew from the

room.

"Liza, are you plumb crazy?" called her husband after her. "How can you hear Billy whistle when he's way off in Centerville!"

But the words of wisdom never reached Mrs. Hollister's ears for she had already slammed to the kitchen door, and was darting down the garden path toward the tall lad running to her with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Billy," she cried, laughing and crying in the same breath, "how glad I am that you changed your mind!"

"Changed my mind?"

"Yes, dear, and came home after all. I must confess, Billy, that the telegram distressed us beyond words!"

Billy threw back his head in exuberent young laughter. "Did you and father really bite?" His roguish face twinkled with mischievous joy. "I promised to 'explain later' so I suppose I must. You see I could not come home *tomorrow*, as expected, because I succeeded in getting off *today!*"—*Selected.*

RABBI AKIBA.

"Rabbi Akiba was compelled by persecution to wander away from his native land among deserts and wilds. All he had was a lamp, which he used to study the Scriptures with at night; a cock, which wakened him in the morning; and an ass, which he rode upon. Once, night was coming on, and he was greatly fatigued. A village lay close at hand, which he at last reached. He asked a night's lodging, but was churlishly refused, and had to seek shelter in a neighboring wood. He felt it was rather hard of the people, but consoled himself with the thought that "God is just, and whatever He does is for the best." He lit his lamp, but had hardly read a chapter when a violent storm burst upon him and extinguished it. He then lay down to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes when a fierce wolf came and killed his cock. "Another misfortune," siged Akiba; "my companion is gone. But God is just; He knows what is best for us." This feeling had hardly passed through his mind, when a terrible lion came and devoured his ass. A third misfortune this, and the most severe of all. Early in the morning, after a sleepless night, the rabbi went back to the village to see if he could procure a horse or another ass to enable him to go on his journey. Imagine his surprise when he came to the village and found not a single person was alive. A band of robbers had plundered the village during the night and killed all its inhabitants. The rabbi was at first amazed, and then he said, "Thou wonderful God; now I know how short sighted I am, for I was bemoaning my losses as evils. But thou art kind and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people refused me shelter, I should have shared their fate. Had not the wind

put my lamp out, the robbers would have seen the light, and would have murdered me. Had I not been deprived of my two companions, they might by their noise have informed the robbers where I was. Praise then be thy name for ever and ever!"

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

The Israelite nation were going to have a great thanksgiving festival. From far and near they were coming up to the city, and there was to be a great service of praise to God at Jerusalem.

"We need a new song to use at this festival," said the chief musician to the king; and David wrote this psalm. It was given by the great choir with its wind instruments, and stringed instruments, lutes, and harps, and instruments of ten strings, silver trumpets, and bands of trained singers. The hearts of the Israelites thrilled as they heard it. "What wonderful songs our king makes!" they said to each other.

It is a song of praise. David was praising God for all the good that he had done to him and to the nation. Let us see what he was thinking about when he wrote it.

The first blessing that came to his thought was that God forgave his iniquities. David remembered a great wrong that he had done to Uriah the Hittite. He remembered how he had been punished for it and how the little child that he loved so much had died. But God had forgiven him, and sent him another child to take the lost child's place—Solomon, who was to rule on his throne after him.

The next thing that came to David's mind was a time when he had been very sick. He had laid on a bed of pain day after day wishing every evening, "Oh, that it were morning," and every morning, "Oh, that it were evening again." He thought of those long dreary hours in the darkness when he could not sleep for the intolerable ache; and the seemingly endless days of misery. How dreadful they had been! No one knows how miserable it makes one feel to be sick until he has been sick himself. David knew, and he thanked God with all his heart, that he had healed his diseases.

Then David remembered how near his life had been to destruction. When Saul sent his bands everywhere to kill him; in his battles when the dead and wounded were lying all around him, in caves where fierce wild beasts lurked waiting to spring upon him, he had been saved. Thinking of these times he wrote, "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."

And then he thought how all these troubles had come to an end and he had been crowned king. Even his crown was not so precious to him as God's kindness. "Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies," he wrote with an inward prayer of thanksgiving.

Other things rushed upon his mind, times when he was hungry and thirsty—when he was fleeing from Saul, perhaps, and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth from thirst, and he staggered from faintness. God had taken care of him then and sent him food and friends. "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things," he wrote.

Study this Psalm and think what else David remembered when he wrote it.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WAS A BOY.

The Thanksgiving dinner was over, and the family was gathered about the big grate in grandmother's best room. The grandchildren from California had the places of honor, the smallest one on grandfather's knee, and the two older ones on either side. They did not know grandfather very well yet, for the baby had never seen him at all before, and Carl and Edith only once before. They liked him very much, but they were a little shy. There was a lull in the conversation, for the older people were thinking about past Thanksgivings, and the children were rather tired with the day's frolic. Carl nestled closer to grandfather and said, "That was a nice story you told us last night about the time you tried to harness the white cow. I believe we'd like to hear another story now."

"Oh, yes, grandfather," chorused all the children who did know him well.

"A Thanksgiving story, if you know any, please, said Edith.

"About the little house in the wood," cried the other children.

Grandfather looked about and smiled, and all the grown-up people smiled, and the children wriggled in their chairs for joy. Then grandfather told this story:

"When I was a little boy all the country between here and Delmar was thick woods. Delmar's quite a city now—forty thousand people, they say—but my father used to hunt deer right where the main street is now. There was a small settlement started there before I was born, and it was quite a handful of houses when I was old enough to notice it.

"Our farm was four miles back on the Timmons road. I was the only child left to my parents out of five. The others had died when I was a baby, so you boys and girls can imagine that I had rather a lonely time back there on that farm in the wilderness.

One day father brought a letter home from Delmar, that said a little sister was coming to live with us. She was only an adopted sister, of course, the daughter of a dear friend of my mother's; but she was going to really belong to us, for she was all alone in the world. My only disappointment was that she was not a boy. But I wasn't disap-

pointed after she came, and I haven't been from that day to this. She was surely the best sister a boy ever had.

But now for that Thanksgiving I was going to tell you about. I don't know how it is that we look out over brown fields at Thanksgiving time of late. It seems to me that when I was a boy we always had snow. People used to go out to their neighbors for dinner in big home-made bobs. Our folks and several of our neighbors were from New England, and we made Thanksgiving the big celebration of the year. We didn't make much of Christmas in those times. I hardly knew when the day came until after I was thirteen years old.

This exciting Thanksgiving was the first after my new sister came. For two weeks before there was stirring and baking and cooking. The big brick oven was heated three times, and filled each time. To look in the pantry you would think mother expected to feed a regiment instead of eight people. Everything was done at last on the day before Thanksgiving. Even the big turkey was all ready to put in the oven, and mother could rest, and enjoy her well-earned holiday.

That afternoon a messenger came, saying that my aunt in Delmar was sick, and mother must go at once. She hurried to get ready, leaving a stream of directions for Lucy and me. About the only thing we remembered was that if she was not back at half-past eight the next morning we were to put the turkey in to roast, and begin to get the vegetables ready. We hoped then that she would be late getting back.

After father and mother were gone, Lucy and I felt very important. I went out to feed the stock immediately, although it was an hour too early. Lucy said she must see about getting supper. When I came back from the barn she was still at work, her cheeks flushed from the hot fire. There was three times as much as we could eat of everything, but Lucy said we could eat the things for breakfast. We were to have a few hours for keeping house in the morning, and we got up as soon as our eyes were open so that we could enjoy every minute of it. And boys and girls opened their eyes very early in the morning in those times. Snow had been on the ground for a week, and more was falling when I went out in the cold twilight to feed the creatures in the barn and milk the cows. Lucy's pancakes tasted uncommonly good that morning.

Well, when the work was done up we watched the clock for time to begin the dinner. How slowly the hands of the clock moved when we sat watching them. "I do believe that old clock's slow," said Lucy at eight o'clock. "Mother said yesterday she thought it was losing time. I know it must be time to start to cook the turkey." So the bird was put in the oven, and Lucy basted it every few minutes with an air of housewifely concern. Nine o'clock came and father and mother had not come. We flew about getting the vegetables ready. I had been mother's only helper for so many years that I could do as well as Lucy when it came to paring potatoes and turnips. At half-

past nine Mr. Smith, who had been to town, stopped with a note from mother.

"'Aunt Felicia is not well enough for me to leave her,' ran the note, 'so you children must come here for Thanksgiving dinner. Harness old Prince to the sled and start directly you receive this. Aunt has been ailing a week, and has not been able to prepare for Thanksgiving, and do you take the large wicker-basket and put in it the turkey and baked things, and also some preserves. Wrap yourselves warmly and come with haste. *Mother.*

"P. S.—Put in six extra mince pies for aunt's family to use until she is able to bake again.'

"We worked like Trojans to get ready quickly. The turkey smelled so good when Lucy opened the oven that it seemed a pity to take it out half done. We each took a handle of the big pan, for Lucy couldn't manage it by herself, and carried it to the table to cool a little. Then I ran to the barn to hitch up, while Lucy got the other things out.

"I wonder if children nowadays would think of doing all the things we did before we started. When I look back now, it seems as if we got old heads on our young shoulders from being alone so much. I put down feed for all the stock so they wouldn't suffer until we got back the next morning. Mr. Smith said he'd send his boy over to milk the three cows in the evening. Lucy got out everything that was needed for the dinner. She had the stones in heating while we put on our best clothes. We used big stones to keep our feet warm when we took long drives in winter. She put out food for the dog and cat, and then we banked the fire and fastened the doors. We drove away as happy as two children could be. We didn't mind the cold a bit, and old Prince acted as if he didn't mind it either, he pranced along so gayly.

"It was seven miles to Delmar. Most of the way was through the woods. It wasn't a trackless forest, though. Indeed, there were almost too many roads. Every fall and winter men were busy cutting trees, and hauling them to the river. When we entered the woods the snow was falling fast. We could not see a rod in any direction. I trusted Prince to find the way, and he trotted along the winding road at a good pace. Of course there were no tracks, and we could only tell where the road was by the opening between the ranks of trees. We came to a point where Prince and I disagreed. He wanted to take the fork to the right, and I was sure the one to the left would take us to Delmar. So it would, if it had been the fork I supposed, but in the obscurity of the falling snow, we had taken the wrong turn two miles back. So now we went farther and farther from the place where an anxious family was awaiting us and the Thanksgiving dinner.

"It was dawning upon us that we were lost. We knew we had been on the road too long. Besides, the way was getting more difficult all the time. There was no longer a well-marked space between the rows of trees. We had to dodge about in different directions to get on

at all. At length we ran against a stump and were nearly upset. I righted the sled, and then got out to look about a bit. In a few minutes I saw the outlines of a tiny cabin through the driving snow. I shouted the good news to Lucy and went back to lead the horse in the right direction. When we rapped at the door, a feeble voice called, 'Come in.' I pushed open the door and we entered. An old woman was sitting before the blazing fire in a cushioned chair.

" 'Come in to the fire and warm yourself,' she said. 'Why, it's two children. Surely you're not alone out in the storm.'

"We sat down on little stools before the fire, and told her our story.

" 'And now,' finished Lucy, 'I think we'll have to eat our dinner here. It's very late, and we're so hungry. And I'm sure mother must have got something else ready for Aunt Felicia's folks by this time.'

" 'You poor creatures,' she said, 'to think you've been wandering in the cold so long. I have nothing but Indian pudding and milk to give you, but you're heartily welcome to that. Just put the little kettle over the fire. My rheumatism is troubling me today, and I can't get up to help.'

" 'Oh! we cried in a breath, 'we've brought our Thanksgiving dinner with us.'

"At this there was a movement at the side of the big chair farthest from us and a little girl, about five years old, stepped out. She had been shyly hiding there ever since we came in.

" 'Grandma said I should ask God to send us something to eat, and I mustn't be afraid, for He would do it, and now He has sent you.'

"I went out and brought in the baskets, and Lucy tied on an apron and went to work. At first the old woman hesitated about using the food that was meant for some one else, but we knew what mother would do in a home where there was nothing but cornmeal to eat on Thanksgiving day, and we soon convinced her. Besides, she couldn't help feeling as little Martha did, that God had sent us to meet her great need.

"What fun Lucy and I had getting that dinner. Mother never let us do such important things at home. Little Martha trotted at Lucy's heels, and tried to help, too. We had brought everything for the dinner, even to the vegetables, for we had them prepared for dinner when we got mother's note, so we had packed them in the basket. We set the table in front of the fire, beside the grandmother's chair. Martha showed us where the dishes were, and proudly carried the knives and forks to the table.

"At last everything was ready, and we sat down flushed with triumph. The grandmother bowed her white head and gave fervent thanks for the blessings of the year. While she was praying the door opened, and some one came in. No well brought up child would think of looking about while grace was being said, and I kept my eyes closed. But hardly was the amen said, when the newcomer, a big

man, was across the room, and the grandmother was crying, 'My son! my son!' in a queer, choked voice that half scared me.

"There was confusion for some time. The old lady held on to the big man's arm and wept, and little Martha, shouting, 'Father,' was gathered up in an embrace.

" 'Oh, dear,' said Lucy, plaintively, 'I'm afraid the dinner will be all spoiled.'

" 'What have we here?' said the man, turning around suddenly.

"The ravens,' said Martha, and we all laughed.

"The grandmother explained how we had come. The man's face looked strange, and I thought he was going to cry.

" 'I never thought you could be in want, mother, or I'd have come sooner,' he said.

" 'Oh, please do let's eat,' said Martha.

" 'Yes, yes,' said the grandmother; 'these poor children haven't had dinner yet. They must be half starved.'

" 'And so am I,' said the man, so we had dinner at last. It was a good dinner. I don't believe I ever ate a better, and that's saying a great deal when you remember what we had today. Mr. Emmons praised ten-year-old Lucy until she was fairly uncomfortable. Then, too, our unexpected guest told us interesting stories of things that happened in the city where he had lived. Sometimes we almost forgot to eat listening to him.

"When dinner was over, and the early twilight began to descend, I remembered our parents, and wanted to start out again to find Delmar. But Mr. Emmons said no, he knew the way, and he would go and tell our parents. He had come home on horseback, and he could get there and back quickly and easily.

"So we spent the evening in the little cabin, that had become so bright and happy since our coming. When Mr. Emmons came back, there were more jolly stories and songs. Then he brought in his saddle-bags, and spread out before our wondering eyes the treasures he had brought to his family. And among them was a book for me and a silken scarf for Lucy. We wondered how he knew we were going to be there, but he only laughed and said he was a wizard. He had some sweetmeats from the city shops, the first we country children had ever tasted, and you may be sure we appreciated them.

"No one told us to go to bed, and we sat up as long as we could hold our eyes open. When at last we crept into the little beds up in the loft, it was to dream of the most wonderful day we had ever spent.

"Our parents stopped for us in the morning on their way home. There was a much more direct road than the winding one we had taken. Mother was shocked to think there had been a neighbor so near and in need, and she had not known of it. She was eager to bring over whatever might be needed. But old Mrs. Emmons, with shining eyes full of pride and love, said that now her son had come home she would want for nothing. So, with friendly good-byes, we drove away.

Father and mother were in the front, and Lucy and I came behind with old Prince.

"Father and mother praised Lucy and me for the way we had taken care of things, and for getting the Thanksgiving dinner ready in the Emmons cabin. I had expected to be reproved for losing the way, and I began a little apology. But father said, 'Most anyone might lose the way in a snow storm as thick as that.'

But mother interrupted him, for she was of little Martha's opinion.

" 'They didn't lose their way, they were led there,' she said.

Grandfather paused here as if the story was ended, but all the children, who knew him well, cried, "Oh, please tell the rest of it!" and all the grown people smiled more than ever.

"Well," said grandfather, "a good many years afterward, after I had been away to school, I decided that farming was the best business for a man. So I came home, and father bought and gave me the land where the Emmons cabin stood. The Emmons family had moved away soon after the son came home. Then I asked Lucy if she would come and keep house with me where she had cooked her first Thanksgiving dinner. And she came, and we've lived here ever since."

"Why, then, Lucy must be grandma," cried Edith.

"So she is," said grandpa.

"That was a dandy story," said Carl.

And all the others agreed, though they had heard it so many times. —*Zelia M. Walters.*

TREAT A MAN AS YOU WOULD A PICTURE.

A wise man has said that all people are like polygons, and approachable from many view points. If we get a disagreeable impression from one, let us try from another. The many-sidedness of human nature makes it an interesting study. The Englishman, a distant, unsocial being when met upon the streets of London, is a most cordial and entertaining host in his own home.

The above sentiment is only another way of putting Emerson's philosophy into words, "Treat a man as you would a picture, always giving him the advantage of a good light." We may not scrutinize too closely for defects, but change our angle of vision and see if under the best light the general impression is not favorable.—*Florence Lilian Bush, in Youth's World.*

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.—*George Herbert.*

Satan is subtle; he will make a man proud of his very graces; he will make a man proud that he is not proud.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Learn to be pleased with everything, with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—*Plutarch.*

Officers' Department.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The majority of the subscriptions to the Children's Friend expire with the next number (December). All renewals or new subscriptions to begin with the January number of Volume VII should be sent in as soon as possible. Many of our friends were disappointed in not being able to get all the numbers of Volume VI. To make sure of the complete number for next year order early.

In sending orders please be sure to state whether they are renewals or new subscriptions; be very careful to give complete post-office address; send money in checks or postal orders, do not send stamps, unless it is impossible to do otherwise, and then be sure to send only one or two cent denominations.

Subject for the month: Gratitude.

Divisions: Lesson 33, Gratitude to Each Other; Lesson 34, Gratitude to Parents; Lesson 35, Gratitude to God; Lesson 36, Thanksgiving.

OFFICERS' PAPER.

"I thank thee, Lord, at break of day,
When all the East is red with sun,
For health and hope, and heart to say,
'I would be part of any way
In which the will of God is done.'

"I thank thee, at the time of rest,
For strength that held the long day through;
Footsore and worn, yet peace-possessed,
I know the honest toil is best
Of him who strives thy will to do.

"And though the task that I have sought
Transcends my hands' unaided skill,
I thank thee for this mighty thought—
That all the wonders to be wrought
Lie hidden in thy perfect will."

"One of the greatest treasures that it is possible to possess is the treasure of a thankful heart; for thankfulness multiplies all our blessings and robs all our trials of their worst sting. Thankfulness

strengthens faith and hope and courage, it gives wings to our prayers and patience in times of adversity.

And every one of us can acquire this invaluable treasure by simply making up our minds that we *will* always be thankful and persisting in that determination.

But if we want to be thankful we must teach ourselves to reflect upon the many causes for thankfulness which God has given us—not once in a year only, but every day and often during the day.

And we must learn to look upon this life as a preparation for a much greater and much longer life and upon ourselves as members of the body of Christ.

For if we narrow down our thoughts to the present moment of time, and to our own personal interests at the moment, it will often be quite impossible to find any cause for gratitude to God, and we shall be much more likely to develop a fretful or fault-finding disposition than to grow in the grace of thankfulness. Because it is our nature to accept the good things of life as matters of course and take little note of them, while we look upon trouble of any kind as an unnecessary evil and make the most of it. We do not realize that we are acting in this foolish way because we are too much taken up with our feelings to give much thought to the matter of our spiritual education by means of life's varied experiences.

If we desire to cultivate in ourselves a thankful spirit we must train ourselves to look at our lives from God's point of view; for it is only by getting a clear understanding of the object of God's dealings with us that we can hope to see any good in the many disappointments and conflicts and trials through which He calls us to pass.

If we compare our lives, our thoughts and desires and ambitions and actions, with those of Christ; if we examine our own hearts to find why it is that our impulses are so ignoble compared with His—we shall see at once that there is something radically wrong with us, and that there is not any power in ourselves that can transform our characters and enable us to love and serve God and man as Christ did. We shall see that two things are necessary to the attainment of the Christ nature. One is that a new impulse from God should come into us, and another is that the impulses and habits which are natural to us and which tend to make us selfish and narrow and worldly should be conquered and cast out.

And if we study our own natures, we shall find that this victory over self, this casting out of the old nature and surrender to the domination of the new nature, cannot be achieved if our lives are uniformly prosperous and comfortable and pleasurable. As gold is purified by fire, so we need to pass through the fire of tribulation before we can be separated from the dross of our earthly nature.

This fundamental fact must be recognized before it will be possible for us to acquire a really thankful nature, because until we have recognized it we cannot appreciate the tenderness and patience and

gentleness of God, who is often compelled to send trials to wean us from our dependence upon the things of time and sense, and yet takes care that we shall not be overwhelmed by trials. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust," and He will not suffer us to be tried above what we are able to bear, but with the trial will always send a way of escape (at the best time and in the best way) that we may be able to endure it. (See Psalm 103: 14 and I Cor. 10: 13.)

The way of escape is not always found in obtaining relief from the trouble itself, but sometimes in obtaining special grace to bear the trouble and find profit in it. (See II Cor. 12: 8, 10 and Rom. 5: 3-5.)

The real reason why we should be always grateful to God is to be found in the character of God, the fact that we can always depend upon His goodness. "God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all." There is no variableness, neither shadow that is cast by turning in Him, because He never changes. What He is today He always was and always will be. What he purposes today he always did purpose and always will purpose. Therefore we can always look up with absolute assurance that behind our night there is plenty of light, and that however great the evil may be which we find in our natures, or in our condition and environment, there is a way of escape from that evil, or from the effects of it, by taking refuge in God.

And having this assurance we *can* feel thankful to God at all times and under all circumstances."

"I have read the account of a long, rainy afternoon, at the end of which the sun came out brightly. And a dog, who straightway moved from his place in the shadow to a spot where the delayed sunshine was the brightest.

A childishly simple story? Yes; but none the less is it a complete parable of thanksgiving. Your life may contain only a square yard of sunshine, and that late in arriving. Never mind; move promptly into it, and stay there!

But in reality, every life contains far more than one spot of sunshine. Hunt them out, and you will be rich in a new kind of gold, that thieves cannot steal.

Not everyone has eyes for the sunshine. There is a new method of separating iron particles from the soil in which they are imbedded. The dirt is simply thrown up against a great magnet, which holds the ore and lets the soil fall back. This process is transforming into an iron mine, many a league of hitherto worthless clay, and is earning vast wealth for its inventors. The magnet is a kind of eye that sees the iron in the clay, and nothing but the iron. Get such a power for your soul, and use it to search out subjects for thanksgiving.

Few persons realize the value, in mere dollars and cents, of the power of praise. A cheerful, grateful disposition will save you many a doctor's bill, make you many a friend, carry you triumphantly over many a difficulty, enable you to do far more work, and do all your work

in the best way. Taking two men of equal powers and opportunities, one sunshiny and the other morose, the first will probably succeed and the second will probably fail.

Thanksgiving is far more a cultivated habit than a grace of nature. Some men, to be sure, find it easier than others to be thankful and happy; but all men, if they sedulously cherish the good they can see in their lives, will speedily see more good to cherish, and the blessed process will go on at a rapidly increasing rate, an endless chain of thanksgiving.

If you once get a start in this blessed habit of thanksgiving, there is no finer method of increasing your joy than by giving some one else a cause for gratitude.

> The best thing a heart that is thankful can do
> Is this: to make thankful some other heart, too.

Indeed, true thanksgiving cannot help radiating out in thanksliving. It is like a fire, that sets everything else on fire, so far as it can.

Then this gratitude that you start in other lives by your kindness reacts on your own, so that you have entered upon a second endless chain of thanksgiving, and your heart leaps with joy ever time you think of the joy of that other life.

These, after all, are the blessings most worthy to remember on Thanksgiving Day—the power to help others, the love of our fellowmen, the happy approval of God. All harvests in the natural world are dust and ashes compared with these fruits of the Spirit."

Lesson for December: Christmas.

Lesson 33.

Subject: Gratitude to Each Other.

Introductory Talk:

"One of the most powerful forces in the building of character is affection; and one of the most common forms of its manifestation is gratitude. The exercise of affection makes us tender and loving toward all living persons and creatures about us; while the exercise of gratitude usually results in making them tender and loving toward us.

Every boy and girl should endeavor to cultivate this spirit of affectionate consideration for the feelings of others, and should be careful not to speak any word, or do any act, or even give any look which can cause unnecessary pain. And yet there are many young people who have never been taught better who take exceeding pleasure in causing annoyance and even suffering to all with whom they have to do. This is done with the simple idea of having a little fun; but it is one of the worst habits we can possibly form, and should be carefully

avoided by all who would command the respect and esteem which every young person should desire to possess.

We all know what the feeling of gratitude is. We have said "Thank you" a great many times; and have often felt really grateful in our hearts for gifts and favors received. But we are too apt to forget that we have anyone to thank for the most important benefits of our lives. When we stop to think, we see that all we have done or can do for ourselves is very little indeed in comparison with what has been done for us.

How much we owe to our parents! What other creature in the world is so helpless as the human infant? Leave a little baby to take care of itself, and how long do you suppose it would live? How many of us would be alive today, if in our earliest years we had not been provided for and watched over with tender care? But the outward benefits for which children have to thank their parents are of less value than the lessons of truth and goodness which are never so well taught as by the lips of a devoted and faithful father and mother. To these lessons the greatest and best men generally look back with the deepest gratitude.

A child's affection for his parents ought to make him tender toward them when age or disease has made them irritable or complaining. A love that only accepts, and never gives, is not worthy of the name.

Kindness and generosity have their place in the playground. There may be thoughtfulness for the one who is weaker than the rest, or who is a newcomer, or who, for any reason, is neglected by others. There is an opportunity to stand up for those who are ill-used. There is a generous sympathy for those who, in any way, are having a hard time.

If God has been very good to us we cannot very well repay Him only by obeying His commandments, and we are told that those who are willing to acknowledge His goodness will prove their gratitude by doing for others, by remembering to love "Our neighbor as ourself."

"A rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health, his heart was filled with gratitude; and he exclaimed: "O Thou all-sufficient Creator! could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions!" Hermas the herdsman heard this, and said to the youth: "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut where was nothing but misery and wretchedness. The father lay on a bed of sickness; the mother wept; the children were destitute of clothing, and crying for bread. Hermas said: "See here an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's brethren and representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully; and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermas smiled, and said, "Thus

turn always thy grateful countenance, first to heaven, and then to earth."

Nearly every child is fond of cats, and many own these household pets. A pretty story is told of the gratitude of a cat to a kind friend who helped it in distress.

One day the cat ate some rat poison, and its sufferings were so great that it would dip its paws in water to cool them, though cats are not very fond of water.

At last she went to the lady, and, looking up in a pitiful way, seemed to ask for help. The lady bound it up in wet cloths and gave it medicine and gruel, and took the best care of it until it was well again.

One night after the lady had gone upstairs she heard a meow at the window, and, as she opened it, the cat jumped in with a mouse in her mouth, and laid it at the lady's feet.

She did this every day for a long time, and when she afterward caught mice for kittens, one was always laid aside for the lady.

If the kittens tried to eat this she gave them a little pat. After a while the lady would take the mouse and then give it to the kittens, the cat seemingly much pleased to see them eat it.

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 460.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise.
Story: "The Gratitude of Pochoke." Page 441.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 460.
Story: "The Gratitude of Pochoke." Page 441.
Questions.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 460.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

A GRATEFUL GIFT.

"A gentleman was walking late one night along a street in London, in which stands the hospital where some of our little friends support a bed for a sick child. Three acrobats were passing along, plodding wearily home to their miserable lodgings after their day's work; two of them were men, and they were carrying the ladders and poles with which they give their performance in the streets whenever they

can collect a crowd to look on. The third was a little boy in a clown's dress. He trotted on wearily behind, very tired, and looking pale and sick. Just as they were passing the hospital, the little lad's sad face brightened for a moment. He ran up the steps, and dropped into the box attached to the door a little bit of paper. It was found next morning there. It contained a sixpence, and on the paper was written, "For a sick child." The one who saw it ascertained afterwards, as he tells us, that the poor little waif, almost destitute, had been sick, and in his weary pilgrimage had a year before been brought to the hospital, which had been a "House Beautiful" to him, and he was there cured of his disease. Hands of kindness had ministered to him, words of kindness had been spoken to him and he had left it cured in body and whole in heart. Some one that day in a crowd had slipped the sixpence into his hand, and that same night, as he passed by, his grateful little heart gave up for other child-sufferers "all the living that he had."

GRATITUDE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Abraham Lincoln was a poor boy, His early life was full of hardships; but many a kind friend helped him in his struggle against poverty. Among these friends of his early youth, was one, Jack Armstrong, of New Salem, Illinois, whose kind, good-hearted wife performed for Lincoln many a motherly act of kindness. She made his clothes and "got him something to eat while he rocked the baby." Years passed by. Lincoln became a successful lawyer. Soon after he had entered upon the practice of his profession at Springfield, his old friend, Jack Armstrong, died. The baby whom Lincoln had rocked grew into a stout but dissolute young man. He was arrested, charged with the crime of murder. "Aunt Hannah," as Lincoln used to call her, was heart broken with sorrow for her poor, misguided boy. In her grief she appealed to the "noble, good Abe," who had rocked her son when he was a baby. The appeal brought tears to the eyes of Lincoln. His generous heart was touched. He resolved to discharge the debt of gratitude which neither his great success in life nor the intervening years had erased from his memory. He pledged his services without charge.

"Aunt Hannah" believed that her boy was innocent, and that others wished to fasten the crime upon him because of his bad reputation. The circumstances of the case were as follows: While Armstrong was in the company of several fast young men they became intoxicated. A "free fight" ensued in which a young fellow named Metzgar was killed. After hearing the facts, Lincoln was convinced that the young man was not guilty, and resolved to do this best to save him from the gollows.

Lincoln procured a postponement of the trial and spent much time in tracing the evidence. He labored as hard to pay his old debt

of gratitude as he would have done if he had been offered a five thousand dollar fee.

The day for the trial came. Lincoln threw his whole soul into the effort to defend the life of his client. He succeeded in proving his innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt. The closing of his plea was a marvel of eloquence. He depicted the loneliness and sorrow of the widowed mother, whose husband had once welcomed to his humble home a strange and penniless boy. "That boy now stands before you, pleading for the life of his benefactor's son."

When the jury brought in the verdict, "not guilty," a shout of joy went up from the crowded court room. The aged mother pressed forward through the throng, and, with tears streaming from her eyes, attempted to express to Lincoln her gratitude for his noble effort.

Some months afterward Lincoln called to see her at her home. She urged him to take pay for his services. "Why, Aunt Hannah," he exclaimed, "I shan't take a cent of yours; never! Anything I can do for you I will do willingly, and without any charge."

True gratitude never forgets. No one can possess too much gratitude any more than he can have too much honesty or truthfulness. It was a "pearl of great price," in Lincoln's heart. He was truer and nobler for it; and it did much to endear him to the American people, by whom he is still remembered as one of the most large-hearted and liberal-minded men our country has produced."

CHEVALIER BAYARD.

"Among the annals of France gleams a name as renowned for generosity as for valor—that of the Chevalier de Bayard, the "good knight without fear and without reproach." During the assault upon Brescia, under Francis I of France, Bayard was severely wounded; and two of his archers bore him to the house-door of a wealthy man, who had fled in fear, leaving his wife and daughters unprotected. The ladies were at first greatly alarmed, but, being attracted by the gracious countenance of the wounded knight, they took him in, and tended him most kindly. Ere he was able to leave he had endeared himself so much to all—the master of the house having meanwhile returned, being assured by Bayard of safety—that they lamented his departure. They considered themselves really his prisoners, for, according to military rules, he would have been justified in turning them out of the house and taking possession himself; but no stain of cruelty rested on the good knight's name. Yet they felt if he did not drive them from their home, he certainly might demand a ransom. His hostess, not quite divining the generosity of his character, expected this, and thought, "if we make him a worthy present, he is so considerate it may content him." So the day he was to leave she appeared in his apartment, accompanied by a servant bearing a small box of steel, which, opening, he presented to him. It was full of ducats, and

Bayard inquired how many there were. The lady, trembling lest he deemed them too few, answered, "two thousand five hundred, but if you are not satisfied I can easily add more." But he hastened to tell her that he valued her hospitality far above gold, and could not receive her gift, "for," said he, "I have always loved people better than crowns." She could hardly believe his words, and seemed so truly hurt at his refusal that he at last to comfort her, accepted the box, and bade her call her daughters that he might thank them for their kind attentions during his illness. While his hostess went, the Chevalier divided the ducats into three parts and when she returned, presented one thousand to each of the young maidens as a marriage portion, and, taking up the five hundred, placed them in the lady's hand, begging her to spend them for him in charity, as he had neither time or wisdom to distribute it judiciously; and renewing his thanks for their attentions to him, he bade them farewell. Could the most polished gentleman of today devise expressions of gratitude more liberal and delicate? The old chroniclers dwelt with delight on this incident; it illustrates so clearly the self-forgetfulness, chivalry, and refinement of Bayard's character."

Discuss the following:

"He who received a benefit should never forget it; he who bestows should never remember it."

"When I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich."

Story: "The Gratitude of Pochoke." Page 441.

Lesson 34.

Subject: Gratitude to Parents.

Introductory Talk:

In Los Angeles, for almost a year, a little Chinese boy went with Foy as he made his rounds, with his fresh vegetables, helping him in a quiet way whenever he could. One morning Foy told his customers that Wing, the little boy, was going to attend to this work alone.

It was a pretty hard task for the little fellow, but he did it so well that many of the customers became interested in him. Among them was Sammy Carlton, a lame boy, who used to look for the little round face of the Chinese boy, as he made his way to the back porch, where the cook selected the vegetables. One day Sammy waited on the porch, and spoke to Wing.

"You've taken your father's place for good, I see," said Sammy.

"Foy not my father," the boy answered in very good English; "he no relation at all. Just good man. Foy adopt me. He find me, long

time ago after my father died, and took me all the same like I was his son."

After that Sammy always waited on the porch for Wing, who greeted him with a sunny smile of welcome. When he found out that Sammy could not play as other boys did, his heart was filled with sympathy for him. Sammy told him about it, and said that his father was going to have a great surgeon perform an operation as soon as he was well enough, and then he would be just like other boys. He also told Wing that he was to have an automobile, what fine fun he expected to have, and he promised to take the little Chinese boy for a ride once in a while.

Wing's eyes grew radiant with pleasure, but he was a quiet little fellow and said nothing. The friendship between the two boys grew, until Sammy found greater interest in this little friend than any other. His father, a very rich man, was surprised that his son should choose such a companion, but he did not object, and the boys were more and more together.

After Sammy's operation, the doctor said the boy must be taken away from Los Angeles for the summer. He begged that Wing might be allowed to stay with him a week before he left. His father made arrangements with Foy, who received a generous present for letting his little boy stay with Sammy. At the end of the week Mr. Carlton sent for Foy and told him that Sammy had taken a fancy for Wing, and wanted to take him east with him.

"We're going to keep him always," Sammy said. "We've talked it all over and agreed on everything. When we get settled out home, Wing is to have a private teacher and he will learn all sorts of useful things."

Foy was slow of understanding, but when the full meaning of the offer dawned on him, a look of grave surprise filled his dark eyes.

"Wing all same like my own lil' boy," he said, with a glance at the bright face beside him. He understood what a great opportunity had fallen to his little boy, much better than he could ever hope to do for him.

"He can go, can't he, Foy?" asked Sammy.

"If Wing wantee," Foy answered, in a voice that said all that he could not or would not say. So it was settled.

One evening not long after Foy was sitting on the steps of his hut. He was so deeply absorbed in his somber thoughts that he did not hear an approaching automobile, until it stopped at his gate, and Mr. Carlton alighted with a nod of friendly greeting. Wing sat on the back seat with Sammy.

"Foy," said Mr. Carlton, in a voice he tried to make cheerful. "I've brought your boy back to you. He thinks he owes it to you to stay with you instead of going with us, because you adopted him first, or something like that. Maybe you can get him to change his mind."

Foy's queer, gray face lighted suddenly as if a flame had flashed across it, and a trembling smile touched his lips for an instant.

"Wing all the same like my own lil' boy," the Chinaman murmured, huskily.

"I think it's a shame for you to keep him!" said Sammy, half tearfully, "when he could do so much better and be so much happier with us."

"Yes, yes," said Foy, humbly. "He go if he wantee."

But Wing had climbed down from his seat and slipped over to Foy, whose eyes again lighted with that fine, glad radiance that made his thin, homely face good to look at.

"I stay with Foy," said Wing's brave, clear little voice, "for he just the same as my father. I love him just like you love your father, little Sammy."

Mr. Carlton turned and put his hand on the brown boy's shoulders. "Wing," he said, "you are a fine little chap, and I am sorry that Sammy can't have you with him, but glad from my heart that you chose as you did. Foy, you have reason to be proud of your adopted son."

"Me do be velly proud," said the happy foster father. "Wing all the same like my own son."

The rich man took his place in the automobile and drove away. Sammy looked back at his little playmate, who watched him with eager but smiling eyes. "Good by, Wing," he called in a voice that trembled slightly. "You're awfully foolish, but you're a real brick, anyway."

Wing waved his hand to show that he understood, then he and Foy went back to the garden, which had suddenly taken on a transfiguring beauty.

There are two principal ways in which our gratitude may be made known: First, in our words. It is pleasant to those who do us favors to know that we aprpeciate their kindness, and we should never fail to tell them so. This is often all the return that they expect or ask; besides, it is good for us. We strengthen our feelings by giving them suitable expression. Loveless at last is the home in which no word of love is ever heard, the grateful feeling to which one gives utterance kindles the same feleing in the hearts of those who hear.

Second, in our deeds. If we are really grateful we are not satisfied with simply saying, "Thank you," to those who have been kind to us, even when we know this is all thev expect. We wish to render them some service in return. In the case of our parents, as long as they are with us, we can best do this by doing cheerfully what they ask us to do, by thoughtfully anticipating their wishes, and by trying to be as pure and as good as we know they want us to be.

"Let us meet here at a quarter of seven and have a moonlight

coasting party!" cried Fred Baker. "We all have supper at six, and that will give us lots of time to get here."

"I can't come until half-past seven," said Will Adams, after the other boys had shouted a noisy assent. "I have to wash the supper dishes and put the room to rights."

There was a chorus of derision. Wash dishes—a boy wash dishes! Who ever heard of such a thing?

"I have," said Will, quietly. "I know of three boys in the Hamilton hotel who wash dishes three times a day."

"Oh—but they are paid for it!"

"Well, do you mean to say that you would do for pay what you wouldn't do to help a sick mother?"

He was a noble boy, and was paying a debt he owed to his mother. What was it?

Jesus was always kind and thoughtful to His mother. He remembered what she had done for Him when He was small. Even when He was dying, He did not forget her. He knew how lonely and sad she would be when he was not there to comfort her, and He called her to Him, and also called the Apostle He loved so well, and told him to take care of her and let her be the same to him as if she were his own mother. Then, turning to His mother, He told her to let that Apostle be the same to her as if he were her own son. From that time the Apostle, whose name was John, took the mother of Jesus to his own home, and cared for her and gave her everything she needed, as if she had been his own mother.

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 465.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise.
"Story: "Billy's Telegram." Page 445.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 465.
"Story: "Billy's Telegram." Page 445.
Questions.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 465.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

JOSEPH'S GRATITUDE.

"Perhaps there is no more tender and affecting illustration of a son's gratitude than that which is recorded of Joseph in the Old Tes-

tament. He was a true son. His father loved him with all his heart, and Joseph loved his father with equal devotion. Through the treachery of his unnatural brothers, he became a slave in Egypt. After a very checkered and trying experience, he became governor of that country; and then it was that, through the pressure of famine, his brothers came to Egypt for corn. To their surprise, the governor whom they sought was no other than Joseph. The result was that the latter insisted upon their returning home to bring his aged father. Though occupying a throne and loaded with honors, his gratitude and love for his father had not abated. When the infirm old man was brought to him, Joseph forgot all the honors of royalty in his joy to look once more into the face of his father. He fell upon his neck and kissed him—a nobler son and ruler for the act!"

SHOWING GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

Man cannot always judge of man, and in the respect paid to parents by their children earthly eyes cannot always see the truth. For instance, a child may feed his parents on dainties, and yet deserve the punishment of a disrespectful son; while another may send his father to labor, and yet deserve reward. How may this be? A certain man placed dainty food before his father, and bade him eat thereof. When the father had finished his meal, he said: "My son, thou hast prepared for me a most delicious meal. Wherefrom didst thou obtain these delicacies?" And the son replied, insultingly: "Eat as the dogs do, old man, without asking questions." That son inherited the punishment of disrespect. A certain man, a miller, had a father living with him, at the time when all people not working for themselves were obliged to labor a certain number of days for the government. When it came near the time when this service would be required of the old man, his son said to him, "Go thou and labor for me in the mill, and I will go and work for the government. He said this because they who labored for the government were beaten if their work proved unsatisfactory, and he thought, "It is better for me to run the chance of being beaten than to allow my father to risk it." Therefore, he deserved the reward of the son who "honors his father."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman. Everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. He said nothing to her, but seeing how distressed she would be, and perhaps would not be happy again, and knowing all she had done for him, he turned to the servant and said, "Go tell them to take my trunk back; I will not go away and

break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision and his gratitude, and said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

"God has given us the highest approval of love possible, in the life and death of His Son. Christ was a perfect example of this virtue. No blemish marred the beauty of His character. No scenes in His checkered, suffering life caused Him to neglect His duties as a son. Until He was thirty years of age, He was subject to His parents—a dutiful son of the family, never weary of toiling for their good, never reluctant to obey parental counsels. The last act of His life was on the cross, when He committed the care of His mother to a beloved disciple."

Discuss the following:

"He who remembers the benefits of his parents is too much occupied with his recollections to remember their faults."

"Let all children remember, if ever they are weary of laboring for their parents, that Christ labored for His; if impatient of their commands, that Christ cheerfully obeyed; if reluctant to provide for their parents, that Christ forgot himself and provided for His mother amid the agonies of the crucifixion. The affectionate language of this divine example to every child is, "Go thou and do likewise."

Story: "Billy's Telegram." Page 445.

Lesson 35.

Subject: Gratitude to God.

Introductory Talk:

"God made the sky that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green,
He made the flowers that smell so sweet
In pretty colors seen.
He made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us light and heat;
How thankful we should be!

"God made the water for our drink,
He made the fish to swim,
He made the trees to bear good fruit;
Oh! how we should love Him!
What can we do for this kind Friend
Who gives us all these joys?
We'll try all naughty ways to mend,
Be better girls and boys."

Mrs. Norton was sitting by Pratt's bedside trying to amuse him. "Here is the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation," she said. "Thanksgiving is only three weeks off."

"I've nothing to be thankful for this year," growled Pratt. "I say it's downright mean! Here I am, cooped up in this little place; can't stir out of bed for another month, and losing all the fun going on at home. It's a shame; that's what it is!" and Pratt pulled the pillow over his face to hide the tears that would come.

"I'm very sorry for you, dear," said his mother gently; "but try to cheer up and look on the bright side."

"There isn't a bright side to it; it's all dark," sobbed the boy.

"Oh, no, not all dark," answered his mother. "You will soon be about again as well as ever, and you might have been lamed for life, or even killed by your fall."

But Pratt would not be comforted, and at last his mother let him alone, hoping that better thoughts soon would come. Pratt Norton had been one of a merry crowd of boys who, one Friday afternoon two weeks before, had come out from the city, twenty miles away, for a nutting frolic on the mountain. They were to camp at night under the trees and spend Saturday gathering chestnuts. But before noon Pratt fell from the top of a tall tree to the ground, breaking one leg and badly spraining the ankle of the other. They were two miles from the nearest house, a small red farmhouse, to which the other boys carried him. Here he had been obliged to remain ever since, with his mother to care for him. Mrs. Norton patiently tried to rouse Pratt from his gloomy state, but in vain. He could think of nothing but his own sufferings and trials. He had not a thought for his poor, tired mother, or for his father and the other cihldren at home, who needed her so much. At last one day she said: "Pratt, we are going to have a visitor. Roy Stevens, a lame boy from the city, who never has been in the country, is coming out to spend Thanksgiving week with us. I am going to drive to the station for him now. Be good to him when he comes, dear," and without giving Pratt time to reply his mother kissed him and went out to the sleigh.

When she returned with a pale, thin boy on crutches, who climbed slowly out from among the robes of the sleigh, Pratt's curiosity led him to be more pleasant than usual, and his mother left the two boys to become acquainted with each other. When she returned Pratt exclaimed: "Mother, just think! Roy never has seen the sun rise or set, because he lives where the other houses shut the sun out; and he is so lame that he cannot get up and down the long flights of stairs that lead to his home, so he hardly ever goes outdoors. He has never seen green fields and flowers growing, either. And he has been lame always and never expects to be any other way. O mother, I am ashamed to think how cross I have been! Roy doesn't even have his mother to amuse him and take care of him as I have, because she has to be away all day earning their living. He hasn't any father, you see,

so his mother has to do it all. But he is going to have one good time this week, if I can help him to it!"

Pratt kept his word. Here was a boy whose life was far harder than his, and the contrast made him see how selfish and disagreeable he had been. He did his best, with the help of his mother and the good farmer and his wife, to give Roy a pleasant visit, and he tried to keep himself patient, pleasant, and thoughtful of others. When his mother tucked him up for the night after a happy Thanksgiving day, Pratt said: "I thought I hadn't anything to be thankful for this year, mother; but I was mistaken. I have so many blessings that I cannot count them, and I am trying to give thanks for them by being as patient and pleasant as I can. Only think how few pleasures poor Roy has! And yet he is as happy and grateful as if he had everything. I tell you, Roy is a fine boy!" and, kissing his mother, Pratt was soon asleep."

There is a legend which tells of two angels—the angel of Request and the angel of Thanksgiving—leaving heaven to gather up the petitions of men to be carried up to God. Each had a great basket in his hand. The angel of Request soon had his basket so filled that he could scarcely carry it, while the basket of the angel of Thanksgiving was almost empty. God hears a great many cries for help and pleadings for favors, but not so many glad voices of praise. Of ten lepers who were healed only one returned to give thanks. So it is with most of us; we eagerly flee to God when we need help, and call upon Him for deliverance and for relief; but when the blessing we sought is given unto us, how many of us return to God to thank Him for the good things He has done for us?

So prayer is not only a "Please," but a "Thank you," not only asking for blessings, but thanking for those already received, and if we count them, we will find that we have a great many more than we think we have.

"As far back as I can remember," said a wise and good man, "I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and of asking Him for everything I wanted."

"If I lost a book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find the lost article.

"I prayed walking along the streets, in school or out of school, whether playing of studying.

"I did this because it seemed natural to do so.

"I thought of God as everywhere present, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to Him."

This man was Dr. Charles Hodge, the distinguished scholar and preacher. How happy all children would be if they were to talk with God as to their mother, which he did as a child; and he had also the habit of thanking God!

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 470.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest Exercise.
Stories: "Rabbi Akiba." Page 449; "A Psalm of Praise." Page 450.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk: Page 470.
Story: "Rabbi Akiba." Page 449.
Supplementary Story: "Psalm of Praise." Page 450.
Questions.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk: Page 470.
Recitation and stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"The peasant stands beside his field,
His brow contracted from displeasure;
"I have," he argues, "tilled the land,
Have taken care pure seed to measure;
And now, see here, weeds everywhere—
The devil must have put them there!"

Up bounds his boy in high delight,
Gay-colored his arms up-piling,
Corn flowers and poppies, cockles, too,
All from the field; and he shouts, smiling,
See, father, see, how rich, how rare!
The dear God must have put them there!"

MADAM GUYON.

When Madam Guyon was in prison in the Castle of Vincennes in 1695, she not only sang, but wrote, songs of praise to God. "It sometimes seemed to me," she said, "as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had now nothing to do but sing. The song of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. My heart was full of that joy which God gives to all that love Him, in the midst of their greatest crosses." This sentiment she embodied in a touching little poem, which begins thus:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my songs I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee."

A NOBLE WIFE.

"During a Rabbi's absence from home two of his sons died. Their mother, hiding her grief, awaited the father's return, and then said to him: "My husband, some time since two jewels of inestimable value were placed with me for safe keeping. He who left them with me called for them today, and I delivered them into His hands." "That is right," said the Rabbi approvingly. "We must always return cheerfully and faithfully all that is placed in our care." Shortly after this the Rabbi asked for his sons, and the mother, taking him by the hand, led him gently to the chamber of death. The Rabbi gazed upon his sons, and realizing the truth, wept bitterly. "Weep not, beloved husband," said his noble wife; "didst thou not say to me we must return cheerfully, when called for, all that has been placed under our care? God gave us these jewels; He left them with us for a time, and we gloried in their possession; but now that He calls for His own, we should not repine."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

"When Jeremy Taylor had lost all—when his house had been plundered and his family driven out of doors, and all his worldly estate had been gone—he could still write thus: "I am fallen into the hands of publicans and robbers, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loves all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns."

TRUE GRATITUDE.

There was once a learned man who longed and prayed, full eight years that God would show him some one to teach him the way of truth. And, on a time, as he was in a great longing, it was said unto him, "Go to such a church porch, and there wilt thou find a man that shall show thee the way to blessedness." So thither he went, and found there a poor man, whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt, and all his apparel scarce worth anything. He greeted him, saying, "God give thee good morrow!" Thereat made he answer, "I never had an ill morrow." Again said he, "God prosper thee." The

other answered, "Never had I ought but prosperity." "God bless thee," said the doctor, "how answereth thou me so?" "I was never other than blessed." "Explain to me this, for I understand not." "Willingly," quoth the poor man. "Thou wishest me good-morrow. I never had an ill-morrow; for, am I an hungered, I praise God; and therefore had I never an ill-morrow. Thou didst say, 'God prosper thee.' I have never been unprosperous, for I know how to live with God; I know that what He does is best; and what God giveth or ordaineth for me, be it pain or pleasure, that I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all; and so I had never adversity. Thou wishest God to bless me. I was never unblessed; for I desired to be only in the will of God, and I have so given up my will to the will of God that what God willeth I will." Then said the doctor, "But what if His will should be to cast thee into hell? What wouldst thou do then?" "Cast me into hell? His goodness holds Him back therefrom. Yet, if He did, I should have two arms to embrace Him withal. One arm is true humility, and therewith am I one with His holy humanity. And with the right arm of love, that joineth His holy divinity, I would embrace Him, so that He must come with me into hell likewise. And even so, I would sooner be in hell and have God, than in heaven and not have him." Then understood this master that a true resignation to the divine will, with utter humility was the nearest way to God. Moreover, the master asked, "From whence comest thou?" The poor man answered, "From God." "But who art thou?" asked the doctor. "I am a king," said the poor man. "My kingdom is my soul. All my powers, within and without, do homage to my soul. This kingdom is greater than any kingdom on the earth." "What hath brought thee to this perfection?" "My silence, my heavenward thoughts, my union with God. For I could rest in nothing less than God. Now I have found Him and have everlasting rest and joy."

Discuss the following:

"If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of men due to our father in heaven."

"The worship most acceptable to God, comes from a thankful and cheerful heart."

Stories: "Rabbi Akiba." Page 449. "A Psalm of Praise." Page 450.

Lesson 36.

Subject: Thanksgiving.

Introductory Talk.

"As Thanksgiving time draws near, there are many people whose thoughts turn toward the old home in which they lived when they were children.

Indeed, one of the joys of Thanksgiving time in many of the old homes out in the country is the return of the grown-up boys and girls, who have gone to make their homes in the city, but who, when this season of the year comes around, turn their footsteps toward the place where they were born and brought up.

Boys and girls, we cannot make too much of our homes. A happy home is one of God's choicest blessings, and if we are fortunate enough to live in such a home, let us be grateful to our heavenly Father for this choice gift. Let us remember, also, that the boys and girls can do a great deal themselves toward brightening the homes in which they live. So let us try, each one, to make the home, in which we live, the happiest spot on this earth."

One Thanksgiving Day during the year is not enough. It is, no doubt, well that there should be one day especially set apart for thanksgiving to God; but it is much better to make every day in the year a day of thanksgiving, beginning early in the morning and ending on retiring at night.

God is so good to us that I have often thought it becomes us to spend less of our time in asking Him for favors and more of our time in thanking and praising Him for all that He has done for us.

How blessed it is to have a thankful heart; not only for what we receive but for what we do not have bestowed upon us.

My father withheld things from me sometimes for two reasons: First, for the good reason that he could not comply with my request. Second, in his judgment he thought best that my request should not be granted for my own good. It is a sweet thought that our heavenly Father can always comply with our requests if He deems it best to do so. And the assurance of His good judgment in the matter should be our reason for being thankful for not receiving what we ask for.

It is a fact that we have about as much cause for thankfulness for what we do not receive as for what we have granted us. I can now see plainly how many times in my life I would have been injured if God had granted me many of the foolish requests that I have begged Him to bestow upon me. Strange, but true.

Count up the blessings that have been yours during the day and you will be surprised to find out how very good God has been to you. It will have the effect of making you even more thankful.

Not only be thankful to God but also thankful to those of your relatives and friends who are daily doing so much for you and often striving to do more than they can.

When I think how many years my own people have put up with me and my faults I hardly know which to do—cry on account of my lack of sufficient appreciation or laugh for joy because they are so lenient with me. How do you feel about the matter?

Another Thanksgiving Day will soon be here and so will many finely cooked turkeys, ducks and chickens. Will you see to it—if you can afford it—that others who are not as fortunate as you are

have one good meal of turkey or some other evidence of your goodness of heart.

"We are too apt to remember our misfortunes and forget our blessings. Dick's idea is a good one. Try it.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Dick, "that really I must"—

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No; just look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Dick; then he read aloud: "March 8. Ben lent me his hat." Here again: "January 4. When I lost my quarter, Ben made it up to me kindly."

"Well," observed the boy, pleasantly, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder at the number of them. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not ungrateful; and when I am cross and out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my Book of Thanks."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 475.
Songs chosen by teacher and children.
Rest exercise.
Story: "When Grandfather was a Boy." Page 451.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 475.
Story: "When Grandfather was a Boy." Page 451.
Questions.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 475.
Stories told from memory by the members of the class.

JAMES' APPLE CROP.

"The trees on Grandfather Gray's big farm were so full of apples that the men put up poles to hold up the branches. James was out in the orchard helping Grandfather to pick. Such beauties—red,

russet and yellow! "Now," said Grandfather, up among the leaves, "there is one little tree of very fine ones, and they are all to go in a barrel for the lady that boards on the hill. She's going away to-morrow, and she wants them for her sick boy. I must pick them at once."

"Is that the rich boy who has the goat carriage?" asked James. How he admired the beautiful goat cart, driven by the lame boy! But the lame boy would have given all his playthings to be able to run about on his own feet like little James.

Grandfather never answered James, for just then a branch broke, and down he fell, crash! to the ground. When he sat up he found that one arm was broken and the other one sprained. Grandfather couldn't pick any more apples that day. "We must send that barrel for the sick boy," groaned poor grandfather, lying in bed. "I promised, and all the men are away today."

"I'll try," said little James, bravely.

"And I'll help, though grandmothers can't climb trees any more," said grandmother.

So they went out together. Grandmother picked from the lowest branches of the little tree, and James climbed up to the others. Then James carried armful after armful to the little apple house all covered with vines, and he and grandmother packed them in the barrel. Grandmother said James did the most of the work. His little arms grew very tired; but then he would remember the sick boy who loved those apples so. The lame boy's mother was very much pleased to hear how James had gathered and packed the apples. The day after she had gone away, grandmother called James to come quickly to the front door. There stood a man, and beside him was the beautiful red goat carriage, with the splendid billy goat hitched to it! "The lame boy's mother has left it for you, dear," explained grandmother. "She says it is hardly big enough for her boy now, and she wanted to thank you for your kindness to him."

"Oh! Hooray!" cried James.—*Meta R. M. Salter.*

THANKSGIVING ON CANAL STREET.

"If you could see Canal Street you would not think that Thanksgiving ever could get into it; for it is so narrow that the houses seem to be staring into each other's faces, and so dirty that you would think Thanksgiving would stay away where it is cleaner and pleasanter. But Thanksgiving did get there one year, and this is the way it came.

John and Joanna lived in Canal Street, and since they had never lived anywhere else, and knew nothing about snow banks, or meadow brooks, or daisy fields, they were very well content. But they did know about toys, for they saw them in shop windows—dolls and dishes, steam cars and sleds, and the wonderful things that come at

Christmas time. And never one of these toys had John or Joanna owned, for such things did not often come to Canal Street.

It was early in the morning of Thanksgiving day that the children made their great discovery. Away up at the corner where Canal Street ran into the avenue, there was a big house fronting on the avenue. And from the house, early that mroning, some one had put out a box and a barrel of rubbish to be carried away. John and Joanna were taking a walk,hand in hand, when they came to the barrel and box, and what do you think? On top of the barrel was a big doll! She had lost one arm, and her face was scratched and blackened, but there she was, and Joanna's little heart loved her as it never had loved anything before.

"Poor little, cold, lonesome Dottie!" she said, picking the doll up and smoothing her hair. And "Dottie," as Joanna called her, had found a new home.

While this was going on, John had been hunting in the barrel, and had found what he thought a beautiful pair of roller skates, and so many other things that he called to Joanna, "Let's hurry home and get some baskets and carry away everything we want!"

Never before had their feet scampered on an errand so quickly, and the basket and bag they at last filled to take home had more treasures than they had dreamed of in their lives.

That was the happiest Thanksgiving John and Joanna had ever known. All day long Dottie stared from her chair, while the children played first one game and then another, or tried on the little shoes and little garments they had found in the barrel. Joanna thought her plaid skirt quite the finest in the street.

What about Thanksgiving in the big house? Strange as it may seem, there were a John and a Joanna there, too, with some other children, and they had gorgeous new toys in place of the old ones they had thrown away. They had a beautiful Thanksgiving dinner, too, and a drive in the afternoon; but of the tired children tucked into bed that night in the big house on the avenue and in the little house on Canal street, I really think you couldn't have told which were the happier. But wasn't it a shame that John and Joanna in the big house never knew how John and Joanna in the little house found their old toys?"

THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Years ago there was a wicked king that would not let the people pray to God. The pilgrims started over the sea in a ship named the Mayflower. They landed at a place called Plymouth Rock. When they got there they started to build log houses. As they were eating their dinner one day they were very much surprised when an Indian walked in. They even went to church when it was snowing hard. The preacher preached three hours; there was a man there that had a pole with a

rabbit's tail on one end and a ball on the other; when the women got sleepy they tickled them with the rabbit's tail and when the children did not behave they tapped them on the head with the ball.

They let an Indian sleep with them one night and next day he went away and returned with five other Indians. One was named Squanto, and he showed them how to put a fish in a hill of corn to make it grow faster.

He showed them where the best fishing places were, and he showed them how to make a whistle to call the old deer. They were so thankful they had everything nice that they said they would set a day aside to give thanks to God. They invited the whole Indian tribe to thanksgiving dinner.

Then the long thanksgiving sermon came and the children got restless in church to get home to the good dinner. After they came home from the church they heard the Indians' warwhoop, and some of the pilgrims went out to meet them and gave them dinner. The Indians thought they never had anything as good as soup with biscuit in it and the turkey stuffed with beechnuts. Then the chief poured a bushel of popcorn on each table and said not one of his tribe should harm them, and since then we have kept Thanksgiving."

Story: "When Grandfather was a Boy." Page 451.

If there is time, discuss why Thanksgiving Day was established or read portions of the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation which will be found in the daily papers.

CONSTANT THANKFULNESS: TRY IT.

Have you ever tried the blessing of a constant thankfulness? Not occasionally, or when it suits you, but every day and all day long. If not, begin at once, and the next time you feel disheartened or discontented, instead of getting irritable and complaining, just look long and gratefully on your blessings and put all grievances behind your back.

A French king once said: "If a civil word or two will make a man happy, he must be a churl, indeed, who would not give them to him." We may say of this kindly temper that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

THE TALENT THAT MULTIPLIES.

God blesses you that you may be a blessing to others. Then He blesses you also a second time in being a blessing to others. It is the talent that is used that multiplies.

Receiving, unless one gives in turn, makes one full and proud and selfish. Give out the best of your life in the Master's name for the good of others. Lend a hand to every one who needs. Be ready

to serve at any cost those who require your service. Seek to be a blessing to everyone who comes for but a moment under your influence. This is to be angel-like. It is to be God-like. It is to be Christ-like. We are in this world to be useful. God wants to pass His gifts and blessings through us to others. When we fail as His messengers, we fail of our mission.—*Scottish Reformer.*

A REAL THANKSGIVING.

Sylvia Martin felt very unhappy and discontented as she sat in the gloaming, with no one but herself for company. It was time that the lamps were lighted, but darkness suited Sylvia's mood better than light. Norah was setting her bread in the kitchen, and was singing softly and gently, as her thoughts wandered over to the "green isle beyond the sea." Sylvia heard her and thought, "I can't see what Norah has to make her happy; there's nothing for her but work, work, work."

She went into the kitchen to see Norah, who stopped singing to say pleasantly, "Good-evening', Miss Sylvee."

"Good-evening," was the response; "I feel so out of sorts tonight that I've come to see what makes you so happy."

"Me, happy!"

"Yes; you're always happy, aren't you? You always look so."

A shade of sadness fell across Norah's bright face.

"I wasn't happy, miss, when I had to leave me mither all alone in the old country and come over to a strange land. There was many a hot tear that fell down me cheeks thin, and since thin, a thinkin' of her. But I'm happy now, for I'm goin' to see her soon—God willin'. Me mither's comin' to see me"—her face grew radiant. "I've saved up a nice sum of money, an' next Spring me mither's comin' to live with me. There's no one on airth as lovin' an' tender as a mither, Miss Sylvee; an' 'Im happy all the day an' all the night a thinkin' of her a'comin' to me. We're a goin' to have a little home of our own—mither an' me."

There was a whole sermon in Norah's fervent words to Sylvia—another sermon in her eager, hopeful face.

Sylvia went back to the sitting-room.

"I'm an ungrateful girl," she said, and Norah is grateful—that is the difference. I'm ashamed of myself."

She fell upon her knees and asked God to forgive her. She realized now that she had not appreciated her mother. Just because her kindest and best earthly friend had said that "they must economize, so as to make both ends meet," she had made herself miserable. She had been invited to spend Thanksgiving week with a friend in a distant city, and had set her heart upon going there. But her mother

had gently and kindly said they could not afford the expense. "It would need at least fifty dollars, my dear, to pay the cost of travel and other things required for the trip, and this is more than we can afford; so try to be happy with mother at home."

"Instead of doing as mamma said," thought Sylvia, regretfully, "I have tried to be miserable, and have succeeded."

Mrs. Martin had gone to meeting. She had asked her daughter to accompany her, but she had refused.

"It is a meeting preparatory to Thanksgiving," Mrs. Martin had remarked.

And Sylvia had replied, "I don't care to go; I haven't anything to prepare for Thanksgiving."

She meant that she was not thankful. Her mother understood, and was sorrowful.

Sylvia fell asleep on the couch. She dreamed that her mother was lying cold and still, and that she was weeping over her. She awoke with a start of terror, and found to her great joy that it was a dream.

"Thank God!" she said, and then groping about she found the matches, and began lighting up the room. How changed everything seemed now in the light! How differently Slyvia felt! There was mother's chair and stool; the blooming plants in the windows; the sleeping bird in his golden cage; the books upon the table; the sweet atmosphere of home over all.

And then Mrs. Martin came home. Sylvia met her at the door with warm kisses of welcome.

"I'm so glad to see you, mamma," she said.

Mrs. Martin looked at her daughter in surprise; she was unaccustomed to such a greeting. She noticed traces of tears on Sylvia's cheeks.

"Are you sick, my dear?" she asked, anxiously.

"Sick of myself, that is all," was the answer, as the young girl threw her arms around her mother's neck; "and, mamma, can you, will you forgive me for my ingratitude and unthankful spirit?"

After which came a scene, too sacred to describe.

The next day Sylvia and her mother began preparations for Thanksgiving.

"I have so much to be thankful for," thought Sylvia; "I never seemed to realize it before."

When the blessed day arrived they were ready, and there was a merry gathering in the Martin homestead. Slyvia never gave one thought to the longed-for trip to the city—that was all lost in the joy of ministering to others, and, in waiting upon her guests, Slyvia forgot that she had ever had a trouble.

When the happy day was over, and tired, but glad-hearted, Norah went to her room, she saw upon her bed a package, which she opened with trembling fingers. Within she found a pretty and serviceable dress of dark blue serge. A little note with it read as follows:

"For you, Norah dear, with the best wishes of Sylvia."

"Lord bless the dear girl!" exclaimed Norah, earnestly; "Lord bless her for thinking of me!"

It was just what the girl wanted and needed; but she could not spare the money for thinking of "me old mither."

"Mamma," said Sylvia, that night, as she was about to retire, "I've spent a real Thanksgiving today."

"A real Thanksgiving?" questioningly.

"Yes; I've been really thankful for my mother and home and many mercies."

"I knew it, my dear, and it has made me very happy."

"How did you know it, mamma?"

"I knew it because you tried to make others happy. A thankful spirit always diffuses happiness."—*Ernest Gilmore.*

THE APOLOGIZING HABIT.

Is any trait of our fellow-man or woman quite so distressing as a bad case of this distressing malady?

It is only less annoying than family skeletons brought out in public.

And the cure?

Well, the best one is a good dose of apologies from another chronic apologist.

Said a bright woman the other day:

"I kept on making apologies for real or imaginary causes until I chanced to be the guest of a woman who went so far beyond what I had attained in that line that it occurred to me I was in a fair way of making my friends as uncomfortable as she unconsciously did me.

"This woman was an ideal housekeeper and one of the best of cooks; but not a meal did I enjoy of her serving, because of uncalled-for apologies.

" 'I forgot to salt my bread and it is so tasteless that it is not fit to eat; I am afraid you cannot make out a supper.'

"If I made haste to say that I had not noticed the omission and assured her that her cooking never called for excuses, she would accuse me of trying to flatter her and would continue to apologize, until at the end of a meal, I felt as if I had swallowed a stone, instead of perfectly cooked food.

"Observation has taught me that guests, as a rule, do not see what in the eyes of the hostess seems to call for apology.

"I recently called upon a woman of culture and was greatly enjoying her vivid account of her trip abroad, when she suddenly came to a pause and in a shocked tone exclaimed: "The maid neglected to dust that piano! 'Why, I could write my name upon it!'

"Then from seeing through her eyes the beautiful scenery mine had never rested upon, I was called back to the drudgery of life; when the truth was that my back was toward the piano, and so I should, but for the apology, have remained in ignorance of the neglect of the maid. The call, which might otherwise have been wholly interesting, ended in complaints.

"The most enduring lesson came to me from one who, under the most trying circumstances, refrained from making any apologies. This sensible woman at that time I did not count as a friend, though I had long known of her as a gifted personality, and had once had the pleasure of entertaining her in my home, when she was a delegate to a convention.

"Finding myself in her home city I thought I would call upon her. When I halted before the house I saw such an obstruction of plaster and debris that I was about to turn back, but a workman near the open door said: 'If you are looking for Mrs. A, I will call her.'

" 'Oh, don't!" exclaimed I, thinking 'not at home' would be the result, but the man evidently knew the woman he was working for. He bounded off; and an instant later the lady appeared at a door back of the parlors, which were being replastered, and with a warm welcome written on her face, exclaimed:

" 'This isn't the sort of reception you gave me, but I am delighted to see you, anyhow.' And then, when I was drawn into a room overcrowded with furniture, what cared I for the lack of order, in view of such a welcome?

"I had expected to go back to the hotel for lunch, but I forgot to note the flight of time as I conversed with the woman who was superior to trying circumstances; and never shall I forget how, with a roguish smile, she reminded me that it was lunch time by putting this query:

" 'My dear, do you like hasty pudding and milk?'

"When I unthinkingly responded in the affirmative, she exclaimed: 'Then you must share my lunch with me, for otherwise I shall be alone. Now, don't make excuses, for you will be doing me a real kindness to stay.' I could not resist the invitation, which was evidently so heartfelt, and from that visit and simple meal dated a friendship which has extended over long years, cemented at a time when almost any housekeeper would have excused herself from seeing anyone.

"In fact, so easily and unobtrusively does the habit grow that freedom from it under given circumstances may often be taken for an evidence of thoroughly good breeding."

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A CHRISTMAS FOR SALE.

Hetty was cross, or she would not have said it; and Max was teasing—Max was usually teasing. He loved his pretty sister, but he could seldom be made to see that her small tribulations were anything but funny, and he was more inclined to be aggravating than sympathetic.

It was the day before Christmas, and their father and mother had been unexpectedly called away from home to meet an old friend who was about to sail for Europe. The thought of spending the holiday without them seemed forlorn enough to Hetty, especially as a friend of hers, who could usually be depended upon to brighten what Max called "such orphaned occasions," was too sick to come to them. Last of all, a dainty bit of china, which Hetty had painted as a gift for the invalid, had just come back from the "firing" ruined, and it was too late to do another.

"Never mind, my dear Mehetabel; accidents will happen," said Max, in the serene tone of one who had no appreciation of artistic labor, or of what such a loss meant. "I suppose another soap-dish, painted another day, will answer."

"It wasn't a soap-dish, and you know my name isn't Mehetabel," answered Hetty, shortly.

"Well, then, my Hetty-without-an-able, be consoled by the remembrance that tomorrow is Christmas."

"It won't be worth calling Christmas," she said, petulantly. "I'll sell my share of it very cheap."

"You would? Advertise it, then," advised Max. "That's the surest way to get rid of what you don't want to keep."

But Hetty was in no mood to be laughed at, and she responded very promptly when Bridget summoned her from the room. Left to himself, Max looked about the pretty place which Hetty secretly called her studio, and presently an idea flashed into his mischievous head, which he acted upon in hot haste. He printed a large placard—"Christmas For Sale, Cheap,"—hung it in the window where the shade would

hide it from within, but where it could be plainly read from the street. Hetty would be sure to go over to her friend's in a few minutes, and then she would discover it, her brother thought, laughing to himself as he pictured the look her face would wear when she saw it.

He sauntered off, and Hetty, returning to the quiet room, did not go out that afternoon. Two hours later, when Max returned, he had forgotten his joke in fresher interests. He and Hetty were chatting before the fire when the door-bell rang, and Bridget brought a little boy into the room.

"I can't rightly make out what he wants," she said.

"I want to buy a Christmas," said the little fellow, looking at Hetty.

He was not more than six or seven years old; his toes were peeping out from his worn shoes; all his clothing was poor and thin, but the childish face was bright and intensely earnest.

"Buy a Christmas," Hetty repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes'm; I don't know whether you'd sell one for a dime, but that's all I've got, and the sign in your window said you'd sell 'em cheap."

Hetty stepped to the window, whirled the card around, and flashed a look at Max.

"Oh, I've nothing to do with that," she said. "It is this young man who attends to selling the Christmasses. You must talk to him about it."

Max looked confused, but the small customer did not notice it as he turned to him.

"I don't know much about 'em, for we never had any at our house, but if I could get any kind of a one for ten cents, I'd like it. Ted knows about 'em, and he'd planned for sure to have one this year. Ted's my big brother; he's twelve years old, and he sells papers. There's only him and grandmother to earn much—she washes some, and she knits stockin's. I'm goin' to make a lot of money when I get a little bigger. Ted, he'd promised Tude and Baby a Christmas, but he hurt his foot, so he feels awful bad 'cause he can't buy 'em anything. I earned this ten cents myself, runnin' errands for folks today, and when I see your sign, I come in."

He was such a sturdy little figure, his blue eyes so honest and eager, and the small hand which held out the treasured coin was so rough and red with cold! Max's throat swelled, and he looked appealingly at his sister.

"I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind of Christmasses left on our shelves," he said, "but maybe we can find something that will do. Can't we, Hetty?"

Hetty arose without a word, produced a market-basket of goodly size, and into it went packages from pantry, cellar and wardrobe, with candy and nuts to make it "look Christmasy." Then Max gravely pocketed the dime, because, as he said, he "wouldn't for anything deprive the little man of the satisfaction of feeling that his Christmas was honestly bought and paid for with his own hard earnings."

"We don't usually deliver our goods," explained Max, "but as we have no other customers just now, and as the basket is too heavy for you, I don't mind going along to carry it."

The early dusk had fallen, and Hetty threw a cloak around her, and donned her hat.

"I think I'd better go, too, and carry this pie," she said. "It would be a pity if it should fall off the basket."

At a shabby little house which stood by itself at the end of a lane the child stopped. Hastily depositing the basket on the steps, leaving him to make his way in alone, Max and Hetty retreated. From the shelter of a tree across the road they could see through the uncurtained window, and catch a glimpse of hurriedly moving figures.

"Wouldn't I like to hear him tell his story," laughed Max. "The older ones would think he had invented it, if it were not for the basket."

The last trace of despondency was gone from Hetty's glowing face, and her eyes were shining with something more than mirth.

"To think of all we have, Max! I don't believe I'll ever be so cross and ungrateful again."

"I think we might do quite a business in this kind of Christmases. If I live till another year I mean to manufacture a stock of them," declared Max.

But Hetty understood the earnestness under the fun.

" 'O little town of Bethlehem,' how far its light shines!" she said.
—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

THE CHRIST CHILD'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

In a Sunday school class a teacher was telling the Christmas story. Suddenly the spell was broken as Clarice turned with an angry jerk and fiercely scowled at an inoffensive little girl seated beside her.

"Excuse me," meekly apologized Agnes, the new scholar.

Clarice drew her light blue silk skirts away from the dingy brown cashmere touching them; held herself very straight; and, with a superb dignity, sniffed the violets on the muff.

"And now, my dears," said Miss Maud, "as you know, Wednesday will be another birthday of the Christ Child, and we want every one here to give Him a present—just as you would give a present to your own little brother on his birthday at home." She radiantly smiled. "Do you wonder how you can do that when the Christ Child has become a King in heaven? I'll tell you. He's left in His place all the poor little girls and boys in this big world, and told us that in giving to them we give to Him. Not far away is a great hospital for little children who have crippled legs and arms, and poor, crooked backs,

sick children who can't run and play, but have to hobble about on crutches or lie in bed all day. Wouldn't you like to make their Christmas so happy that they'd forget their pain?"

Her smile gathered up their eager nods of assent, as a golden thread gathering pearls. "I knew you would. Well, I'm going to tell you a secret." She leaned confidentially near. "The day before Christmas we're to have a dear little service down here, and over there on the platform will be an empty box, and, as we sing our Christmas carols we are going to march up to the box and each put in a gift for some little Christ child at the hospital. Won't we have a jolly time deciding what to bring! Why, it will be almost as exciting as if every girlie of you were playing Santa Claus!"

Again Clarice's smiling face was clouded by a scowl, and one rude elbow poked the new scholar's arm.

"Clarice!" exclaimed Miss Maud, severely.

"She's crowding me!" defended a sulky voice.

Miss Maud looked up at the little brown figure shrinking back into a corner. The childs eyes were luminous; her face flushed, her lips parted. "Agnes was so intently listening to me that I'm sure she didn't realize that she was leaning against anyone. I'm surprised at you, Clarice!" A cheek hid its shamed crimson in the soft muff. To have Miss Maud "surprised" at you was ignominy itself! Her tears wet the violets. It was all Agnes's fault. She would never forgive her—never!

And when Sunday school was over and Agnes, with a timid smile, asked if she might walk up the street with Clarice, that unladylike little girl slipped her arm through that of her chum, Anabel, and, whispering and giggling, stalked by Agnes without a word.

The tears came into Agnes' eyes, for mother would not let her play with the little girls in the new neighborhood into which they had moved, because the children there were rough and boisterous, and used naughty words, and she was very lonely. But she was a brave little soul, and dashing away the tears, she was soon skipping along in the sunshine, thinking what a lucky girlie she was to have two lively legs, and a straight, strong back.

Agnes remembered the time, before dear father's death, when they lived in a cunning cottage of their own on a pretty avenue, but now mother and she had only one room at the top of a gloomy house on a forlorn back street. Still, as her feet clattered up the dark, uncarpeted stairs, her heart was full of happiness because she had reached home at last—for even one room is home when mother is there.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Agnes, "I've so much to tell you!" And cuddled in mother's lap, an arm about her neck, a hand patting her cheek, Agnes sweetly prattled of the Christ Child of old, and how His birthday was to be kept by giving presents to poor, sick little children left in His place. "And mother," she cried, "I've made my selection already! I'm going to give a doll just like my own dear Peggy! Do

you think, mother dear—if I sewed, too, you know—you could get the dollie dressed in time?"

The smile faded from mother's lips, and the arm about her girlie trembled. "My dear little Agnes," she murmured, with a catch in her voice, "mother is so sorry to disappoint you." She paused, then bravely went on. "Agnes has grown to be such a little woman that mother is going to explain everything to her. You know, dear, for three whole weeks mother had no work to do."

"Yes," chimed in Agnes, gaily, "and it was just beautiful! We took long walks, and, in the evening, instead of the stupid sewing, you told me the loveliest stories!"

"But, love," explained mother, with a sad smile, "when there is no work there is no pay—no money to buy anything to eat nor coal to keep us warm."

"We ate every day, though, mother dear, and most generally always we had a fire."

"Yes, dear, because a kind man let us have all that we needed, and trusted mother to pay for it when she got work again. So, you see, Agnes, the money that mother is making now does not really belong to us, but every cent must go to pay our debts."

A small head solemnly nodded.

"It hurts mother very much not to give her darling any Christmas toys nor let her girlie's kind heart have its wish about the dollie for the poor sick little child at the hospital, but Agnes will try to be a good litle girl about it, won't she?"

The arms about mother's neck tightened their hold, but Agnes' mouth twitched, and she had to blink very hard to keep back the tears. If she had no present to lay in the Christmas box, how would the Christ Child know that she loved Him? "Of course," she argued to herself, "I could 'splain in my prayers that I had nothing to give."

But had she nothing? Her face suddenly crimsoned, and a great lump choked her little throat. There was Peggy herself!

Without speaking, she got down from mother's lap, and darted across the room to her little bed. There, propped up by a pillow, sat Peggy, in a stiff pink calico dress. The curls had all been combed out of Peggy's straggling hair; the roses had long ago faded from her cheeks, and in a sad accident Peggy had parted company with the end of her nose.

"You dear!" whispered Agnes. Her lips formed a determined line. How could she have thought of giving Peggy up! What would she do all day without a dollie to play with? What would she do at night without a dollie to sleep on the pillow beside her? But how disappointed her sick little girl at the hospital would be Christmas morning when all the other children had lovely presents, and she found that she had been left out? Agnes stooped over the bed, gathered Peggy in her arms, and pressed her to her aching heart. * * * * * *

It was the day before Christmas, and the children had sung all but their last carol which they were to sing as they marched to the box and laid down their gifts, one by one.

The door softly opened, and a little brown shadow of a girl with a small pink object hugged to her breast slipped timidly in. For a moment Agnes stood dazed, as if she had suddenly entered fairyland, for the bare walls of the room were festooned with heavy ropes of Christmas greens, the shades at the windows were drawn, and all the chandeliers brilliantly lighted, while above the awaiting box shone a glorious electric star. Then, ashamed of being so late, she hurriedly tiptoed to her place, the vacant seat beside Clarice.

Clarice met her with a cold stare, but the gaze of Agnes' eyes never reached the unkind little girl's face; for it rested in fascinated awe upon a vision of beauty in Clarice's arms. It was a doll such as fairies might dream of. She had dark, clustering curls and magnificent brown eyes. Her cheeks glowed with color, and there was the cunningest dimple in her round chin. She was dressed in claret velvet trimmed in white silk, and wore a claret velvet poke bonnet with white silk strings and an exquisite white plume gracefully touching the brown curls on the right side. And best of all she had a necklace of gold beads, and gold bead bracelets dangling over her hands.

"Oh," murmured Agnes, "won't your little hospital girl be pleased!"

"My little hospital girl!" scornfully whispered back Clarice. "You don't suppose I'd give my best doll away!" Here's my present,"—she held out a box of jack-straws—"Lady Lucile and I simply stopped in." She airily tossed her head. "We're on our way to a Christmas Eve party."

"Form in line, my dears," interrupted Miss Maud, briskly. "Yes, our class comes last, but you must sing all the time that we're marching.

The children's voices caroled joyously as the procession pressed forward, but one little singer was mute. She was the last in the line, a little brown shadow of a girl with a small pink object hugged to her breast. Miss Maud stood by the box, now heaped with all sorts of playthings, and nodded and smiled as each wee member of her class approached. Puzzled, she watched Agnes pause, look at the box with frightened eyes, and hesitate. Then she saw the small pink object lifted to the child's lips, and heard the sound of a smacking kiss of farewell before trembling hands laid a doll with straggly hair, faded cheeks and a broken nose among the new toys.

"Why, my dear," cried Miss Maud, putting her arms about Agnes, "what is the matter?"

A great sob shook the tiny figure.

"Tell me all about it," comforted Miss Maud.

And Agnes brokenly confided the whole story. But as she explained how mothers' money belonged to somebody else, and how she

had nothing to give the Christ Child except her only doll, neither of them noticed a little listener who drew nearer and nearer.

"No, no," cried Agnes, "I wouldn't take her back. I want the little hospital girl to have her—she'll 'preciate Peggy's crippled nose, won't she?" Agnes forced a smile through her tears. "Only," she faltered, "it will be so—so lonesome without any doll—ie."

Something tugged at Miss Maud's skirts. She turned, and, with a start of surprise, looked down into Clarice's eager face.

"I've lots more at home, you know," she whispered. And laying Lady Lucile in Agnes' astonished arms, Clarice ran after her chum, Anabel.

A CHRISTMAS ENDEAVOR.

"Christmas Endeavor Society!" laughed Phoebe. "What's a Christmas Endeavor Society, Christine Gentle?"

"Why, it's one where folks do good to folks—endeavor, you know," she said.

After Christine turned away at the crossroads, Phoebe went on alone, smiling to herself. "Christmas! I wonder what a Christmas Endeavor Society'd be like. She needn't explain. I guess I know what a Christmas Endeavor is. After she went to bed that night, in the little room off the sitting room, she lay awake thinking about Christmas. Out in the sitting room were Father and Mother Orr. The door between was open a little—wide enough to let the talk squeeze through. Phoebe always liked that.

"How about Christmas, Andrew?" mother asked.

"It's coming!" father said.

Then Phoebe knew mother was smiling in her gentle way.

"But the children's fund, dear? We've had such bad luck in selling the hay off, you know."

How well father knew!

"Don't worry, little mother." he said, assuringly. "We'll manage, sweetheart. But something else worries me; it's the mother fund. How long has it been since I gave my wife a Christmas present? No, don't reckon up; I'd rather you wouldn't."

Father's voice was troubled. But how cheery mother's sounded! "Why!" she cried, "don't you give me something every day I live? Isn't it just what I want? We don't need to hang up our stockings, Andy; we're old folks now. But don't you remember when we used to? That first year, how full you did cram mine! The watch was on top and"—

The sweet voice stopped abruptly. Phoebe knew it must be because it was afraid of hurting father. Then father's grieved voice took

up the ball. "Little mother, little mother, if only I could give you a Christmas!" it said. "How long it has been! Have I ever given you one since the gold watch, dear?"

Phoebe was doing some hard thinking. She was remembering all the Christmases she had ever lived, and how full the little stockings had always been. There had always been a "Children's Fund."

Suddenly Phoebe sat up in bed and thought out an idea. "I guess that would be a Christmas Endeavor," Phoebe murmured, under her breath. In the dark she laughed a little, softly.

The next morning was Saturday morning and a holiday. Phoebe bustled round the little house, getting her "chores" done early. Then she collected all the littls Orrs but the baby into the shed room and shut the door, mysteriously.

"It's a meeting of the Christmas Endeavor society," she explained, gravely. "Don't you every single one want to join it with me?"

With Phoebe? Yes, indeed; they would join anything with Phoebe.

"Then's it's a vote; you're joined. All of you listen, now. You know it's 'most Christmas?"

Know it?

"Well, this is a Christmas Endeavor society."

Late that afternoon Mrs. Orr sought out Andrew with a puzzled look on her face.

"Andy, the children want the queerest thing!" she said. "They want the children's fund, now, instead of waiting for Christmas; did you ever?"

"No, I never!"

"Well, they've set their hearts on it, Andy. Phoebe was spokesman for the family, and she was dead in earnest. 'It will not take a bit more money, mother,' she said, 'and we do want to spend it ourselves this Christmas.'"

"Well, mother, why not? Let the youngsters buy their own Christmases this once, for a variety. It isn't likely they'll ever want to again!"

"No-o," mused mother, thoughtfully, "it will not take any more money, Andy. I suppose they might as well, but it's such a queer idea!"

So the children's fund was turned over to Phoebe, as trustee. Immediately after, a long, carefully-written letter was secretly dispatched to Aunt Connie in the city. Mother found one of the duplicate envelopes that Phoebe had practiced on, and smiled to herself:

"Queer midgets! They've sent Constance their little lists, I suppose. She'll have her hands full buying Jack-in-boxes and tin trumpets!"

On Christmas eve the children hung up their stockings with muffled giggles and whispers. Mother wondered how they intended to fill them, but waited quietly. When she went to bed at last, they still

dangled there, empty and wistful, a forlorn little row of Christmas reminders.

The next morning, only two stockings, mother's and father's, hung from the mantelpiece. They were both full of fascinating packages, square and round and knobby, wrapped in fresh, white paper, and tied with gay, pink string. Aunt Connie had outdone herself.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted gleeful voices, as little nightgowned children joined hands and danced round the two silent, wondering figures.

"Merry Christmas, father and mother! It's your turn! Goody, goody, it's your turn!"

WHAT JOE GAVE.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

He always looked so sunny when he came for the week's washing and returned with it that Mrs. Blank soon ceased to pity him because he must work while other boys played.

His coming always brought such a fresh breeze that Mrs. Blank often encouraged him to talk. Consequently, she was not long in learning that his mother was a widow with four children, and that Joe, the oldest, and only son, was impatient to be a "grown-up," so that he could support the family and "make ma quit washing."

His merry whistle was the herald of his approach the day after Christmas, last year, and, hearing it, Mrs. Blank brought forward the gift she had in readiness for "the little hero."

"Merry Christmas! if it isn't too late," said Joe, in a jubilant tone, doffing his cap.

"Merry Christmas to you, and here is a little gift for the boy who always brings good cheer."

"For me!" were the only words Joe's lips seemed capable of uttering when he took the book from the hands of the thoughtful donor; but his sparkling eyes and happy face were sufficient thanks.

"Can't make it seem like it's mine for keeps. That makes me two presents!" he finally said. "See, ma knit these mittens for my Christmas present."

He looked at the coarse mittens with admiring eyes and then went on, as if he could no longer keep back a happy secret.

"I didn't think about any presents for myself, but I gave ma an awful nice one. Anyhow, she's as pleased with it as I am with my mittens an' book. But it was the funniest present you ever heard of. I don't believe you'd guess what 'twas in a week."

"Why, Joe, what was it? You have aroused my curiosity," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Well, it was this way," said the excited boy. "I wanted to buy

ma something out o' the stores, like I heard t'other boys talking about getting for their mas, but I hadn't any money. 'Cause, you see ma makes me go to school, so's I'll know enough to do business when I'm a man, an' so it takes all my spare time to fetch an' carry clothes an' split wood an' wait on ma. For I turn the wringers an' help lots 'fore an' after school."

He said it as if so proud of the ability to help his hard-working mother that his interested listener brought the red to his happy face by exclaiming: "You do not need to tell me that, my boy!"

"Well," Joe went on, "there's a grove, a piece back o' our house, an' one day after ma had said the wood melted like dew, I was over there an' noticed that there were a lot of dead limbs lying around, an' then I hustled an' found the owner of the grove, an' he said I was welcome—just his word, lady—to cut it up for wood. Now you couldn't ever guessed, could you?

"Well, it was the very best sort of a present, anyhow, 'cause ma has to use a lot of wood an' it was most gone. So I told my teacher—she ain't one of the stuck-up kind—all about it, an' she said she would hear my afternoon lessons separate for a spell, so's I could get off early, an' she did.

"So I run off to the grove an' pitched in the best I knew how, till 'twas time for school to let out, an' then I put for home. An' I tell you I felt like I was a man when I had a big pile of wood I'd sawed myself. I thought at first I'd only get what I could draw home on my sled by spells, but I kept at it till I had so much I didn't know what to do till I —I—You won't laugh if I tell you I prayed about it, will you?"

"No, indeed, Joe!" was the emphatic answer. "I am glad to know that you are a praying boy. I think that solves the secret of your bravery."

"Well, I prayed that time, anyhow, an' an', say, wasn't it just like God to put it into the heart of a rich woman to hire me to carry a lot of wood into her cellar, an' pile it up, so's I could earn some money to hire a dray?

"So after I had the wood all cut up, teacher let me off long enough to earn the money to have it hauled. The drayman wanted more'n I had, but when I told him how I'd cut it for ma's present, he had an' awful time blowing his nose an' acting like he'd had something in his eyes, an' then he said he'd be proud to haul it for half price.

"Well, when the man drove up with the first load of wood an' began to throw it off, ma rushed to the door and said:

" 'There must be some mistake. I haven't ordered any wood.'

"An' then the man laughed real hearty, an' says:

" 'But your son ordered it, ma'am.'

"An' then I told ma it was her Christmas present, an' you just ought to seen her! She hugged me an' cried, an'—an'. Well, I can't tell the rest—but—but ma talked real good to me.

"Anyhow," Joe went on, rising to his feet, and looking as if inches had been added to his height, "we've got wood enough to last us quite a spell, an' I tell you it looks good when I think ma didn't work to earn it."

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

Patiently the organist played it, again and again. Patiently the boys tried, one after another, and one after another broke on the high notes and stopped.

"We shall have to give it up," sighed Mr. Harper. "It is the finest anthem I have found, but not one of you can carry that solo; not a boy in the school can carry it."

"I know who could sing it if we could get him," said Fred Vane.

"Who?"

"Brick Hendricks."

"Who in the world is Brick Hendricks?"

"He lives over in Shantytown," answered Fred. "He goes in my room at school— when he goes at all. And sing? He can sing anything if he only hears it once. He can go as high as the girls can, and his voice is different from other folks' someway; most like a robin's."

"That's what it is! And Brick can mock the birds so they'll answer him. You just ought to hear him, Mr. Harper. Men get him to sing for nickels."

"Boys,why haven't any of you brought this boy to Sunday school?"

"I did ask him to go," said Fred.

"So did I," said Will Walters.

"Well?"

The boys looked doubtfully at each other. "It was when we had the old, squeaky organ," answered Fred, "and he said our noise hurt his ears and he'd rather stay outdoors and listen to the frogs."

The organist's shoulders shook; Mr. Harper bit his lip; but though "a man of one idea" at a time, he had a strong sense of humor, and his laugh rang out heartily, to the boys' relief.

"Well," he said, "shall I hunt up this young critic and ask him to help us, or will you? Which will be most apt to get him?"

"Fred will," said Will Walters, quickly. "Fred can fetch him if anybody can."

So Fred was appointed a committee of one to persuade Brick Hendricks to loan his voice on Children's Day.

Fred persuaded. When they next met for practice Brick was conveyed proudly up by his captor and introduced to Mr. Harper. The teacher felt that he was observed as well as observer; that the boy's keen eyes measured him as accurately as he did the lithe form, the flaming hair ("Brick" indeed!) and the bold, fearless spirit that dwelt behind that pleasant face.

And Brick could sing! How he could sing! The teacher drew his breath in wonder as, after listening to the organ play through the strains, Brick opened his mouth and poured forth the melody—so rich, so true, so thrillingly sweet that silence brought a distinct sense of loss; almost of hurt. "Inasmuch—inasmuch—inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," trilled the singer, "ye have done it unto me!" "I was a-hungered—and ye fed me; I was a-thirst and ye gave me to drink," rang the dozen boyish voices in support, like strung beads on the silver thread of that wonderful treble, leading always, birdlike, liquid, clear as a bell.

To sing was plainly a delight to the heart of the boy from Shantytown. The real music of the anthem, the touching beauty of his own solo, the voice of the pipe organ, sustaining and guiding, was a genuine joy. In the pauses of the practice Mr. Harper found Brick to be of few words; though he knew perfectly well that, in a way, he was favoring these almost strangers by singing here, his manner was as far from conceit as it was from shyness; and singing in Shantytown saloons does not encourage shyness. Nor had they practiced many times before the teacher saw that as Brick Hendericks willed, so things went. If Brick sang in earnest, the boys tried hard and learned fast; if Brick's mood was mischievous, a nod, a wink, a shrug, a roll of his merry eyes, and the practice hour was wasted. The boys, with the best intentions, could not more help following his lead than they could help breathing.

During that first week, the melody was all in all to Brick. He scarcely knew what words he sang. But as he walked toward home with Will Walters in the sunset light of a hot June day, he said abruptly: "What does that 'inasmuch' and so forth racket mean, anyway? It's out of the Bible, I suppose?"

"Why, yes," answered Will. It's what C— what Christ said, you know, when he was here."

"Oh!" said Brick. 'What's the rest of it, before and behind?"

"Well, I don't really know."

"Oh! Thought you learned all such at your Sunday school they crack up so."

"We do," answered Will, earnestly. "Anyway, it's our own fault if we don't. I was always a rattle pate. But 'll ask mother where that verse is and we can find out all about it. Here we are. Come in."

"I'll wait here," said Brick, sitting down on the steps of the porch.

"Here it is," cried Will, returning with the big Bible, open. Together the brown head and the red one bent; together the brown eyes and the blue followed the words of that touching appeal for the helpless, that wondrous assurance that the lowest living thing of earth stands in the stead of the Prince of heaven. While they silently considered the words Will idly turned the leaves till he stopped, as he always stopped, at the big picture of Christ, bearing his cross. At sight of the terrible burden, the stony road, the whips, the jeering crowd, the agony in that

gentle, loving face, Will clenched his fist—as what boy has not? "Wish I'd been there," he muttered. "Bet I would have helped him a little."

"I'll bet I would, too," thought Brick on his way home, scowling and kicking a stone ahead of him. "Chirk! Chirk—chirk!" snapped a sparrow, lighting on the fence. In an instant the stone was in Brick's hand; in another the ragged little bird was doomed; then the hand stopped in midair. Again that patient, suffering Christ-face came before the boy's eyes. To his ears, on the wings of the music, floated that suffering Christ's own words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Brick dropped the stone. Who was "the least of these," if not this smutty little gutter bird? "And I near stoned it! I near stoned Him!" He stopped in his tracks, bewildered by the thought. The sparrow flew and his eyes followed it. The western sky was glowing as though heaven smiled, and Brick's thoughts raced. "But I didn't throw it; I didn't hurt the sparrow—nor Him! The bird is alive; *He* is alive up there. And He's glad. He must be; He said so. I—*I* made Him glad —*I!* Whew! What a—what a chance this least business gives a fellow! Why—as big a chance as them Bible chaps had! An—*awful* chance," he added, as the immensity of the real power he held came to him. "'The least of these!' He must have meant that apurpose for us rapscallions, nineteen hundred years away and poor as poverty's pig. That don't mean swell guys; that means the under dog! That means Shanty-town! It's plumb jammed full of leasts. And anybody that helps them helps Him! Whew! Whoo-oop!" cried the boy, speeding on at last in excited bounds; "that'll be too easy! And I thought everything in the Bible cut out a fellow's fun. Here goes! That sparrow's number one. Next!"

Number two was the sister who loved her books even as Brick hated his, and whose grammatical puzzles he straightened out after supper, to her great relief. Brick saw by his mother's face how pleased she was to have him at home that evening instead of on the streets, as usual, yet he never thought of calling her "three" in this whimsical numbering of his chances." His "leasts" were younger, weaker, or more helpless than himself. As he said, Shantytown was the abode of "leasts," and his list grew fast. Number twelve was Pat Malloy, Silly Pat, as he was called, whom Brick had chaffed, half coaxed past Brigham's doors Saturday night, saving to Pat's mother his hard-earned wage. Number nineteen was the ragged little street urchin that Brick rescued from a thrashing at the hands of a bigger bully. Had Brick been as familiar with the story of Peter's interference and the healing of the servant's ear as he was with his own verse, perhaps the bully would not have been so soundly slapped. Meanwhile the boys practiced their music and Mr. Harper congratulated himself on his wonderful find.

The momentous Sunday arrived, the brightest day of a bright June. A rain the night before had washed the face of nature, and left it

sparkling like the face of a happy child. If Brick Hendricks was not vain of his voice, be sure he never thought twice of his appearance. Still, he blacked his shoes and brushed his threadbare clothes; and his hands, which of late had lost their old-time coat of grime, were scrupulously neat when he started.

But on the edge of Shantytown he pulled up abruptly. "Well, I'll be jiggered," he cried. "You poor little beast!" The dog lifted his head and moaned with pain—an almost starved, mud-plastered, pitiful little dog, lying in the hot road, where he had been run over and left. With one jump Brick was down beside him, lifting his head. The swollen, hanging tongue tried feebly to lick the kind hand. "Just about roasted and dead for a drink and hurt besides!" exclaimed the boy.

"Want some help?" Brick jumped as a young man rose from a half-hidden hammock.

"You're jolly right; want it bad," said Brick. "I'm in an awful hurry—ought to be to the church now; and this fellow's hurt, bad, I guess, and—"

"I see," said the man, kneeling to examine the injuries. "Hind leg broken and shoulder dislocated," he announced. "As I happen to be a doctor with more patience than patients," with a twinkle in his eye, "I suppose it's up to me to cure him. Think he'll be good pay?"

"Oh, yes; they've all paid, fine and dandy, and he's number twenty-three," answered Brick, his mind on the "leasts."

"He won't be 'twenty-three' when I get through with him," laughed the doctor.

"Oh, I didn't mean that kind of 'twenty-three,' this time; but I can't stop another minute. I'll stop on my way home, and I'll do anything to help till he's well. Goodby, twenty-three," and with a last pat on the little brown head he was off. He arrived, breathless, where Mr. Harper and the boys were waiting in the basement of the church, and told how he had been detained. "Whew! I'm glad I got in in time!" he finished.

"Why, Brick! Surely you don't intend to sing?" asked Mr. Harper.

"Not sing? *not sing?* Why not?"

"Look at your clothes!"

"Oh, that's just a little mud! I brushed most of it off, and there ain't a guy in the crowd but what's seen me dirtier'n this."

"But—I'm afraid it won't appear well to the audience," said that gentleman.

"But the mud was on the *dog,* sir! I couldn't help it without gettin' it's mud on me!"

"That's all right," returned Mr. Harper, crisply; "but you surely must see that you can't stand beside these boys, before the whole town, and sing a solo in those clothes!"

Brick looked at the boys' sympathetic faces, at his spattered suit,

at Mr. Harper's immaculate clothes; then past him to the wall, where hung that pictured face, that was growing to seem happier, more the face of a loving friend, with every number added to his list.

"Then it's a lie!" he said, quietly.

"What is a lie?"

"Why, the anthem—the verse—the whole business. Couldn't nothin' be leaster than that little cur dog; and if I've got to lose my place 'cause I got a little dirt on me, helpin' it out of its pain, it ain't the same as if I'd helped Him, no such thing! You'd think I was all right if I'd helped Him, first-hand. If that verse ain't so, the rest ain't: and I don't want nothin' to do with such a make-believe as your old Bible!"

"Brick," exclaimed the teacher, shocked at last to seeing past his own narrow view and the present moment. "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, who believe in me—" The words fairly blinded the man. If this brave, bright spirit, this leader-to-be, with his glorious, heart-touching voice, were forever "offended," what then? Mr. Harper shuddered; he could not help it. "Brick, boy, it is true," he cried. "It *is* true, every word of it! 'Tis I who am false; I thought only of the looks, God help me! Believe the verse! Believe it, Brick! And never again let what any man says or does make you doubt that Christ's own word is true; never, never!" And down on the floor went Mr. Harper, trying with his spotless handkerchief to scrub some of the clay off Brick's stockings.

"The anthem comes after this recitation, Mr. Harper," said an usher from the stairs.

"Yes, yes! We'll be ready. Form your line, boys!" and Mr. Harper was upstairs and out of their hearing in a moment. "Dear friends," he said when the anthem was announced, "one of our boys, on his way here this morning, found a little dog lying hurt in the mud and stopped to minister to it. Without this boy we must omit our anthem; he is brave enough to wish to take his part and I beg you to see him just as the Master sees him."

With glad faces the boys fell in behind Brick and marched, at the signal, up the stairs and onto the platform. Softly the organ played the familiar opening tones; then clear and ravishingly sweet pealed Brick's boyish voice, singing in all the faith of his trusting, boyish heart: "Inasmuch—inasmuch—inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these—ye have done it unto me!"

THE CHILD WORSHIPERS.

Long, long ago, on the first Christmas Eve, two little children were fast asleep in their humble home not far from Bethlehem. Father and brother were watching their flocks on a distant hill-side. Sister

Rachel, the only mother little David and Miriam remembered, was sleeping too, when she was suddenly wakened by the sound of footsteps. Rising she ran to open the door. There in the starlight stood her brother, his face aglow with excitement.

"Rachel," he cried, "I have somewhat to tell thee."

Entering the house he seated himself, and told his wonderful story. How, as they watched their flocks the heavens were filled with light and heavenly music, and they saw angels who sang of Israel's long looked for King, Christ the Lord, "which is born this night in Bethlehem," he concluded; "and all the shepherds, with our father, have gone to worship before the Christ-Child, leaving Joseph and me to guard the sheep, so I must hasten back. I ran thither to tell thee, that thou might rejoice with us."

Quickly he was gone, and Rachel, with joyful heart, went back to quiet rest. Not so little Miriam and David, who had wakened at their brother's coming and had listened unobserved to the glad tidings.

"We will not call Sister Rachel again—she is weary and sleeping already," said Miriam, wisely. "We will go ourselves and find father and the dear Christ-Child!"

So out under the glorious stars they went hand in hand.

"Who will tell us where to go?" asked David.

"We will guide you," said a clear voice, and there beside them stood three children, their beautiful faces glowing with tender light. One of them took David's hand in his and Miriam whispered: "Do not fear; perhaps they are angel children." Soon they came to the gate of an inn yard; inside were mules tied here and there; their masters slept beside them, for the inn was very crowded. Past them all, to the stable, went the children and entered the dark doorway. Within, on a bed of straw in one of the mangers, sat a woman, her fair face shining with wondrous light. On the floor before her knelt several men in rough garb, engaged in earnest prayer. The children crept softly by them, and gazed over the manger's side into the face of the tiny babe that lay in the lap of Mary, its mother.

"See," cried Miriam, "the dear angels have brought us straight to the beautiful Babe!" and David, forgetting his fears, smiled happily at the sleeping child, whose beauty filled the hearts of the childish worshipers with innocent wonder. Long they stood and looked and were silent. When at last they turned to go their gentle guides had vanished; the men, too, were gone. Outside, morning was coming. Close by the gateway stood a familiar figure and little David ran quickly toward it.

"Father," he cried, "we have found the little Christ-Child, and now we have found you!"

Officers' Department.

NOTICE TO STAKE SECRETARIES.

Get your supply of blanks, receipt books for nickel fund, minute and roll books for the year 1908. Report blanks should be sent out before the end of this year, and every association supplied with the necessary books to make out new rolls and start minutes in good order the first meeting in January. Remember a good beginning will help towards a good ending. All supplies may be obtained at the office of The Children's Friend.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR VOLUME VII.

Stake and Local Presidents are requested to consider the success of The Children's Friend as part of the responsibility of their office, and use every possible effort to increase its circulation. Volume VII will be better than ever, and well worth the patronage of all interested in children.

Subject for the month: Christmas.

Divisions: Lesson 37, "The Spirit of Christmas;" Lesson 38, "Forgetfulness of Self for Others;" Lesson 39, "Christmas in the Home;" Lesson 40, "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Man."

Officers' Paper.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

O Christ, to whom we dedicate
  This happy Christmas day,
Send down to us Thy spirit bright
  To bless us on our way.
Protect us with Thy holy love,
  That we may never sin;
Oh, give to us remembrance
  Of Thy great work for men;
Oh, may we ne'er forget that trust
  But live befittingly,
That we may in eternity
  A dwelling gain with thee.

—*Sarah Williams, '06.*
(Student Weber Stake Academy.)

What is Christmas? It is the greatest message. Rather, it is two messages. First, that God is close to men. Second, that men are dear to God.

It would be a marvelous education for Latter-day Saints if they could live for a week in a world that knew no more of those two thoughts than the world knew before Christ. Study the picture of Zeus, of Jupiter, of Brahma, of Thor, of Baal, and try to imagine what your life would be if your hope for the future and your support in the present, the object of your prayers and your sole guide in life, were such as these. In proportion as you come to realize what heathenism means, even today, you will celebrate with a glad heart the Advent season.

The Christmas motive, also, was and is the greatest motive. Christ came, not to get, but to give. Not even to obtain submission, but to bestow pardon. Not to know more about the earth, but to tell more about heaven. "The Sabbath was made for man," said Christ. So was the Christmas day.

How can we make our own both the Christmas message and the Christmas motive? How can we show the children that God loves them? How can we come to love others unselfishly ourselves?

If there is a single person on earth toward whom you cherish any evil feeling, you must begin with him and make your heart right, or you cannot transmit the Christmas message. In the words of E. S. Martin:

Out, greed! Out, guile! Out, jealousy!
Out, envy! Out, despair!
Come, hope! Come, faith! Come, charity!
And ease the pains of care.
Come, Christmas, with thy message dear,
And all thy gentle mirth,
To teach that love shall cast out fear,
And peace shall reign on earth.

Peace comes on earth as it comes in men's hearts, one by one, and your first contribution to Christmas peace must be to get peace in your own soul.

It is through a very narrow pipe that the pure water of a great reservoir reaches the parched and thirsty city. Only a slight stoppage in the pipe will hold back the entire reservoir. So God's love can come to the world by your small life and mine, but not if any selfishness stops them up.

We cannot give the children the Christmas message, that God loves them, except as we give them something ourselves; any more than the pipe can tell the city of the fulness of the reservoir except by pouring out a full stream itself. The ambassador of a king must keep a generous house, or men will discredit the wealth and power of his royal

master. That is one reason why God blesses Latter-day Saints in worldly ways—that they may show forth His glory to the world.

And so there must be in our Christmas some genuine giving—not merely giving to our family and friends, who give in return to us, but giving as Christ gave, to those who could make no return, and often did not wish to make any. Such gifts will enrich all the others we make and receive, casting over them the golden light that shone round the Bethlehem shepherds two thousand years ago.

Is there any scene of greater peace than this? Is there any scene which we care to impress more clearly on the minds of our little ones as typical of Christmas? Bring it to their little thoughts, their vivid imaginations, by music, by reading, and by talking it over with them until they catch the spirit of Peace, Glory, and Joy. Help them to feel the atmosphere of "Good-will to man." Help them to comprehend that the peace, glory, and joy are to good-will men, that through and by good-will to all mankind we shall hear the "Glad angelic strain."

This may sound a little obscure as recommended to children. It is not meant for them directly, but through you, teachers.

Note for yourselves all the beautiful suggestion in this incomparably beautiful scene. Note that the shepherds were at their usual business faithfully attending their flocks; that in this line of devotion to homely duty God's glory came to them. As they listened to the wondrous story of the Child, and took it to their hearts, more glory, more joy shone all about, and a shining throng of angels took up the song till it echoed and re-echoed down through the ages—

"Peace to the earth, good-will to man!"

In all the hustle, bustle, hurry and worry, tangle and tinsel of the present Christmas-tide, do not many of us long to fly with our little ones to some such peaceful, quiet scene as this of the shepherds?

Do we not long above all things for a peaceful, simple Christmas; a Christmas with less of the material, more of the spirit? It is indeed something worthy of our longings, worthy of our strivings. Of course we cannot attain the fulness of it, but we need not despair of aspiring to a taste of it. Have such a *good* time, such a perfectly beautiful time all together, you and your children, getting ready for the blessed festival. Include the stranger within your reach in your plans and in your preparations.

If you absorb the children's thoughts in doing and giving, the *"getting"* spirit, which is so foreign to the Christmas ideal, will be overshadowed, and the surprise will be the best part of the pleasure in their own realizations of Christmas favors. Let peace pervade, prevail; be sure if you do not hark you will not hear; if you are not quietly watching your own flocks, attending to your duties in your own fields, you will miss the glory.

Remember this glory shone all around; be ready for it, just as far as you can reach help to spread it. Give yourself the joy on the holy night of feeling that every little one within your field of influence will be happier because of the Christ-Child.

Lesson 37.

Subject: "The Spirit of Christmas."

Introductory Talk:

On Christmas night I stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row for a cup of hot coffee. As I took my seat at one of the tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite. There was a wolfish glare in the boy's eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

I sipped my coffee and watched the boy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, I told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter, and a bowl of coffee for the boy.

The little fellow stared for a moment and began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, bread and coffee had disappeared; yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" I asked.

"'Most any kind; they're all good," replied the boy.

"Bring some mince pie and pumpkin pie," said I to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two pieces of pie in wonderment and then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward me.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"To pay for the spread; it's all I've got," he said.

Taking a quarter from my pocket, I laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them both across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with his mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all that?"

"Yes; this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yes, I remember; but I had no money for my lodging, so I didn't get any of the dinner down at the Newsboys' Lodging House. Thank you, mister; you is good ter me."

Months passed. One day a boy stopped me near Brooklyn Bridge. "Say, mister," said he, "I owe you a quarter. Here it is." Recognizing my Christmas guest, I gently refused the money, telling him that he had better keep it.

"No, you take it," he persisted. "That supper and the quarter you gave me brought me luck, and I have not been so hungry since. You was so good that night, and I want you to give some other boy a Christmas supper."

I took the coin, and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it since.—*Selected.*

Old Farmer Pettigrew was driving along the pike toward the country town, his grays going at a brisk rate.

"There's that young Evans walking," he said to himself; "he's dressed up as if he was going to catch the train."

"Going up the road, Robert?" he said, as he passed the young man; "I'm bound for the burg."

"I was going down by train, but don't mind riding behind your grays," laughed the other climbing in; "that is, if you'll agree to bring my stuff back."

"So 'tain't two wagon loads," was the retort. He liked Robert Evans because he joked and laughed, and was good company. College boy, too. Education had never hurt him. Fine farmer, steady and smart.

"What'll your load be?" he asked Robert, as the hard mud flew under the horses' feet.

"Not much weight," laughed his companion. "Christmas gifts. This is the time when a little money buys a lot of things to warm the heart."

"Sho!" said Farmer Pettigrew, "when you're as old as I am, you won't be spending money for Christmas. Thar's no one but me and mother now. We'd look fine making Christmas presents."

"That you would," said Evans heartily; "and it would make good old Aunt Pettigrew feel ten years younger."

"Now, Robert!" exclaimed the old man, "air you in earnest?"

"Never more so. She is often lonely since your daughter moved West. She would not only be surprised, but happy. Try it once," he added.

"What are you going to get Addie?"

"Me? Oh, I've been planning for ever so long. A new dress for one; books she wanted; and some little knicknacks. Nothing is too good for my wife. She deserves more than I can give her. But I am getting some things for mother. I wouldn't forget her. We'll go over tomorrow afternoon, and see how happy she'll be over our presents."

"I never did give anything 'cept a little candy to the children on Christmas," said the old man.

About the middle of the afternoon Robert Evans hurried into the big dry-goods store after numerous bundles. He was surprised to see old Farmer Pettigrew sitting at a counter near the front, while an obsequius clerk was holding up folds of gray silk.

Robert was so pleased, he stopped to help in the selection, and then went on his way. It was nearly dark when the two men met at the livery stable.

"Say, Robert, I bought 'er a cheer, too, and a gold comb, and candy, and I'm kind of 'shamed to give them to her. And I sent Minnie ten dollars."

"I wish I could see auntie when you give those things to her."

"I'll tell you about it, Robert."

But he did not introduce the subject when Robert went over the next week. The young man followed him out to the barn lot, and asked him about the gifts. Old Farmer Pettigrew looked at him long and solemnly, a sort of quiver about his mouth.

"Well, when I laid 'em out Christmas mornin' by her bed, Robert, I jest stepped out. She didn't come out, an' I got skeered. I peeked in through the crack, an'—an'—she was on 'er knees by 'em sobbin'. I didn't calkilate it was going to have no such effect, Robert."

Robert's eyes grew misty.

"Well," he said.

"I went in, then, an' she riz up an' kim to me, an' she said, 'Pa,' an' kissed me, fur the fust time in ten years, Robert."—*American Farmer.*

"Only a drop in the bucket,
  But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
  Without the drops in the well.

"Only a poor little penny—
  It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
  It may help some cause to live.

"A few little bits of ribbon,
  And some toys—they were not new-
Yet they made the sick child happy,
  Which made me happy, too.

"Only some outgrown garments—
  They were all that I could spare;
But they helped to clothe the needy,
  And the poor are everywhere.

"A word now and then of comfort,
  That costs one nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
  And it helped him on his way.

"God loveth the cheerful giver,
  Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what can He think of His children
  Who never give at all."

"'I would sooner have some people's looks than other people's words, and some people's words than other people's gifts.' That is the opinion of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. Is it not also the opinion of all of us who have ever needed comfort or encouragement?

"For the truth is, as Lowell suggests, that the gift most worth having is that in which the giver gives himself. And whether this self is given or not is often indicated in a manner quite independent of the market value of the article that is presented. A grudging or indifferent

manner will sometimes make a sudden drop of at least fifty per cent in the worth of a gift to its recipient. It shows that the heart of the giver has remained outside the whole transaction.

"Those of us, then, who have few dollars to spend on presents to our friends have some compensation in the fact that it is not dollar-bought offerings that they prize the most. What they want is our interest and affection, which can be shown very effectively without the writing of a single check."

Memory Gems.

"God loveth a cheerful giver,
Though the gifts be poor and small;
But what can He think of His children
Who never give at all?"

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 504.
Christmas Songs.
Rest Exercise.
Story: "A Christmas for Sale." Page 485.

Memory Gem.

Recitation for First Grade, to be memorized and repeated in concert. Take the whole month for it.

SANTA CLAUS' SECRET.

Who is this dear old Santa Claus?
I'd really like to know;
Could anybody tell me,
Who 'tis loves children so?

Last night he thought me sleeping
When he came and looked at me;
He peeped 'way down my stocking
To see what he could see.

He looked up disappointed,
I could not help but speak;
So I asked him what he wanted,
And he kissed me on my cheek.

"I am sorry that you saw me;
Go to sleep, my little bird;

But I have a little secret
And I'll tell you in a word.

"Before I fill each stocking
I dive down to the toe,
To see if any one has left
A gift for me, you know."

"Presents for you, dear Santa?
Who'd think of such a thing!
I thought the presents all were yours
To little folks to bring."

"That's so, my little darling,
But so many girls and boys
Make it hard for good old Santa
To prepare enough of toys.

"You little folks could help me
If you'd spare me just a few
Of your last year's Christmas presents,
When I bring you something new.

"If 'tis only something tiny,
Just to fill a toe or two
Of some dear child's Christmas stocking,
Who has fewer toys than you.

—*Iva May Thompson.*

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 504.
Story: "A Christmas for Sale." Page 485.

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 504.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

HOW ONE GIRL TRIUMPHED OVER HER FACE.

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so plain when she was a girl that her mother one day said, after gazing at her for a long time with a distressed expression, "My poor child, I fear it will be very hard for you to win love in this world—indeed, even to make friends."

It was from that hour that the success of this woman, known to the world as Madame de Circourt, dated. For a little time she took the matter sorely to heart. Then, humbly, but sweetly and untiringly, she began to be kind—kind to the poor children of her native village, to

the servants of her household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. Nothing so distressed her as not to be able to render a service.

As the years wore on, her good-will toward everyone made her the idol of the great city which was eventually her home. Although her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her some of the most noted men of her time. Her life-long unselfishness and interest in others made her, it is said, irresistible, and young and old forgot the plainness of her features in the loveliness of her life.

THE GREATEST THING.

It is related of St. John that when he was very old and weak, and lay upon his death-bed, his friends gathered round him that they might listen to his last words of wisdom and council. He lifted himself up, and repeated again and again: "Little children, love one another." And when, hoping that he might have said other things, which, perhaps, they would have treasured more eagerly, they asked if he had nothing else to tell them, he answered, "There is no need for more; for love includes all. Fulfil, therefore, this law; Love one another."

A BOY'S AMBITION.

"Some forty years ago there stood one day in the middle of the High Street in Glasgow, a little fellow of eight years, homeless, friendless, and destitute. People passed and passed in an endless stream, but no one seemed to have a thought or look to spare for him; and, as this feeling crossed his mind, the boy determined that, if ever he came to be rich he would seek out all such friendless lads as himself, and take care of them. Some years afterwards, when this boy had become a journeyman shoemaker, he opened a room, where he gthered a number of poor, ragged boys, and fed and taught them. Fourteen years ago the same lad, now grown to a man, and known as Mr. Quarrier, opened the well-known orphan homes of Scotland, near Glasgow, with accommodations for six hundred boys."

POWER OF A NEW IMPULSE.

A traveler was crossing mountain heights of untrodden snow, alone. He struggled bravely against the overpowering sense of sleep, which weighed down his eyelids; but it was fast stealing over him, and, if he had fallen asleep, death would have been inevitable. At this crisis his foot struck against a heap lying across his path. Stooping down, he found it to be a human body, half buried in the snow. The next moment the traveler had taken a brother in his arms, and was

chafing his chest and hands. This effort to restore another brought back to himself life and energy, and was the means of saving both. Helping others in highest matters, our own spiritual vitality is quickened.

Discuss the following:

"It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us."

"God has so ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens."

"We should believe only in deeds; words go for nothing everywhere."

Story, "A Christmas for Sale." Page 485.

Memory Gem.

Lesson 38.

Subject: "Forgetting Self for Others."

Introductory Talk:

People who didn't know her thought her a very strange little girl indeed, but those who understood her loved her dearly. She was an old-fashioned little creature, with large, brown eyes, and she had a way of thinking a great deal; and often her ideas were very good ones. She was her father's little June rose, for she was born in the month of June, and her name was Rose, which suited the red cheeks very well.

All through the month of May, when the peach and apple trees in the yard were in bloom and nodding a sweet welcome whenever they saw her, she had been thinking deeply, and finally, when the blossoms had all blown away to Fairyland, her thought was finished.

"Mamma," she said, one day when she came in from playing under the trees in the yard, "are you going to give me a birthday present next Wednesday?"

"Of course," said her mother, smiling. "Why?"

"Because—because—I wish you would give me the money it will cost, instead," suggested Rose.

"If you would rather have it, you may, replied mamma, surprised.

Then, what did this strange little Rose girl do but ask her elder sister Grace, Archie, her father, grandmother, grandfather, uncles and aunts just the very same question; and they each smiled and agreed to give her the money instead of buying her a present with it. But they all wondered very much why Rose should wish this.

"Wait and see," Rose said, quietly. "It is going to be the loveliest birthday you ever heard of."

"Do you want the money the candies for your party will cost, too?"

asked papa. "And the flour and sugar and butter and stuff the cake would be made of?"

"No," said Rose, her dimples showing in a laugh. "I want the party the same as always, please."

"She's a queer child," said Sister Grace, which made the dimples in Rose's cheeks show again, for she loved to be mysterious.

For a few days she puzzled all the family by her actions. She often stopped in the stores on her way home from school, and seemed to smuggle something into the house every day.

Wednesday was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and so warm that mamma decided to have the tea table out under the trees at four o'clock. She put the beautifully iced cake trimmed with candles in the center of the table, and decorated it with flowers, while Rose quietly produced some mysterious bundles. Then, when all was ready, the guests, who were playing at the back of the house, were called. There were eight in all, and as they pulled their chairs out from under the table, each one jumped and laughed.

"Yer present's in my cheer, Mis' Rose," said Sally Lunn, old black mamma's little daughter; and then each of the guests held up a little bundle.

"No," said Rose, her eyes sparkling and the dimples playing tag with one another. "This is a birthday-Christmas, and the bundles are for you."

Sally's eyes opened wide with amazement and joy when she found her bundle contained the doll she had admired every time she had passed the shop window. Helen, who lived in the brick house on the hill, had a copy of *Little Women,* and Dorothy found such a pretty work-basket, filled with everything she could use to sew. Everyone was remembered with just what she wanted most, except, strange to say, the little girl whose birthday it was.

"You see," she explained, the smiles and dimples coming and going, "it is a birthday-Christmas—Christmas is always such fun, you know—and this is lots nicer than just a plain birthday. Isn't it nice to have Christmas in the middle of Summer?"

The guests certainly thought so, but they couldn't see how Rose could enjoy it.

The presents the little June Rose received were lots of kisses from everybody, and a very happy little heart.—*The Home Queen.*

BOB'S REWARD.

Roller skating had struck Rockville. Everybody went, even to Deacon Brown; and Bob Slater was there almost daily. Bob was an expert ice skater, so it came second nature for him to skate well on the rollers. With all the spare money he got, he went skating, so he

soon learned all the new turns and movements the local instructors could teach.

But it soon became too expensive to rent skates each time he went, so he had to forego the pleasure.

One day Harry Newell, whose father was rich and could afford to let Harry have anything he wanted, told Bob that the management of the rink was going to give a season ticket, as a prize to the best skater in town. Harry said he was going to try; and as he had an excellent pair of skates, and went so often, Bob knew that Harry had a good chance of winning; but then and there Bob decided to have that ticket. First he must have some skates of his own. Those used at the rink were cheap and hard to skate on.

Without mentioning his determination to anyone, he went to work to earn fifteen dollars, for such was the price of a pair of good skates he had seen in the window of a local store. He went on errands for the neighbors, sawed their wood, and by helping them in different ways, earned five dollars. He had heard that the contest was to take place New Year's Eve. It was now about the middle of November, and he realized that he would have to economize every moment. He saw that he would have no use for his ice skates, so he sold them with other things which he didn't need.

About a week before Christmas he had ten dollars and was in high spirits because he knew he would get his usual present of five dollars for Christmas.

One night his father came home with a sad look on his face and said that things hadn't been just right at the store and that the mortgage of one hundred dollars on their humble home was now due. He told the family that he needed their support and he asked each boy to give up some of his summer's earnings. Bob paled a little, and was silent. John and William, Bob's older brothers, said that they would give forty dollars. The father said that he already had fifty dollars; only ten dollars more was needed. They didn't ask Bob for anything. He hadn't worked all summer, and they didn't suspect that he had anything.

When Bob went to bed that night, he couldn't sleep. He knew it was his duty to give his father the ten dollars; but oh!— how he longed to have the skates, not only that he might try for the prize, but because he loved the sport. He had worked hard for it, anyway, and no one knew he had any money. He was considered the lazy boy of the family. Still his father had been very lenient about his working hard all summer. Thus selfishness fought with duty.

Next morning his course was fully decided; and rising early, he went to his mother, told her the whole story, and gave her the money. After he had gone, tears trickled down his mother's sad face as she thought of the sacrifice the lazy boy of the family had made.

Bob heard daily of the ability of Harry Newell on the rollers;

and friends were continually saying that "Harry will surely take the prize." Nevertheless Bob knew he had done right and happiness came to him from this fact in the darkest hours of disappointment.

Christmas Eve came; the contest only a week off. Bob's father and mother had gone away to get some presents for the children; and so Bob was alone. And indeed he felt alone, not because he wouldn't have a chance to win the prize, but because—well it was in the air.

Just as he was about to go to bed the door bell rang; and when he answered it, a neighbor's boy handed him a package. Taking it to the light he saw that it was for him. Scarcely believing his eyes, he opened it; and there, done up neatly in a box, was a most beautiful pair of skates; and upon the strap of one was this note:

ROCKVILLE, DEC. 24TH.

Mr. Robert Slater, City.

DEAR BOY: I send you these skates, wishing you a merry Christmas. Hoping you will use them to good advantage. I remain yours,

SILAS GRAY.

Bob could hardly believe his eyes. Having read the note six times, he tried the skates on. A perfect fit! Then the thought came, why had this wealthy banker sent him the skates? He could not for his life see why. He scarcely knew the banker.

While still admiring his gift, his father and mother came home. He showed them the skates, and asked them why they thought Mr. Gray had sent the skates to him.

"I believe—I know," said Mr. Slater. "You see he has no children and seems to be a lonely old man. When I went to pay off the mortgage, I couldn't help telling him of the ten dollars you gave, and the story connected with it. I thought I saw his eyes moisten. I believe that incident brought the skates.

Bob realized that he had only a week in which to practice; so the next morning bright and early he starts for the rink, but before he went, he thanked Mr. Gray in person. His father had surmised correctly.

Bob practiced hard for the week! and on New Year's Eve he was declared the best skater in town. He not only won the prize, but his character was strengthened, more than he realized, by his self-sacrifice. He learned that happiness comes from forgetting self for the good of others.—*Clarence Wright,* 08.(Student Weber Stake Academy.)

The day after the battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water; may I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the general, "the moment you step over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac untouched.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*"Wellspring."*

Memory Gems.

"Kind deeds pay back a hundredfold,
Like good seed freely sown;
And sunshine made for other hearts
Is sure to warm our own."

"Life is a service—the only question is, Whom shall we serve?"

First Grade.

Introductory talk by Teacher. Page 510.
Christmas Songs.
Rest Exercise.
Concert Recitation: "Santa Claus' Secret."
Story: "The Christ Child's Christmas Present." Page 487.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 510.
Story: "The Christ Child's Birthday Present." Page 487.

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 510.
Recitation to be given by member of the class.

THE REAPING.

Is sacrifice so hard a thing?
We give a useless seed
To God's kind care and lo! we reap
A harvest for our need.

We give a scanty draught to one
Who faints beside the way;
There flows a fountain for our thrist
Some weary, woesome day.

We give a little flower of love
To light a darkened room;
And lo! our gardens overflow
With beauty and with bloom.

Ah, sacrifice is but the door
To dwellings of delight;
And selfishness the subtle key
That locks our joy from sight.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

At the battle of Zutphen, in the end of the sixteenth century, Sir Philip Sydney was mortally wounded. As he rode along the edge of the battlefield, suffering extreme pain, his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier, "who had eaten his last at the same feast," and was being carried by, looked up wistfully in his face, when Sydney instantly withdrew the bottle from his lips, without tasting, and handed it to him, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine."

TRUE SERVICE.

During the days of the Commonwealth, the Rev. John Howe, one of Cromwell's chaplains, was frequently applied to by men of all parties for protection; nor did he refuse his influence to any on account of difference in religious opinion. One day the Protector said to him, "Mr. Howe, you have asked favors for everybody except yourself. Pray, when does your turn come?" He replied, "My turn, my Lord Protector, is always come when I can serve another."

A GOLDEN RULE STORY.

"I wish I didn't have to go, mother. Do you think I really must? I don't know what to say when I give the things to the people or how to do. Must I go in and sit down, or must I leave them at the door?" Lloyd pulled his red-and-blue toboggan well down over his ears, and buttoned his coat very slowly.

"I don't think you need go in at the homes," mother answered. "It will be enough to say at the door that the things are sent by your Sunday school, and you may wish the people a happy Christmas and New Year. I do think it best that you go to help deliver the packages, since Mr. Moore has asked it."

Lloyd took his bundle and trudged through the snow. It was bitter cold; his new Christmas gloves were a comfort. His old gloves were in the bundle. Mother had darned them neatly and said they would help a little toward keeping some other boy's hands warm. Lloyd thought that a boy poor enough to need charity should be very grateful for them. The street was new to him, but after a time he knew that the next house would be the end of his journey. "Guess I'm glad to turn round," he said. "My, I'd hate to live in that house! Why, there's Rob Tartar! Hello, Rob! What you doing here?"

"Living, I guess." Rob dropped his ax and came toward the fence.

"I'm looking for sixty-six twenty. I have some things for a Mr. Tartar there"— Lloyd stopped suddenly. He hadn't expected to find anyone he knew, and he wondered if this charity bundle could be meant for Rob, the best student in Miss Day's room, and the only one who could stand above Lloyd himself. He thought of the thin, darned gloves.

"Yes, this is the place." Rob's face was more red than the cold had made it, but he took the bundle. "You must thank the people for us. Mr. Hale told my father it was coming. He was hurt and his pay stopped, and mother had just died." Rob stopped, choking back a lump in his throat. Lloyd knew it had been hard for him to say even this much, and he thought of the thin gloves again. And there wouldn't be a mother here to darn the holes that were sure to come so soon. He slipped his new gloves off, ashamed for Rob to see how good they were. Just then Rob moved the bundle in his arms, the paper tore, and the old gloves fell to the ground. Lloyd picked them up before Rob saw them, but the gloves he handed back were not thin and darned. When Rob tried them on after Lloyd was gone his pride was comforted. "They're right out of the store," he said. "and they're dandies."

"I can wear my old ones, mother, all winter; honest I can, with you to darn them, and if I were good as Rob and just down a little I'd hate to have to be thankful for another boy's old, worn-out things."

It was only a little thing to do, but it was a real golden-rule gift.

Discuss the following:

"When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give."

"The worst education which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that."

"Of all sorts of earthly goods the price is self-denial. The lower must be sacrificed for the greater; the coarser give place to the finer. Every step of our progress toward success is a sacrifice."

Story: "The Christ-Child's Christmas Present." Page 487.

Memory Gem.

Lesson 39.

Subject: "Christmas in the Home."

Introductory Talk.

Up in my summer home among the mountains, I was having a big stone wall built around the rose garden. The wall was about four feet wide and five feet high, and it took a lot of stone. For the bottom, and up the outside, the man who was building the wall tried to find large rocks, and he put into the wall some so large that three large horses could not pull them flat on the ground, but he, by the aid of the horses, rolled them over and over with a chain until he rolled them into place. But I noticed that when the foundation and the outside of the walls were up, he hunted for wagonloads of small stones, with which to build up the center, and to fill in the cracks, and make beautiful the face of the wall. So that, while the big rocks were necessary to make a fine wall, it was utterly impossible to make a good wall without many little stones, and, indeed, if you had counted them, you would have found that there were a great many more of the small stones than there were of the large ones, only they did not attract as much attention from any one looking at the wall.

Life is like that. It takes a great many little people to keep the world going. A home is a very lonesome place without little children in it, and a church without children is a very poor kind of a church. When Christ was here on earth, he liked to have the mothers bring the little children when they came to hear him speak, and he found use for them. And that time when Christ went away with his disciples into the desert, and the great crowd of thousands of people followed him, asking him to heal their sick, and they stayed until they were fainting with hunger, Jesus used the little boy's lunch to feed the whole multitude of people. Christ uses many little stones in building up his spiritual temple.

Every boy and girl ought to try to so live every day that their lives may be used by the Savior. The child that is cheerful and patient,

quick to respond to the father or mother or teacher, and to always do his or her best, is the kind of a little stone that can be used.

At Christmas time every boy and every girl should be a very special stone, one that stands out for some special purpose. We all know that Christmas means "making somebody happy." We must begin in our own homes, with our fathers and mothers; our sisters and brothers. Making others happy does not always mean giving gifts. More often it means being pleasant and obliging, helping in the duties and good times. A happy boy or girl sheds sunshine all around and has much to do with making a happy home. We must be sure to wear our good-nature coats during the Christmas time. Sometimes we forget to be kind, even in our play, like Viola, who said to her little sister:

"No! you can't play in this game, Mina. You're too little. We couldn't let you play; you'd just spoil it all." And Viola took Mina by the shoulders and pushed her away. But Mina didn't see why she couldn't play just as well as Faith, who was her other sister, and two years younger than Viola.

"Let Mina play," said Faith. "She'll not spoil the game; she can play as well as any one."

"Yes; do let her play," said Melba. "If she doesn't know how we can show her." But Viola wasn't willing that Mina should play, and she didn't seem to care how bad her little sister felt about it.

"But we will let you play," said Melba, putting her arms round little Mina.

The girls were soon playing a new game; and Mina was happy because she was allowed to play with them. They all wanted Mina to play with them, except Viola.

Melba Smith's mother was going away soon, to be gone for a month, and she had told Melba that if she wanted to, she could have one of her little friends stay with her while she was away. Melba had told Viola and Faith that she thought it would be one of them, for her mother often had said they were such good companions for her.

Viola and Faith had talked about it, too, and wondered if it would be one of them that Mrs. Smith would ask.

When the time came for Mrs. Smith to leave, she asked Melba who she wanted to come to stay with her.

"I want Faith," said Melba. "She'll be like a sister to me; and I'll not be lonesome at all, mother, if I have her to play with. Do send a note and ask Faith to come!"

"Why do you think so much of Faith, dear?" asked her mother.

"She was so kind to her little sister the other day, mother, and I know she'll be kind to me," said Melba. So Mrs. Smith sent an invitation for Faith to come and stay with Melba for a month; and it was accepted.

Memory Gems.

That is what we are put into the world for—to help one another. —*Louisa M. Alcott.*

"One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

"Little gifts are precious
If a loving heart
Help the busy fingers
As they do their part."

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 517.
Christmas Songs.
Rest Exercise.
Concert Recitation: "Santa Claus' Secret."
Stories; "A Christmas Endeavor." Page 491. "What Joe Gave," Page 493.

Memory Gem.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 517.
Story: "A Christmas Endeavor." Page 491.
Supplementary Story: "What Joe Gave." Page 493.

Memory Gems.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 517.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

BEGIN AT HOME.

"This is a story as told in a tract called 'In Search of the Beautiful.' It sets before us a person who resolved to seek and find the beautiful; and he bethought himself of the mountains of Switzerland, and the sunny plains of Italy, and the forests of America, and ever so many of the wonders of the world. But, before he completed his arrangements, a little bird whispered, 'Begin at home.' The little bird was wiser than the man. The beautiful is always with us.. 'Oh, my

friend,' says one writer, 'make the place where God has put you beautiful. If it be but a tent in the desert, make it beautiful. If it be only a cottage in a lonely street, or an attic-room in a cottage, or a fireside, or a bench in a workshop, or a berth in a ship, or a seat in a school, or a place on your mother's knee, or a place in her heart, make it beautiful. And the sadder, the darker, the poorer the place is, be the more eager to make it beautiful."

KNEW HOW.

All was quiet in the invalid's room until a step was heard coming up the stairs. Then a faint voice called:

"Lester, is it you?"

"No," answered another member of the family, looking in and then approaching the bed. "But what is it you are wanting? Cannot I do it?"

"I only wanted to be lifted and turned a little," was the reply. "I think I'll wait a few minutes for Lester to come. He knows just how."

Lester was only a boy, a merry, healthy young fellow of eighteen or twenty, full of his studies and outdoor pursuits, wanted on the ball ground and in the parties of young friends; but he was no stranger in that sick room. He had thought it worth while to learn "just how" to minister to the sufferer, and his strong, young arms were the chosen ones to lift the grand-mother's wasted, pain-racked form many times daily. Was not that tender little service the very crown of manliness? It was Bayard Taylor who wrote:

"The bravest are the tenderest."

WHERE THE SHINE CAME IN.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed chair-arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily; "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them; and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window-sill.

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and to grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called:

"Susie, oh, Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa has been ill a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

A VERY SHORT LESSON.

"Oh, dear!" whined James, "I just hate to do errands. Does Sarah need the sugar right away?"

"Right away," said mamma. "She is making Christmas cakes, and wants the powdered sugar to roll them in while they are warm. Run, dear, and get it as soon as you can."

"When I get big, I'll never do a single thing that I don't want to," said James, when he was back at his play once more. "It seems little boys have to do all the mean jobs, and it isn't fair."

"But you like Christmas cakes so well," said mamma, "and Sarah does so many nice things for you that I should think you would like to do errands for her once in a while. Do you think you would be happier if you only did the things you enjoy?"

"Course," said James, promptly. "I'd like to try that for a while."

"Well, suppose you do this week. We'll all do just the thing we like, and see if we get along better. I think you will be ready to go back to the old way before supper-time, though."

"Indeed I won't, mamma. That is the best thing you could say, for I want to play in the sand pile all day at my fort without having to do a single thing. Are you sure you mean it?"

"Perfectly certain, James. We will wait till you are ready to go back to the old way, if that is a month."

"Nothing but bread and butter for dinner?" said James, in great surprise. "I'm as hungry as anything."

"I told Sarah to get some other things," said mamma, buttering a slice of bread for herself, "but she said she wanted to finish canning her

berries. She hates cooking, anyway. Don't you want anything for dinner?"

"Yes, please; spread me some bread, mamma."

"I just hate to spread bread, dear. Help yourself."

"This is the afternoon of the Christmas party, mamma," said James, watching the hands of the clock drag slowly around to three. He thought that surely he would get something besides bread and butter at the party, and he was so hungry! When he asked Sarah for a doughnut in the kitchen, she was too busy to do more than complain because he bothered her.

"Is that so?" said mamma, without looking up from her book.

"When will you get me ready, mamma?" went on James, as the big hand moved a little farther. "I'm afraid I'll be late."

"I don't want to stop reading," said mamma. "I thought we were to do only the things we liked today, and I don't like to leave this comfortable chair."

James went slowly to his room and began to put on his new suit by himself, but everything went wrong. A button came off, and he couldn't find his shoes, and his hands looked dirty in spite of all his efforts, and the first thing anybody knew the big tears were rolling down his cheeks. "I want to go back to the old way, mamma," he sobbed, throwing himself down on the floor by her side. "I didn't know how horrid it was to be selfish till today."

"Are you sure?" asked mamma, lifting the little head from her lap to look straight into the tearful eyes. "Do you want to do the hard jobs along with the easy ones?"

"Indeed I do; and mamma, won't you please hurry so I can go? I am so hungry!"

"Well, well," said Sarah, next day, "how's this? My kindling basket is full, and I didn't have to say a word about the scraps for the chickens. I think a small boy must have had a very good time at the party yesterday."

"I did, but I found out before I went that it doesn't pay to be mean and selfish, said James. "Could I have a cooky, Sarah?"

"Half a dozen if you want them," said Sarah, heartily. "I wish all boys and girls would learn that lesson, and the world would be a lot nicer place then."

Discuss the following:

"If you want a man upon whom you can rely in the hour of peril, select the man who loves his home; for in proportion as he loves his home will his services be valuable in any emergency."

"To be happy at home is the ultimate aim of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution."

"What shall we do to make our home the happiest place for us during this Christmas time."

"How may the brightness shine from our homes and influence the homes of others."

Story: "What Joe Gave." Page 493. "A Christmas Endeavor." Page 491.

Memory Gem.

Lesson 48.

Subject: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man."

Introductory Talk.

Today I am going to tell you about a home in a country, far, far away from here, and about a wonderful thing that happened in that home a long, long time ago.

A woman with a sweet, kind face lived in this home and her name was Mary. Mary was poor and her home was poor; there were not many nice things in it to make it beautiful or very comfortable, yet, I think it must have been a happy home, because Mary was so gentle and so kind.

One day a messenger came to see Mary and told her something that made her feel very happy.

This messenger was an angel and he came from our Father in heaven. At first Mary was very much afraid, but when she looked at the angel she saw he had a good, kind face and then she felt better about it. The angel said to Mary, "Do not fear, I come with a glad message for you. God will send you a little boy baby, and He shall be the Jesus, the Christ child, the one who is to bring so much love and kindness into all the world. You will be the mother of this baby and you shall care for him and love him."

Then the angel went away. Mary was very happy thinking about it, but she wondered why God had chosen a poor, humble woman for so great a work.

"Never mind," said she, "God knows best, and I will do whatever He asks of me."

By and by Mary and Joseph had to go to Bethlehem. It was a long, hard journey. When they arrived there they found the town full of people and there was no room for them. They tried so many places but the people only shook their heads and said:

"Our house is full, we have no room for any more."

After a while they found a man who offered them a part of the place where the cows and horses and sheep lived. It was not very nice for Mary and Joseph, but it was the best to be had, so they made them a bed in the hay and that night the little baby came, just as the angel had promised, and the only place they could put the baby was in the manger, where the animals ate their hay.

On the same night that Jesus was born there were some shepherds out in the fields taking care of the sheep, to see that no wild animals came to frighten them. It was a cold night, and perhaps the shepherds had made a fire and were gathered around it, trying to keep warm. By and by it began to grow light and the men were astonished; it wasn't time for the morning light, the sun was far away, they were all looking up into the sky wonderingly, and then they saw that the light came from a beautiful, bright angel. While they stood gazing in wonder and amazement the angel spoke and told them about the good news, that a baby was born who would bring joy to all the world and that they would find Him in a manger. Then they heard sounds of beautiful music, and the voices of many angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

After the angels went away, the shepherds said: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see the baby which the Lord hath told us about."

And they left their sheep and went just as fast as they could until they came to the place where the baby was lying in the manger. After they had seen the little baby Jesus they went out and told the people all about the visit of the angels and the wonderful baby who was to bring joy to all the world.

There were three wise men who lived in different places, and they had been watching for years for a new star. They were waiting for it to guide them to the baby Jesus. When it appeared they got ready and started on the journey. There were no trains to help them in that country, so they rode on camels. After they had been traveling for a long time the three wise men met and told each other the story of the new star, how it was guiding them on their journey.

Now they traveled on together, and when they came to Bethlehem the star stood still over the place where Jesus was born. The wise men got down from their camels and went into the place where the baby lay and they took with them fine gifts for little Jesus, they knelt down and worshiped Him and gave Him the gifts they had brought with them.

And these were the very first Christmas gifts anybody ever gave. Every year when Christmas comes we remember about Jesus and the love and joy He brougth to us, and we like to make people happy by giving them a nice Christmas gift.

First Grade.

Introductory Talk by Teacher. Page 523.
Christmas Songs.
Rest Exercise.
Concert Recitation. "Santa Claus' Secret."

Story: "Number Twenty-three." Page 495 or "The Child Worshipers." Page 499.

Second Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 523.
Story: "Number Twenty-three." Page 495.

Third Grade.

Introductory Talk. Page 523.
Recitation to be given by member of the class.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
So to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Discuss with the class the points of this poem.
Stories to be told from memory by members of the class.

SUBDUING ENEMIES.

"It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that, on being informed that his enemies had raised an insurrection in a distant province, he said to his officers, 'Come, follow me, and we shall quickly destroy them.' He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. 'How!' cried the first minister, 'is this the manner in which your promise is fulfilled? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be

destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them.' 'I promised,' replied the emperor, with a generous air, 'to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them.' "

A GENEROUS GIFT.

"One doesn't have to be worth a great deal of money to make costly gifts," said a man who goes about the street with wide-open eyes.. "I've been interested in a little street urchin that I've met going to and from the hospital on the street cars. There was something wrong with one leg—he had met with an accident, I believe—and he was receiving treatment through the free clinic. He had a ticket entitling him to treatments, or something of that sort, and he was never tired of praising 'his doctor.'

"One day I saw him on the car with a very shabby man whose arm was in a sling. Tim nodded to me brightly enough, but avoided conversation. When I met him two hours later, he was alone.

" 'How is the leg?' I asked.

" 'Gettin' along first-rate. See that fellow with me on the car? He's got an awful arm, but I know my doctor can make it all right, and I asks him if he'd give that fellow half my treatments. He didn't want to at first, but bime-by he 'greed; so that's where I was takin' him. Me? Oh, I'll get along—somehow. Why, mister, that man's got a wife and three little girls to take care of!"

"No, I don't suppose the little fellow will be allowed to lose any part of his cure, but he doesn't know that, and think of the gift he is making!"

THE STORY OF FINDELKIND.

Findelkind was a shepherd lad, who lived in 1331 near the pass of Arlberg, in Switzerland. The pass of Arlberg is even still so bleak and bitter that few care to climb there; the mountains around are drear and barren, and snow lies till midsummer, and even longer sometimes. But in the early ages the Arlberg was far more dreary than it is now. There was only a mule-track over it, and no refuge for man or beast; so that wanderers and peddlers, and those whose need for work, or desire for battle, brought them over that frightful path, perished in great numbers, and were eaten by the bears and the wolves. The little shepherd-boy, Findelkind, was sorely distressed to see these poor dead souls in the snow winter after winter, and to see the blanched bones lie on the bare earth, unburied, when summer melted the snow. It made him unhappy. But what could he do—he, a little boy keeping sheep? He had as his wages two florins a year—that was all; but his heart rose high, and he had faith in God. Little as it was, he said to

himself, he would try to do something, so that year after year those poor lost travelers and their beasts should not perish so. He said nothing to anybody, but he took a few florins he had saved up, bade his master farewell, and went on his way begging—a little fourteenth-century boy, with long, straight hair and a girdle tunic, as he is yet to be seen pictured in old picture books. No doubt heaven favored him very strongly, and watched over him; still, without the boldness of his own courage and the faith in his own heart he would have failed. And one may suppose, too, that when knights in their armor and soldiers in their camps saw such a little fellow all alone—he was only about ten years old—they helped him, and perhaps struck some blows for him, and so sped him on his way, and protected him from robbers and from wild beasts. Still, be sure that the real shield and the real reward that served Findelkind of Arlberg was the pure and noble purpose that armed him night and day. Now, history does not tell us where Findelkind went, nor how he fared, nor how long he was about it; but history does tell us that the little bare-footed, long-haired boy, knocking so loudly at the city walls and gates, in the name of Christ and Christ's poor brethren, did so well succeed in his quest that before long he had returned to his mountain home with means to have a church and a rude dwelling built, where he lived with six other brave and charitable souls, dedicating themselves to the service of seeking the lost and weary. This is really what Findelkind of Arlberg did five centuries ago. He did it because he remembered that when the Christ child was born He brought into the world the lesson that we must all learn: 'Peace on earth; good will to man,' and that means helping one another."

Discuss the following:

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better, either in heaven or earth; because love is born of God, and, rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for Himself is love; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours. The apostle calls it the bond of perfection; it is the old, and it is the new; it is the great commandment, and it is all the commandments; for it is the fulfilling of the law.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

My experience of life makes me sure of one thing which I do not try to explain—the sweetest happiness ever known comes not from love, but from sacrifice—from the effort to make others happy.—*O'Reilly.*

Story: "Number Twenty-three." Page 495.

THE APOLOGIZING HABIT.

Good excuses have kept back many a man from realizing a prosperous career. Once you get the excuse-making habit formed, you might as well have a ball and chain attached to your neck so far as your prospects for rising to the top are concerned.

There are two kinds of excuses which keep a clerk in the business world occupying a clerk's position when he is capable (has it in him) to be something better if he only would. The first class of excuses are the ones he makes to himself. These are often as ennervating, subtle and death-dealing as the nasty cigarette.

A clerk sees a piece of work which he knows ought to be done today. He knows that the best interests of the business require that this work should not be put off until tomorrow. But he has not yet reached a point where he realizes that his employer's interests are identical with his own, and perhaps he was out late last night and feels a lack of ambition today. So he excuses himself from doing the work on the ground that "the boss" didn't tell him to do it today. After soothing his conscience with this specious mental hope, he puts in his spare time reading about the way Slobett knocked out Casey in twenty-one rounds.

Several days later, when the neglected work comes under the eye of "the boss" our clerk is asked why he did not do it, and he then repeats his stereotyped excuse that he wasn't "told" to do it. For such a one the gateway to success is always barred.

Ths brings us to the second kind of excuse—those made to one's employer. Of the two this latter kind of excuse is the less injurious to the clerk's chance of advancement. He weakens and incapacitates himself far more when he excuses himself to himself, because he will then often allow his mind to dwell on excuses so weak that he would never dream of giving them verbal utterance in the presence of his employer.

And when he had once set the mental habit of excusing himself, he goes on and on binding the fetters which will forever hold him back from any rise. It is now only a short step to finding good excuses for not doing what he has been told to do. Then a little further along on the same line it will be strange indeed if he does not land himself on the boot-toe that elevates the incompetent and deposits them outside in the cold world.

Shun excuses.

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